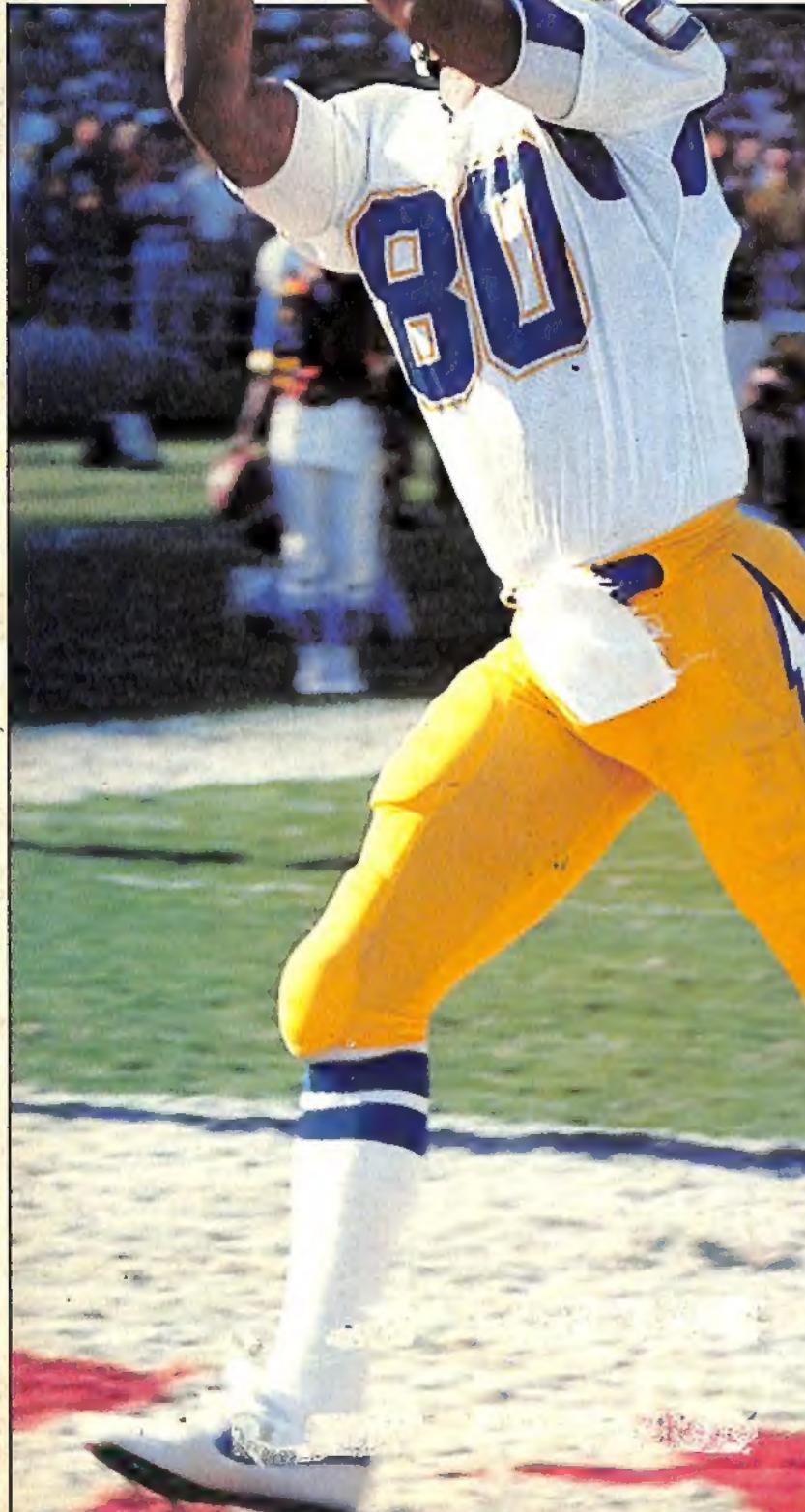


INSIDE

SPORTS

**College & Pro Football Previews**

***Kellen Winslow:
Too Good to Believe***
by Pete Axthelm

Bill Walsh's Revenge
by Tony Kornheiser

TOP 20

1. WASHINGTON	11. GEORGIA
2. NORTH CAROLINA	12. MICHIGAN
3. PITTSBURGH	13. PENN STATE
4. ALABAMA	14. ARKANSAS
5. NEBRASKA	15. FLORIDA
6. MIAMI	16. USC
7. SMU	17. ILLINOIS
8. CLEMSON	18. BYU
9. OKLAHOMA	19. MISSOURI
10. TEXAS A&M	20. NOTRE DAME



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(All air times listed here are Eastern time.)

Monday, Sept. 13	Pittsburgh at Dallas	8:50PM
Thursday, Sept. 16	Minnesota at Buffalo	8:20PM
Monday, Sept. 20	Green Bay at New York Giants	8:50PM
Thursday, Sept. 23	Atlanta at Kansas City	8:20PM
Monday, Sept. 27	Cincinnati at Cleveland	8:50PM
Monday, Oct. 4	San Francisco at Tampa Bay	8:50PM
Monday, Oct. 11	Philadelphia at Pittsburgh	8:50PM
Monday, Oct. 18	Buffalo at New York Jets	8:50PM
Sunday, Oct. 24	Dallas at Cincinnati	8:50PM
Monday, Oct. 25	New York Giants at Philadelphia	8:50PM
Monday, Nov. 1	Detroit at Minnesota	8:50PM
Monday, Nov. 8	San Diego at Miami	8:50PM
Monday, Nov. 15	Philadelphia at Atlanta	8:50PM
Monday, Nov. 22	San Diego at Oakland	8:50PM
*Thursday, Nov. 25	New York Giants at Detroit	12:15PM
	Cleveland at Dallas	3:45PM
Monday, Nov. 29	Miami at Tampa Bay	8:50PM
Thursday, Dec. 2	San Francisco at Los Angeles	8:50PM
Monday, Dec. 6	New York Jets at Detroit	8:50PM
*Saturday, Dec. 11	Philadelphia at New York Giants	12:15PM
	San Diego at San Francisco	3:45PM
Monday, Dec. 13	Dallas at Houston	8:50PM
*Saturday, Dec. 18	New York Jets at Miami	12:15PM
	Los Angeles at Oakland	3:45PM
Sunday, Dec. 19	Atlanta at San Francisco	8:50PM
Monday, Dec. 20	Cincinnati at San Diego	8:50PM
Monday, Dec. 27	Buffalo at Miami	8:50PM

POST SEASON GAMES ON CBS RADIO

*Sunday, Jan. 2, 1983	AFC & NFC First Round Playoffs	TBA
*Sunday, Jan. 8, 1983	AFC & NFC Divisional Playoffs	TBA
*Sunday, Jan. 9, 1983	AFC & NFC Divisional Playoffs	TBA
*Sunday, Jan. 16, 1983	AFC & NFC Championship Games	TBA
Sunday, Jan. 30, 1983	Super Bowl XVII at the Rose Bowl, Pasadena, California	TBA
Sunday, Feb. 6, 1983	AFC - NFC Pro Bowl at Aloha Stadium, Honolulu, Hawaii	3:50PM

*Doubleheader

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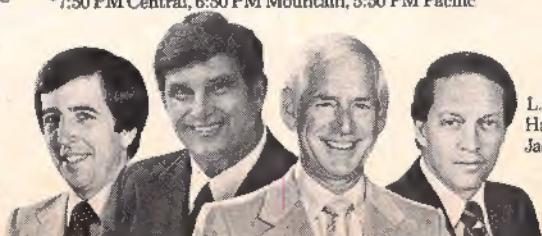
Our play-by-play sportscasters and analysts are, very simply, in a class by themselves. Brent Musburger, Hank Stram, Jack Buck and Dick Stockton really *know* what's happening on the field, and they seem to have a patent on how to make it sharp and clear for listeners.

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Hank Stram,
Jack Buck, Dick Stockton

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**"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."**

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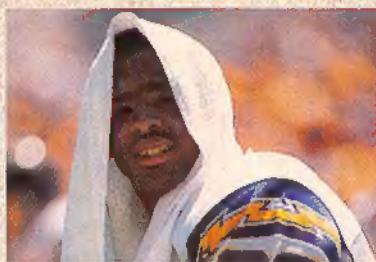
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Robert Hagedahm

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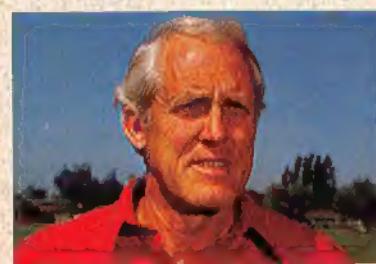
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Kellen Winslow by Sam Stone

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NOTES

Those of us in sports journalism eagerly anticipate every September. The baseball pennant races are heating up, our national tennis champions are crowned in the U.S. Open and football is about to start. All this activity creates challenging times for sports magazines.

Each year one of our more enjoyable tasks is to preview the upcoming pro and college football seasons and to do that this fall, we've assembled a grid staff second to none. You'll recognize many of the names from our pages and some will be known to you through their newspaper writing, but there are several others who, without byline credit, have contributed to this issue.

One of these is Tenley-Ann Jackson, who is listed on the masthead as a researcher, a job that involves a little bit of everything. Jackson did much of the reporting on the Kellen Winslow article that begins on page 26, spending six days with Winslow, first in New Haven, Connecticut, where he was appearing on behalf of the Walter Camp Football Foundation for the Special Olympics, and later in San Diego. She came away impressed.

"There isn't anyone who doesn't have good things to say about him," Jackson says. "He reminds you of your little brother who holds donkey ears behind your head for a picture but is hugging you at the same time. He's intelligent, very much aware of what's going on around him and an astute businessman, yet he loves children and can be sentimental."

Jackson, a magna cum laude political science graduate of Tufts, attended Georgetown Law School briefly before deciding to pursue a career in journalism. She joined *Newsweek* in November of 1976 and has been with *INSIDE SPORTS* since the fall of 1979. She takes her job

seriously, but doesn't want to miss anything life has to offer.

"Every month the magazine is a new creation, the result of a lot of time, effort and care on the part of a lot of people," Jackson says. "It's as if your name is on every page so you want it to be perfect. Work is important to me, but I want to smell the flowers, too."

Her sports fantasy? "I dream of being a wide receiver. If there is a Fantasy Island, I want to go there, run down the field, catch the football and go in for the touchdown."

The main beneficiary of Jackson's reporting this month is Pete Axthelm, our regular gambling columnist, *Newsweek* columnist and NBC commentator, who wrote the Winslow story. Leigh Montville, a *Boston*

Globe sports columnist, wrote our division-by-division preview of the NFL plus an overview of the pro season and *Washington Post* writer Tony Kornheiser wrote the feature on San Francisco 49er coach Bill Walsh.

Contributing editor Frank Ross, who is editorial director of *College & Pro Football Newsweekly*, researched the 28 NFL teams for Montville's preview and furnished the statistical boxes that accompany each of the divisional analyses. Ross, a former administrative assistant for player personnel with the Kansas City Chiefs and the New Orleans Saints and former player personnel assistant to Al Davis at Oakland, also interviewed general managers, coaches and scouts to help us determine the best athletes at each position for our photo essay beginning on page 42.

Odilia B. Salumbri

VALERIE B. SALEMPIER
Publisher



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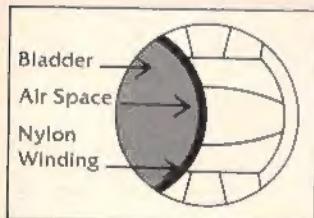


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COMEBACKS

EDITED BY MARY BRUNO

What's Hot & What's Not" [July] was certainly the biggest waste of seven pages in magazine history. First off, who are Greg Kelly and Bob Phillips, and what bar did you drag them out of? [Editor's note: *The Cowboy.*] On what did they base their decisions? One-on-One Offense is "in," yet Defense is "out," however the Lakers' trap defense was one of the major reasons they won the NBA title. Another reason was Magic Johnson. Yet, despite becoming only the third player in NBA history to manage 700 assists and rebounds in the same season, he was labeled "out." David Thompson out? John McEnroe? Fernando Valenzuela? Even Christie Brinkley is "out." Is nothing sacred?

Why not let the public determine who is "hot and not"? That way, people like me, who almost take things like this seriously, won't ridicule and downgrade your otherwise exceptional magazine.

NELSON RIME
Huntington Beach, California

I found "What's Hot & What's Not" most informative. I was quite surprised, however, to see Sly Williams being "in." What's he in, besides big trouble? If Sly is a trendsetter, mysterious disappearances are likely to become quite popular. Here's hoping Sly solves all his problems quickly before the "in" NBA star is out . . . of a job.

MINDY ZITNER
Laurel, Maryland

Vour July cover story modestly ignored the obvious: What's Hot: INSIDE SPORTS magazine What's Not: All the rest

MARIO BARTEL
Burlington, Ontario

In 1958, I began my lifelong affair with baseball. The team to which I owed my first allegiance was the Montreal Royals. Their catcher was Dick Teed, whose name had not crossed my mind for many years, until I read Ira Berkow's delightful retrospective ["On the Loose," July].

It was a wonderful team, at least to a wide-eyed eight-year-old, sitting with his dad in the bleachers, or listening,

when he should have been sleeping, to scratchy broadcasts on his big sister's transistor radio, and beginning to learn the nuances of the game that has kept him in its thrall since.

During the nine-year hiatus from the folding of the Royals to the birth of the Expos, I often comforted myself with memories of the '58 Royals. But in the years since I had almost forgotten Dick Teed and the rest of my heroes of a quarter-century ago. Thank you, Ira Berkow, for helping me remember.

STEVE HALPERIN
Calgary, Alberta

Reader Don Hoffman wrote in "Comebacks" [July] that "Boxing is a sport of real men, not padded lumps of gristle like football." I agree that boxing is rough, but football is rough enough.

From 1945-79, there were 335 deaths worldwide in amateur and professional boxing. From 1960-79, there were 376 deaths from football. This figure includes deaths from football hitting only, and does not include those players who died from practicing in the heat or from heart attacks. Also, from 1971-77, there were 230 cases of permanent quadriplegia from football.

I have the greatest respect for the skill and courage of boxers. It just didn't seem fair that Mr. Hoffman had to knock football as a way of praising boxing.

GEORGE BIRD
Freeport, New York

I enjoyed Pat Jordan's poignant story on Steve Dalkowski ["Going Nowhere, Fast," July]. I propose the following as the 10 fastest pitchers (not necessarily in order) in baseball history:

1. Steve Dalkowski
2. Nolan Ryan
3. Ryne Duren
4. Bob Feller
5. Sandy Koufax
6. Sam McDowell
7. Goose Gossage
8. Herb Score
9. Bob Gibson
10. Don Drysdale

PAUL FISHER
Sacramento, California

I enjoyed Thomas Boswell's story on pinch-hitters ["He Also Serves Who Only Sits and Waits," July]. It thoroughly explored the important role that pinch-hitting plays in baseball strategy. As evidenced by the fact that all the great pinch-hitters playing today are in the National League, your article is an indictment of the designated-hitter rule. That rule has eliminated this fascinating aspect of baseball strategy from the American League. I recommend that the DH rule be revoked so that fans in both leagues can enjoy the great part of the game that pinch-hitting provides.

STUART WEISS
Arlington, Virginia

Tell good ole Val that it is against the laws of nature for someone to have Pee Wee Reese as her favorite ballplayer and at the same time love the Yankees ["Publisher's Notes," June]. She should be referred to counseling immediately. Your magazine is, otherwise, super.

NORMAN SHAW
Fairfax, Virginia

/Ms. Salembier replies: Pee Wee Reese was my favorite baseball player when I was nine. I started rooting for the Yankees when I was 15. At 37, I've turned all of my attention to the Utica Blue Sox. Makes perfect sense, doesn't it?]

Thank you for Tom Fagan's splendid piece on baseball trivia ["The Fan," June]. I'm sure you realize you've started something. Before the vermouth had evaporated the other day, a friend and I managed to come up with Coco Laboy, John Boccabella and Billy Consolo.

I hope you can get a pro-term license to practice in Canada. I may need an adroit advocate in a divorce action. My wife is beginning to take umbrage at my middle-of-the-night mumblings. She is convinced that Gene Conley is an ex-girlfriend. What she thinks of my relationships with Bob Trowbridge and Chuck Hiller is beyond imagining. Please save me before Rocky Nelson comes back.

BARRY HARRIS
Edmonton, Alberta

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THE INSIDER

NOW WE KNOW why they call him Big John: Joe Montana and Jim Palmer turned down *Playgirl's* offer to pose nude, but Oakland Raider John Matuszak bares almost all in the December issue. The mag, which usually goes with a conventional center spread, is expanding to a three-page gatefold to accommodate Matuszak's 285-pound bod. . . . Two former U.S. Olympians have signed up for the first annual Gay Olympics—Tom Waddell, a decathlete on the 1968 team, and George Frenn, a hammer thrower on the 1972 team. "Next year we expect hundreds to come out of the closet," says a spokesman for the event's organizers. . . . Add to the long list of things Nelson Skalbania no longer talks about: sports. A close associate says the former owner of the now-defunct Calgary Boomers, Indianapolis Racers and Montreal Alouettes "just doesn't want to discuss the subject anymore."



Matuszak: Takes it off, takes it all off

IF THIS KIND OF THING keeps up, wrestling could get a bad name: He was just a simple guy from Pittsburgh in a game that thrived on the weird, the exotic, the bizarre. But Bruno Sammartino never let the fact that he was not a midget or a woman get him down. Instead, he became champion of the World Wide Wrestling Federation, and kept the title for most of the next 18 years. Now, two years after his retirement, Bruno is engaged in the ultimate grudge match—with former friend and promoter Vince McMahon. "They used to be as close as tag-team partners," says one observer of



Sammartino: Up to his neck in trouble

the feud, "but today they think of each other as foreign objects concealed in the sweaty trunks of life." The cause of the friction is Sammartino's recent attempt to establish his own wrestling circuit, built around his son, Bruno Jr. Insiders believe that no one can defeat McMahon, who has a submission hold on Madison Square Garden and numerous other arenas. All we can say is: C'mon, guys, let's settle this like gentlemen—in a steel cage with Texas bullwhips and no ref.

ADD TO THE LIST of Saudi Arabian oil barons who would like to become welterweight champ of the world: Sheikh Tarek al-Fassi, a 19-year-old billionaire who recently went partners with Muhammad Ali in a Virginia Beach hotel and fast-food operation. Al-Fassi has been taking boxing lessons from legendary cornerman Angelo Dundee in Florida. "When he started, it was just for fun, but now the kid wants to fight," says Dundee. "And, you know, he's not bad."

★ ★ ★

GUESS WHAT THEY'LL SOON be building in New Jersey, 10 miles from Giants Stadium: Giants Stadium. That fearless prediction is based on the belief, held by several well-placed insiders, that the San Francisco baseball franchise will move back east within the next five years. "All I can say is we've been approached by a total of three teams from both the National and American leagues," says Robert Mulcahy, executive director of the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority, which oversees the Meadowlands Sports Complex. But Mulcahy did allow that "the Giants are the most frequently mentioned team because of their history in this area."

In the meantime, Meadowlands officials are going ahead with plans to build a baseball stadium on a site far enough from the present racetrack arena-stadium complex to avoid scheduling conflicts and traffic problems.

"That rumor surfaces from time to time but it's not true. We've never talked with anyone from New Jersey," said Giant vice-president Corey Busch.

★ ★ ★

WANT TO READ MORE about George Steinbrenner? Neither does anyone else. Two biographies of the principal owner of the Yankees were published this spring. Despite heavy advertising and aggressive promotion, both flopped. "We didn't have high expectations, considering the subject matter," is the way a spokesman for Waldenbooks, the nation's largest retail book chain, puts it, "but sales didn't even justify those modest hopes." For the record, Ed Linn's *Steinbrenner's Yankees* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$14.95) did slightly better than Dick Schaap's *Steinbrenner* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$14.95). But neither sold as well as *The Complete Book of Swimming*, *The Baseball Rule Book* and *Invitation to Sailing*. ■



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100's Men: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 81

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INSIDE TRACK

On September 11, a 27-year-old Russian hockey player who spent most of his career with the Leningrad Red Army team will arrive in Victoria, British Columbia, wearing the uniform of the Los Angeles Kings. The first professional athlete from the Soviet Union to join a major league team in North America, Victor Nechaev came to the United States last April, tried out with the Kings and was selected in the seventh round of the NHL draft in June.

The native of Siberia played in the 12-team Soviet High (major) League, briefly for the Moscow Spartans in 1974 before joining the Leningrad club two years later. He played center there for five years, averaging 16 goals a year in the 44-game Soviet season. While with Leningrad, Nechaev played clubs from West Germany, Yugoslavia, Finland, Poland and Switzerland. It was on a tour of Switzerland that Nechaev met an American student, Cheryl Haigler, whom he later married, enabling him to gain his visa to the United States.

Now living with his cousin in a section of Hollywood populated by Soviet emigrés, Nechaev is working to get into playing shape for the Kings' camp. He practices with top amateurs and former professionals in a rink on the outskirts of L.A. At 6-2 and 185 pounds, Nechaev is a powerful skater with good stick control and a knack for the passing game that is the hallmark of Soviet hockey. King general manager George Maguire says that it's important Nechaev adapt to "the clutch-and-grab style of NHL hockey."

A conversation with the first Russian ready to play in the National Hockey League



Victor Nechaev

INSIDE SPORTS sent Lou Siegel, a Los Angeles freelancer, to talk with Nechaev through a translator about his life in the Soviet Union and the American Dream.

IS: Have you ever spoken to a reporter before?

VICTOR NECHAEV: In the Soviet Union, reporters seldom talk to the play-

ers. They aren't allowed in the locker room. Sometimes there is a press conference but only the coach is permitted to talk. There were a couple of articles about me in the soccer-hockey weekly but those stories do not touch on personal matters.

IS: How well known were you in the Soviet Union?

VN: The spectators knew my number and there are those who wait to see the players at the gate before and after the game. But on the street no one recognized me without my uniform and helmet. With a few exceptions, players in Russia are not celebrities as they are in America.

IS: Are professional athletes well paid in the Soviet Union?

VN: I earned three or four times what the average worker was paid. And there were bonuses for winning important games. Generally, salaries among players did not vary much. In that way we were like factory workers. Still, it was a lot of money for the Soviet Union. Besides the money, we sometimes were offered high-quality clothes or food that was hard to find.

IS: What other privileges did you have?

VN: I was able to travel. We played in different Soviet cities and in Eastern and Western Europe.

IS: Were you restricted when you traveled abroad?

VN: Not completely. The team officials always told us there was no need to talk to the people and that we should only go out in groups of three or four. They held back most of our spending money to near the end of our stay for fear we would

get involved in illegal business

IS: Didn't you meet your wife on one of those tours?

VN: I met Cheryl in Switzerland in 1977. She saw me play and then we met for dinner. We were together for a week before I went back to Russia and she went home to America. We wrote each other for three years and then I invited her to the Soviet Union. On her second visit we got married and I applied for my papers to come to America. She's a student now in Connecticut.

IS: Did you marry her so you could leave Russia?

VN: I married her for love.

IS: How difficult was it to get your visa?

VN: I had to wait several months and was not permitted to play hockey. The year before I applied to leave, I played in the minor leagues so I would not be so visible. There may have been problems had I still been with the Leningrad Red Army team. I might not have been allowed to marry a foreigner.

IS: How did you transfer to the minor leagues?

VN: Those things can sometimes be arranged. The money is not that different down in the minor leagues, but you don't get the same fringe benefits, such as travel abroad and access to better products. You don't meet as many classy people if you play in the minor leagues. But of course I was respected by the players.

IS: Are you glad to be out of the Soviet Union?

VN: I'm still a Soviet citizen and I have a strange kind of love for that country. But life is hard in Russia and it's impossible to find freedom there. The government has a lot of control. Here, no one will follow me on the street or tap my phone. Players there know better than to open their mouths. They don't have formal contracts like athletes in the United States, so they're very dependent on team officials' continued goodwill.

IS: Are players ever suspended from hockey for not toeing the line?

VN: I don't remember that happening, but the head coach has a lot of authority and that scares the players. They know the coach can have them discharged from the team.

IS: What other pressures were you under?

VN: We were always playing or training. The only month I had off was June. The real problem in the Soviet Union, though, is after you finish your career in athletics. It's nearly impossible to achieve the same economic level when you retire. Many players go through a crisis when they leave hockey. A lot of

them can't cope and become drunkards.

IS: Does the government do anything about this?

VN: While you're playing you're told not to worry about the future. But when your career is over the help is minimal. Some of the players are given coaching jobs but most of the athletes with no education or skills are heading for tough times.

IS: Is there any way to save and invest money in the Soviet Union?

VN: It's difficult. And to invest in

and the rest of the day playing hockey. At 15, I was invited to play on an adult team and started getting paid two years later.

IS: Were you happy the five seasons you played with Leningrad?

VN: The team itself was only average, about a .500 record. But I love Leningrad, it's a very beautiful city.

IS: Does playing for an army team mean you're in the service?

VN: Not exactly. I had played part of the 1973-74 season with the Moscow Spartans and was still registered in school in Siberia when the coach of the Leningrad team invited me to play for him. Players on that team are employed by the army and that way I was able to avoid active service and finish my schooling in Leningrad. I had an army uniform but had to wear it only at official engagements.

IS: What other kind of loyalty was required?

VN: I was a member of the Young Communist League. It was advantageous for me to belong. I went to meetings but never gave speeches.

IS: Who controls hockey in the Soviet Union?

VN: The sports committee in Moscow. That's why the best teams are in that city. They approve your application just as if you're applying for any other kind of work. Here, you're more like a partner with the team. There is more incentive. The better you play, the more money you earn.

IS: Are you sure you can make it in the National Hockey League?

VN: I was an average but solid player in the Soviet major leagues and I believe Russian hockey is as good as or better than Canadian hockey. When I played in Europe against national teams, I developed the confidence that I could play anywhere.

IS: How different are Canadian, European and Russian styles?

VN: I think Russian and European hockey are pretty similar, but Soviet hockey has more strategy than Canadian hockey and the Russian players are more defense-minded. Russian players are more versatile, they can change their tactics faster and they put more emphasis on stick-checking. NHL players all want to score a lot of goals and that can hurt the team.

IS: What are the strong points of the Canadian game?

VN: Canadian hockey puts more importance on individual effort. The Canadian players are very talented, in great physical shape and they play very hard.

IS: Would Wayne Gretzky be a top player in the Soviet Union?

VN: There are players on the Soviet

Soviet hockey has more strategy than Canadian hockey.

certain businesses in the Soviet Union could mean you'd end up in jail. The black market is used by everyone just to live. But you must be careful not to get too involved.

IS: Did you do anything to prepare for retirement?

VN: My parents always encouraged me to learn something besides hockey. So while I was playing I earned a degree in electrical engineering. It's very easy for professional athletes who have the intelligence to be admitted to college and receive good grades.

IS: American athletes generally become very wealthy. Do you want to become rich?

VN: I think it's good that professional athletes know their price here. I can only learn from that. But right now I have no money at all. I just want to play hockey, find a nice apartment and buy a car, a stereo and a lot of records.

IS: The average NHL player can certainly afford more than that. What will you do with the rest of your money?

VN: If I have \$25,000 left, I will invest it and make \$50,000. Maybe I will buy a house.

IS: When did you know you'd be a professional hockey player?

VN: I started playing when I was seven years old. I used Canadian skates. At 11, I joined the junior athletic division of Siberia. I'd spend half the day in school

When you really get it all together.



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national team who are better than Gretzky but of course he would still be a great star in Russia. But first he would have to change his style and become more of a team player.

IS: The NHL has a lot of very rough players and there are always fights on the ice. Does this happen in the Soviet Union?

VN: There are many hooligans in Soviet hockey. They wait until the referee is not looking and then poke you with a stick or their elbow. These dishonest players exist everywhere. But I don't use any of those methods.

IS: Are the game officials always fair in Soviet hockey?

VN: Most officials are usually honest but once in a while a referee is told to favor one team over another. That may happen in an important game and the players are aware of it but know better than to say anything.

IS: Are you sure you can adjust your style to the NHL?

VN: I am a defense-minded forward but I can also pass and shoot well. I know the forwards here tend not to drop back but maybe I can teach them the Soviet style. It's a lot easier for me to adjust myself to the NHL than for a Canadian to adjust to Soviet hockey.

IS: The Kings have been weak on

defense. Because of your size and strength, they may want you to play defense. Could you play that position?

VN: Whatever is required of me. The important thing is that I play hockey. I believe I'm at the peak of my career

IS: How many years do you think you have left?

VN: I think I can play at least five or six more years. I will have more comfort here and the hockey season is shorter, which could prolong my career more

IS: Is America what you thought it would be?

VN: All the information you receive about the United States in the Soviet Union is very negative. But I was able to read between the lines, past the official propaganda. When I visited Western Europe I saw that capitalism is not all bad.

IS: How did your family feel about your coming to America?

VN: Naturally, they wanted me to stay in Russia. My parents and older brother have never been abroad and have little knowledge of what's happening outside the Soviet Union. They tried to talk me out of leaving by telling me there are millions of people without jobs in America and that citizens are shot on the street by criminals.

IS: Can you go back to visit them?

VN: Yes. I am not a defector and I have

not committed any politically objectionable acts. I am a Soviet citizen in America to be with my wife.

IS: What have you done since you arrived here?

VN: Besides practicing hockey, running 10 miles a day and lifting weights, I haven't done very much. A few times I went to the beach to get a suntan and go for a swim. When I have a car and learn better English, my situation will improve. I did go to an American disco one night but I wasn't properly dressed and could not get in. I went to Las Vegas with friends and dropped money in the slot machines

IS: Is hockey as important in the Soviet Union as soccer?

VN: No. Soviet hockey is No. 1 in the world in expertise but soccer is the winner in the popularity contest. Soviet hockey is so good, people may be losing interest. But everyone expects Russian soccer to improve.

IS: Americans would be interested to hear your explanation of the United States victory over the Soviet national team in the 1980 Olympics.

VN: The American experience in the Olympics shows that a knowledgeable coach can perform miracles with mediocre players to overcome an extremely talented team. ■



Will the New Gumbel Please Sit Down?

BY RON POWERS

Just being on television doesn't automatically make you famous. What really matters is if you're standing up or sitting down. If you're standing to do your TV assignment (i.e., City Hall reporter), chances are that your name is a household cipher. But if you perform your duties sitting down, you're a genuine *macher*, an eminence, a star.

This question of standing or sitting can be figurative. Play-by-play men mostly sit. But you can't see them anyway. So count them in with the stand-uppers. Contrast the status quotient of any NBC game announcer of last season with that of Bryant Gumbel, the host of NBC's *NFL '81*. As it happens, Gumbel did a great deal of his work standing up. But figuratively speaking, Bryant was sitting down—in the figurative chair labeled "Host, *NFL '81*." This fall Gumbel is *actually* sitting down, behind the infinitely loftier desk of the *Today Show*. Can you imagine John Brodie anchoring the *Today Show*? Be honest.

TV personalities murmur in their sleep about the almost mythic privilege that attaches to having a chair on the tube. The compulsive frenzy to attain anchor (or host) *satori* can take a grotesque toll on the human mind.

All of which brings us to the hot young Bob Costas, the last TV personality in America who has not heard that chairs, in videoland, are not just for standing on to change light bulbs. Beginning in June,



NBC Sports executives started trying to coax hot, young Costas into being Gumbel's replacement as host of *NFL '82*. All right, they didn't coax him, not at first. They simply offered him the job, and then stepped back so that he could not bark at their shins as he fell to the floor in ecstasy. (At 5-7 and 145 pounds, Costas doesn't have far to fall.)

Costas said he would think about it.

After the smelling salts were passed under the noses of the NBC Sports execs, they asked him, what did he mean, *think* about it? Costas said, well, he'd been having a lot of fun doing NFL play-by-play with his partner, the 6-6 former Bengal, Bob Trumpy.

"Like the time Trump's coat caught fire at Soldier Field," Costas said later, when I asked him what did he mean, *fun*? "Trump works standing up [aha!] and chain-smoking, and he paces around a lot, and there was this space heater inside our booth at Soldier Field, and Trump's down jacket brushed against it and caught fire. It was like in a Charlie Chaplin movie. Trump's moving around, announcing, and the flames are licking higher and higher, and I see them, and I'm talking and pointing, and finally it dawns on Trump, and he throws the coat off, and there are feathers flying everywhere, and we're still announcing, and I think: 'Jeez, this really is *fun*!'"

Yes, Bob. But it would be *more* fun having all that iconographic power. Wouldn't it? Being recognized by the headwaiter at Nathan's, not having to run through airports, ordering shrimp cocktail whenever you felt like it?

Costas scrunches up his solemn-kid's face and looks away. "You've got to understand this business," he says finally. "A guy gets 'hot.' All right. You can just ride the wave or you can separate that from your own honest assessment of how good your work is

"I don't think it's a good idea to just ride the wave. Especially if you forget the sweeter considerations, of doing a game in a way that puts a smile on the face of the guy who loves to sit in the stands and cheer."

Wait a minute, not so fast. I'm flipping through my translator's guide. "Your own honest assessment"? "Sweeter considerations"? What network sports announcer talks like this? Get me a chair. (The one Costas isn't sitting in.) Pass the smelling salts.

"All right," adds Costas, perhaps feeling goaded into proving that he does have an ego. "Technically, I'm pretty good. But you've got to understand how I feel about play-by-play. How many 30-year-old guys have you met whose heroes were Jack Buck and Mel Allen and Lindsey Nelson? I mean, *I love it*. In football, I thought that Trump and I had somp'n going last year. I'd like to see where that leads. Trump is as unself-conscious a broadcaster as you'll ever run across. No inhibitions. I like to think I can field all those crazy hops Trump can

send at me and send somp'n back."

The undeniable fact is that Costas and Trumpy did have something going last year. Their most publicized on-air exchange was over whether the Jets' Richard Todd was justified in punching out a New York sportswriter. (Trumpy thought yes; Costas kept saying, aw, c'mon, Trump. . . .) But there were more sublime moments as well.

"We got a closeup of Mark Moseley while he was teeing the ball up," recalls Costas. "Moseley is suspected of wearing something on his kicking leg to give it extra snap—and sure enough, his right leg did look bigger than the left on closeup. I said, 'Trump, it looks like Moseley borrowed his right leg from Bobo Brazil'—the big wrestler. And Trump answered, 'Yeah, Bob—and his left leg from Mary Tyler Moore.'

"How're you going to walk away from a relationship like that?"

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO WALK AWAY from Bob Costas' essential earnestness about all this? People whose private intensities stop about a millimeter from the out-of-bounds line marked "schmaltz" do not normally make it as "hot" network play-by-play announcers. Much less have *chairs* waved at them. But then "schmaltz" does not quite sum it up for Bob Costas. For one thing, he is one of perhaps 500 American males who truly understand the urbane art of wearing a navy blazer. For another, he is, in private, a world-class mimic. Not of Bogie and Edward G., but of harder stuff: print columnists' styles, Jerry West's jump shot, Marv Albert's university. It is this peculiar trait—Costas' ability to fixate on a style, to internalize the nuances and patterns and rhythms that interest him—that has led to Costas' almost dreamlike enthrallment with play-by-play.

This is a former kid from Queens who shot his jumper like West at age ten; who recalls that, in Little League, "it was important for me to rise from the on-deck circle the way Mickey Mantle rose. And when I was pitching, to step back off the mound, remove my cap and tuck the glove under my arm the way Whitey Ford did, then to gaze down for nonexistent signs from my catcher. I couldn't throw anything but a fastball."

Style.

On his first visit to Yankee Stadium, in 1959, the impressionable Costas walked with his father across the deep-centerfield grass after the game. As they passed the bronze markers that commemorated Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Miller Huggins, little Bob burst into tears. "I thought they were buried there."

He went to Syracuse to study broadcasting because he'd read in a Knick yearbook that Marv Albert and Marty Glickman had gone there. He checked in his Queens accent—just like that—because he didn't need it anymore.

By age 22, Costas had his first professional job—calling the old Spirits of St. Louis basketball games for CBS-owned KMOX radio in St. Louis. When NBC Sports' Don Ohlmeyer approached Costas in 1979, KMOX's general manager, Robert Hyland, generously told the youngster to go ahead; there would al-

most happen: He might accept the job.

How might he perform in comparison to Bryant Gumbel?

"First of all, I hope I'm *not* compared to Bryant," Costas said. "He was magnificent. He's just one of those rare, great talents. I feel sorry for whoever takes over for Bryant in September, because whoever does is going to be compared, not to the beginning Bryant of 1975, but to Bryant at his zenith."

"I have a hunch," Costas went on, after the apparition of Gumbel had passed, "that they'll change the show around, give it a new look. There might be two co-hosts. I'm almost sure they'll install more features, more produced pieces, because who can hold the screen like Bryant did?"

One person who agrees that the new host should not try to emulate Bryant Gumbel is Bryant Gumbel.

"When I came aboard, most of the show was scripted. Then it became easier for me to work from time cues instead of looking at words on a prompter. But there's nothing wrong with scripting that show. Its prime service is threefold: to set the day in pro football and suggest what to watch for; to keep people abreast of developments as they unfold; and to fill people in at the end of the day on what did happen."

Gumbel has a high regard for Costas. "What he needs is studio experience. You've got to learn to be prepared for those days when everything falls apart."

This is not exactly news to Bob Costas. The prospect seems genuinely to disturb him. It shouldn't. If ever anyone could claim a natural defense against those "fall-apart" situations, it is this former make-believe Whitey Ford, with his gifts of whimsy and wit. Luckily, Costas senses this. "If I did it, I'd like to try a little humor from time to time. I'd need somebody to play off of, the way I play off Trump. The guy couldn't be a straight man. I've got to be able to throw him a big, wild card, and have him throw a big, breaking curve right back."

So if there is no, er, Trump to throw a wild card to, who would be Costas' ideal sidekick?

"Joe Piscopo would be nice," Costas began, getting a thoughtful, stylistic gleam in his eye. And then Costas shuddered and returned to reality.

"See, that's where you can get caught up on the wave. I honestly haven't made up my mind about this thing. It's really an unbelievably tough decision."

As of late July, Bob Costas still hadn't decided to sit or stand. ■

RON POWERS is a television-and-radio critic who received a Pulitzer Prize

How many 30-year-olds have Jack Buck and Mel Allen for heroes?

ways be a place for him back in St. Louis if things didn't work out. You have to understand that KMOX is no 500-watt daytimer; it is one of the country's great radio stations. Broadcasting, to paraphrase Garrett Morris, has been a-berry, berry good to Bob Costas.

And Costas has been good to broadcasting. Just as he'd prefer football play-by-play to sitting in the *NFL '82* chair, Costas prefers an even less status-y assignment to his high-visibility football announcing: baseball games

This summer, Costas was part of NBC's backup baseball coverage crew, which meant he was usually seen by only 10-20 per cent of the NBC market. Characteristically, Costas was in heaven.

"I love baseball with a passion. I'd like to learn how to *romance* it on the air. Sometimes I think that my goal in life is to be like Buck or Allen or Nelson, who can convey the hold that this game can have on your imagination.

"If you asked me would I rather be the most famous TV host in the world, or would I rather capture the poetry of a double off the Green Monster in Fenway Park—there is no question that I would prefer the latter."

Costas, however, is to some degree a realist. As we talked, he had not made a final decision on the *NFL '82* offer. But he acknowledged that the worst just

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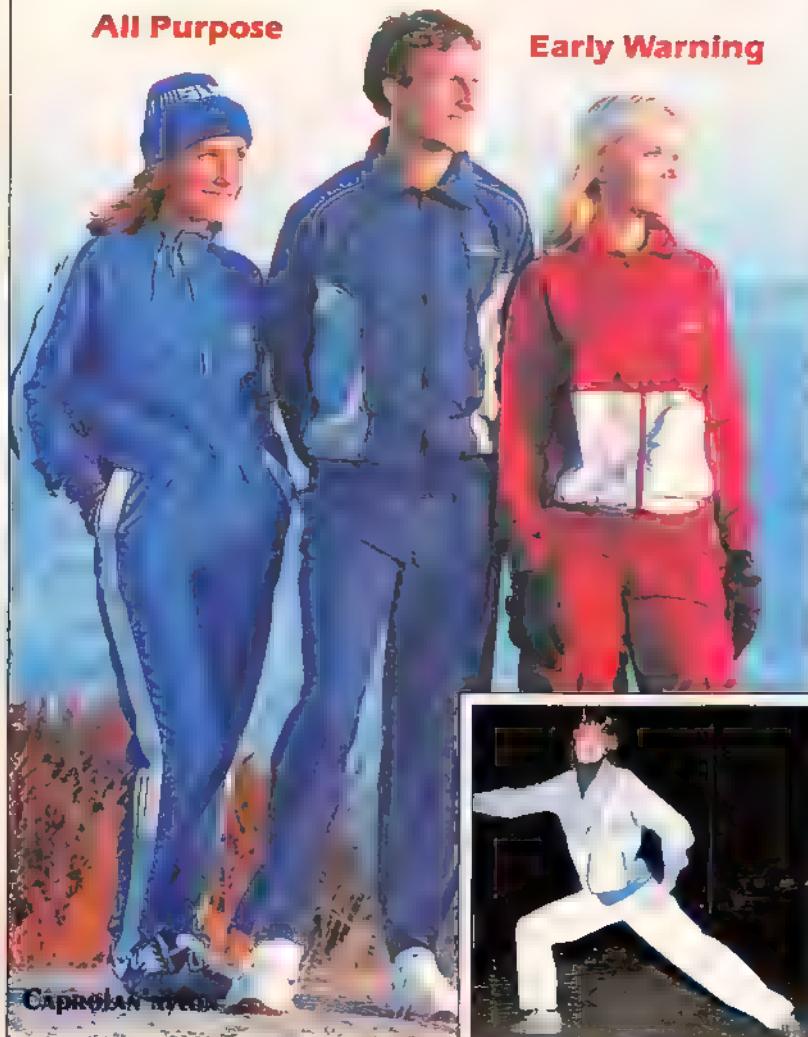
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Beware of Touts Bearing Gifts

BY PETE AXTHELM

Louis "The Lock" Aidala, student and practitioner of the gambling art, will soon be joined in matrimony with Debbie Amarante of Brooklyn. Hundreds of Aidala's friends and associates will fill to overflowing the ceremony in Our Lady of Guadalupe Church. As he and his bride exit down the aisle, The Lock will catch glimpses of the people who are the fabric of his multi-faceted daily life: the football experts who come up with each week's Neighborhood Game, the Candy Store Game, the dreaded Bowling Alley Game.

Beyond those familiar faces, he also will spot men who run sports-handicapping services across the nation. As a handicapper of occasionally sublime instincts—"I have a gift"—and a monitor of the tout services for INSIDE SPORTS, The Lock is proud to transform his nuptials into a convention of the seers and doers of the action world.

The Lock started out claiming that it would be the Wedding of the Decade Soon, with the hyperbole of most successful touts, he decided it would be the Wedding of the Century. Eventually, in a parody of the most boldly advertised lock game of last season, he called it the Wedding of Modern Civilization. (He is confident that the marriage will fare better than the Falcons did the night they were *Big Green Sports'* Lock of Modern Civilization; they didn't cover.)

The only unsettling moment in the

church might come toward the end. At modern Catholic Masses, participants are encouraged to clasp hands and exchange kisses with their seatmates in an expression of peace. Among certain denizens of the neighborhood, candy store and bowling alley, such kisses have more lethal significance.

After Mass, The Lock and his lovely bride will ease into a white stretch limo and proceed to the oldest reception hall in Brooklyn, the Imperial Terrace. The celebration figures to be a cross between a scene from *The Godfather* and one in front of the NBC studio monitors when The Lock and I win a big game on a last-second field goal.

But like much of his betting career, the occasion promises to be more complex than it may appear. The guests will come bearing gifts, as well as the wisdom of their craft and some unabashed self-promotion. Only decorum will prevent a few from offering a lock game to an altar boy or a Guaranteed Parlay Package to the mother of the bride. But The Lock intends to counter with prizes and information of his own. In fact, in between a tarantella and a peek at an exhibition game on television, The Lock will reveal the winners in the second annual INSIDE SPORTS tout-service survey. (He's giving you and me an advance look at the list, knowing the future Mrs. Lock doesn't read gambling columns.) Hold the canoli and pass the envelopes, please.

But first, some background. The Lock and his righthand man, Vinny Talercio, began last season in contact with 36 services. At various points during the season, the total rose to 51. Some joined belatedly after hearing about the monitoring program and others dropped out as their losses increased. Louie and Vinny adopted a standardized method to evaluate picks. They wagered a mythical \$10 per star, giving assorted locks five stars and rating others down to one star according to degree of enthusiasm. They balanced newsletters with phone selections. The results aren't impressive: Of the 51, only 13 showed a profit.

But, ah, the happy 13. If you were with them, you paid your money and got a season full of action and some profit to go with it. If your unit was a hundred or two rather than our \$10,

you probably won enough money to get married, if you happened to find someone like Debbie Amarante. Here is the rundown on last season's big winners. Louie, we can't wait to see you come out from behind that 33-layer wedding cake and open the ballots.

1. *End Zone Sports*. Jim O'Hara, New York, 1-800-223-4015, 212-372-5192 in New York. Profit: \$1,049. *End Zone* enjoyed the best season we've monitored in two years. The overall percentage was 70, with the college selections slightly outperforming the pros. The Lock of the Year was Tulane minus three against LSU: Tulane won 48-7. The Pro Lock was Cincinnati plus 1½



against Pittsburgh: The Bengals won 34-7. O'Hara reports that some people purchased his lock selections and gave them away as Christmas gifts. Last year, at least, they could have been used as annuities.

2. *Reno Sports Service*. Jerry Michaels. 1-800-648-3950, 702-329-1420 in Nevada. Profit: \$619. Michaels is a veteran who has stood the test of time and scrutiny. "The hardest thing about this business is trying to convince people that we actually do this seriously, for a living." Such skepticism is understandable among those who have been burned by the ridiculous claims of promotional hucksters like Mike Warren and his ilk. But *Reno* is the opposite of that syndrome. All clients get honest effort and a solid, if modest, percentage of winners. The overall record was 61 per cent. "Key" plays in college games went 14-8. In the pros, the big plays split 5-5. Michaels tailed off late in the season and lost his bowl lock, Ohio State minus 14 against Navy. But his regular-season lock games went 4-0-1.

3. *Texas Sports Wire*. Stephen Turner. 1-800-433-7630, 817-498-6216 in Texas. Profit: \$516. Turner lost a crushing lock game when his 10-star special, Alabama, committed nine turnovers against Mississippi State. He also suffered a nightmarish November. But like a true pro, he kept plugging and finished with a rush: His bowl selections were 7-1. Turner's lament: "I was 4-0 one Saturday and the next morning one client sounded furious. He had lost for the day. Goes to show that you cannot teach money management." Customers with more faith and self-control enjoyed an overall percentage of about 60.

4. *National Sports Service*. Jim Feist. Las Vegas. 1-800-634-6891. Profit: \$327. For those who care not who wins but how many points are scored, Feist is the guru. Players with access to over-and under totals are advised to choose Feist or *Reno*. Feist also caters to the avid action guy: Giving out enough selections to keep everyone on the phone all weekend, he scored at 57 per cent. One of the oldest tout services, National Sports Service—too bad it sounds like a catering outfit that puts chemicals in your hot dogs at the racetrack—is one of the three holdovers from last year's *INSIDE SPORTS* Top 10 to show another profit. (*W.I.N. Reports* and *Big Green Sports* are the other two.)

5. *Biorhythmic Sports*. Darrell Bacon. Atlanta. 404-261-8471. Profit: \$289. Naturally, Louie, Vinny and I laughed at this hocus-pocus. Start believing in biorhythms and Chinese dream cards may be next, we figured. But week

after week, Louie kept noticing something about Darrell. He was bringing home the bacon. The Lock's puns are strictly USFL-quality, but his insights are keen. Bacon, dismissed by this handicapper as *biodegradable* after a few weeks, finished with a college winning rate of 66 per cent. He was below 50 per cent in the pros, but perhaps those veterans have learned more ways to alter their biorhythmic states.

6. *Professional Handicapping*. Joe Kirby. Los Angeles. 213-615-1800. Profit: \$220. Besides his 58 per cent

**Only decorum
will prevent a
few guests from
offering a lock
game to an altar
boy or a parlay
to the mother of
the bride.**

performance, Kirby offered some interesting theories and statistical trends. An example: A team that loses as a favorite and then plays its next game on the road as a bigger favorite usually loses. A cursory check reveals this angle is right two out of three times.

7. *A.U.S.F*. Bob Firth. Notre Dame, Indiana. 1-800-348-5258, 219-232-8001 in Indiana. Profit: \$218. His percentage was a modest 56 and his eight lock selections only broke even. But Firth has a long record of consistency. His college Lock of the Year was a hometown choice, as Notre Dame swamped Navy 38-0. His biggest pro game was New England, a 17-6 loser to the Jets in a game that crushed many other services, too. Firth's most lasting memory is the time a guy called and whispered, "Give me the games. I'm getting married in five minutes but I've got to get my action in for the day."

8. *W.I.N. Reports*. Don Venetucci. Lyons, Illinois. 1-800-323-2634, 312-442-9213 in Illinois. Profit: \$198. The streakiest service of last season. Vene-

tucci started with seven straight college winners. He ran off 15 of 16 late. Only a churl would ask about the middle.

9. *Superior Sports*. Wayne Voigt. Merrill, Wisconsin. 715-536-2160. Profit: \$167. The service for the bettor who wants action on every game in every time zone. Wild Wayne offered 322 plays last season and still managed to stay above .500 at 166-152-4.

10. *Allegheny Analysis*. Don Wagner. State College, Pennsylvania. 814-237-3377. Profit: \$111. The record was 78-78, but Wagner improved steadily after a cold start. His Super Pick, South Carolina against Clemson, was a loser, but he distributed his stars well enough to show a profit.

11. *Big Green Sports*. Roger Larson. St. Paul, Minnesota. 1-800-328-3101. Profit: \$108. Best known for his Lock of Modern Civilization, Larson earns bonus credits for an amusing newsletter. Like the readers of *Score*, his clients can laugh through some of the losers. They smiled even more at his bowl picks—10 of 12 the right way.

12. *National Sports Wire*. Gary London. Oklahoma City. 1-800-654-9185. Profit: \$57. When the underdogs bark, Gary's clients listen.

13. *Vegas DoublePlay*. Keith Glantz and Russell Culver. 1-800-634-6959. Profit: \$29. These are hard-working guys who shun locks in favor of solid informative analysis.

There are some cautionary lessons in our second season of monitoring. The first winner, John Moore of *Power Play*, checked in with a minus figure of \$852. And several services—even ones who were going well in the standings—mysteriously had phones disconnected in midseason. This leads to the hint that the buyer must still beware. Look for the service that has been monitored over several years by someone who takes it seriously, and favor the ones who remain at the same addresses and phone numbers.

Finally, use common sense. A tout who registers 60 per cent for three years is infinitely preferable to the fly-by-night operator who claims 90 per cent over a few weeks—even in the unlikely event that the claim can be documented. There is a racetrack saying about people who try too late to get aboard brief hot streaks: "If you missed the wedding, don't show up for the funeral." The Lock thinks weddings are just great. He hopes that his monitoring won't bury anyone. ■

PETE AXTHELM is a *Newsweek* columnist. Louis "The Lock" Aidala will soon begin publication of his own sports information newsletter.



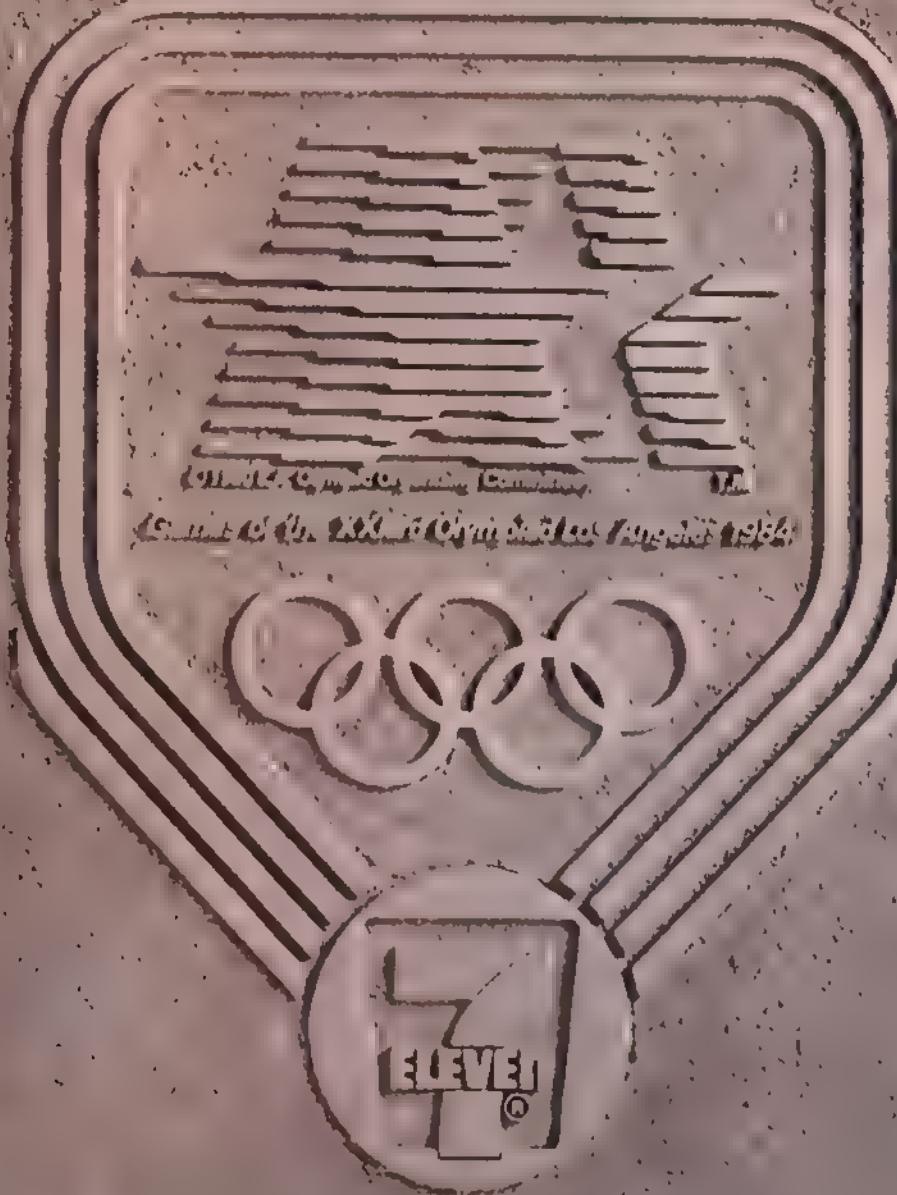
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The Court Of Last Resort

BY CHARLEY ROSEN

Pax is an oldtimers team, in the league since the beginning. Years back, it won the open title, but tonight it must struggle against the much younger schoolboys from NYU Law School.

The score has been close throughout most of the game and the kids are beating the old men by five points with seven minutes left when Peter D. Grean, founder and executive director of the New York Lawyers Basketball League, walks into the gym. Pax coach Ted Eppenstein runs over to him. "Jeff Brauer had two technicals called on him early in the game. The bylaws call for automatic ejection, but the refs let him stay in the game. We've got good grounds, Peter. We're going to protest."

"You can't," Grean says bravely. "You can't protest a referee's decision."

"We'll see," says Eppenstein, turning back to the game.

Grean tries to shrug off the bad news. "I knew it," he moans. The protest can be avoided only if Pax wins, but the NYU schoolboys are still fresh and bouncy down the stretch. Too tired to execute their wily plays, the men of Pax remain sharp and suggestive to the refs until their last-gasp rally falls five points short. Immediately, the losers crowd around Grean.

"Two technicals in a row!"

"He let him play! It's against the rules!"



"We have a legitimate grievance, Peter!"

"You have no protest," Grean insists, knowing he'll face a 30-page brief in the morning.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE GAMES IN THE NYLBL are much more civilized than they used to be. Whereas crucial referees' decisions once induced mayhem, now close calls merely incite vituperations and threats of litigation. Who else sometimes decides championship games only after six weeks of purported findings, presumed conclusions and due process?

"Lawyers are very competitive," ex-

plains Grean, a lawyer who has combined his legal expertise with his love for basketball in a clearly enjoyable career as the league's off-the-court arbiter. "The games tend to be cutthroat. You need a lawyer to oversee lawyers because lawyers always look for opportunities to expound. Lawyers can be very contentious."

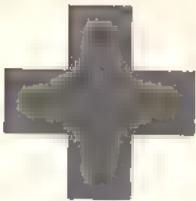
About 12 years ago Grean and some lawyer pals who also played started renting gyms for their games. "Our little coterie seemed to double every season and by 1972 we had enough for 28 teams. I played, I refereed and I wound up doing most of the organizing. Before long I started sending out newsletters and ordering T-shirts. All of us really cared about hoops, but I'd say the success of the Lawyers League is mostly the result of my own basketball neurosis."

And a successful neurosis that is. This season, law firms, D.A. offices, alumni groups and legal service operations will pay \$900 to sponsor various teams in one of six divisions. More than 1,500 lawyers, third-year law students and paralegals will use up \$150,000 playing 1,000 games in seven high school gyms throughout the city.

The league is the largest independent amateur organization in the world, says Grean, and it continues to expand at the rate of 10 teams a season. (Other amateur leagues abound around the country—the Broadway Show League and the Senate Staff Club Softball League, for example—but few even approach the number of players in the NYLBL.) The good looking, fortyish ex-

tax lawyer whose casual yet hip style makes him look a little like a jet-setter, now serves occasionally as an administrative law judge. But basketball, he says, is the passion of his life, even though bad knees banished him to the bench several years ago. "In some circles in the legal community I'm seen as having ties to the old counterculture—I still have a cabin in Woodstock. I've turned down prestigious judgeships and attractive law-firm offers. I know how lucky I am to be earning a living from basketball."

UPTOWN IN THE BRONX, THE CARDINAL Hayes High School gym is dim and



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dreary—a considerable home-court advantage. But both Fordham Law School and the Shirts are visitors, squinting at each other through the yellow darkness. The contest showcases a big man from Hofstra and Charlie Grantham, former dean of admissions at an Ivy League school and a hot-shooting guard out of Cheyney State, who works for the NBA Players Association.

"Shirts up by 10, 7:15 left," somebody shouts to Grean as he sits down on a bleacher bench.

Dennis Spates, whose 6-3 frame is a foreshortened version of Bobby Jones' and whose credentials include a freshman season of hoops at Princeton, tightens Fordham's interior defense and the margin gradually shrinks to six, until a darting 5-11 paralegal simply takes over the ballgame on behalf of the Shirts. He is Ernie Cobb from Boston College implicated, but not indicted in college basketball's latest betting scandal. Cobb slashes to the basket and challenges the big men with a powerhouse dunk.

Grean smiles when Cobb unloads a nifty pass to let his teammate dunk. "Cobb's the best player in the league," he says, "and he's a real nice kid. But he's a problem for me . . . he's a paralegal. I mean, I love basketball with all my heart; it's the ultimate team game, the perfect balance between offense and defense. The perfect flow. But I get stricken with anxiety whenever a ballgame is protested."

Grean estimates that 50 per cent of the league's protests involve questions of eligibility. According to the bylaws, paralegals do "substantive legal work" as opposed to "clerical work." Paralegals must perform "the type of work lawyers used to do before there were paralegals." Their college transcripts must be in order and they are enjoined to work wearing suits and ties.

But once in awhile a tall, sharp-shooting mailroom clerk or messenger is slipped in on a team under the guise of "paralegal," and that's when the trouble starts. "We maintain a labyrinth of legal procedures to accommodate all the protests and appeals, and we have commissioners who take evidence. Our findings are taken very seriously in the legal community because legitimate basketball-league protests bring the potential threat of discredit to a firm."

Some years ago, one team added a guard from the University of North Carolina to its roster, registering him under a false name. The ringer led the team to a division title before the subterfuge was discovered. After lengthy hearings, several players were banned from the league for their complicity and the sponsor's

reputation was sullied. There was even a suggestion of censure from the bar.

"Protests," Grean winces. "I hate them. We're forced to extend due process for every serious complaint because the ballplayers would never hesitate to sue the league. Ernie Cobb is a qualified paralegal, but I'm expecting someone to protest anyway."

INSIDE THE MATCHBOX GYMNASIUM OF the Friends Seminary School a pivotal barristers-division contest matches Seward & Kissel against Olwine, Connelly Narrow stands are jammed with two dozen wives, secretaries and interested parties. As Grean walks in he sees Mike Kelly, a 6-1 guard out of Georgetown and an experienced gunner, backing, bumping and finally plugging a 20-footer. Kelly glances to the sideline and sees Grean. "What's the count?" he yells over his shoulder.

"Tied!" shouts the scorer and the ref says, "Two minutes!"

Several teams have filed complaints about Kelly's arbitrary elbows and Grean sighs as Kelly berates a Seward & Kissel teammate for launching an injudicious shot. "You can usually tell the personality of a firm by the team it fields," Grean says.

Olwine's most solid performer is Dennis Spates, the player who takes full advantage of the league's bylaw that allows men to play on more than one team. Spates plays on three—for Olwine (where he will be a lawyer this fall), for Willkie, Farr (where he once was a paralegal) and for Fordham Law School (which granted him a degree this spring).

As Kelly bags another whirler from the outskirts, Olwine takes the lead 67-66 with five seconds remaining. Spates has good instincts and he's scrappy, but he misreads a teammate's intention and the hoped-for pick-and-roll turns into fugitive steps and a whistle. Kelly inbounds, then jumps at the low ceiling when the ref shouts, "Time!"

The fans quickly fill the court with condolences and congratulations as Kelly casts a quick glance at Grean. "He knew I was here," Grean says.

Fifty-seven-year-old Olwine guard Bill Sondericker, who admits that if he can no longer take his dribble to the basket, he can still bust zones, shakes hands all around, then finds a seat and a dry towel. "A tough loss," he says brightly. "But more important than winning, I'm glad there were no arguments and the game didn't get out of hand."

CHARLEY ROSEN's sixth and latest book is *Players and Pretenders*.

FOOTBALL '82

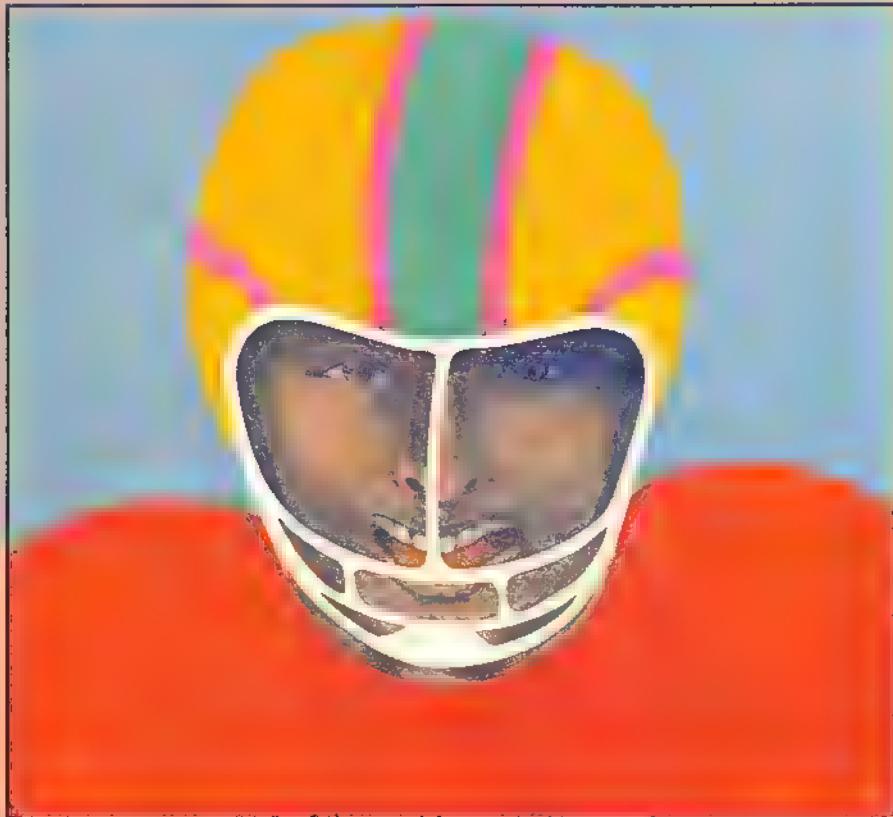


ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN CHWAST

The Best of Everything

AS LEIGH MONTVILLE points out in his amusing look at the once-uncomplicated-and-joyous life of an NFL fan, it's time to put away childish things—lawsuits, drugs, labor disputes—and play the game. And, on the field, the game is getting better all the time. Pete Axthelm kicks off our 50-page look at the upcoming pro and college seasons with a compelling argument for Kellen Winslow being the best of the best. We also take a look at the finest natural athlete at

each major position in the NFL, and Montville analyzes the six pro divisions. Turning to the world of student-athletes, Joe Gergen picks our annual Top 20 teams, Randy Harvey answers 20 questions you were dying to ask about the college game, Mark Whicker profiles Heisman Trophy candidate Dan Marino of Pittsburgh, and we forecast the results—top to bottom—of all the major conferences. Added attraction: San Francisco 49er coach Bill Walsh, whose "genius" tag is examined and interpreted on page 88 by Tony Kornheiser.

This is all San Diego's all-world tight end asks of life: as an athlete, to be more than a football player. As a person, more than an athlete. Considering he may be the best football player around, that's asking a lot.

LET US NOW PRAISE KELLEN WINSLOW

By Pete Axthelm

ON THE MORNING OF THE SECOND day of 1982, hours before they were to start a playoff game in Miami, a number of San Diego Chargers were chatting during a chapel meeting. "We raised the question of whether God watches football," recalls Kellen Winslow. "We decided that He probably does. But if so, does He determine who wins? We never

figured that one out. But the discussion was inspiring."

Whatever god loomed over the darkening Orange Bowl, he was a fearsome offensive coordinator. Kellen Winslow, suitably inspired, was a 252-pound avenging archangel.

The numbers were astonishing, even for this era of regulation-shackled pass defenders and wide-open offense. Chargers: 41-38 in overtime. Charger quarterback Dan Fouts. 33

completions, a playoff record. Winslow: 13 receptions, 166 yards, both playoff records. For good measure, he even lined up on defense and soared above his teammates to block a field goal that would have won the game for Miami.

But Winslow will always have num-

bers and records and soaring superlatives. After just three years in the National Football League, he not only is the most talented young man ever to play tight end, he has redefined and expanded that position. Perhaps he is the most gifted all-around athlete to play his game. But such claims come with a cutting edge that nicks Winslow and all the high-powered Chargers. If they're so big, so fast, so good, the critics wonder, why can't they prove it when the pressure is most severe? It is that kind of thinking that turned a game in Miami into a night for gazing beyond the stat sheets and into the mind and soul, a night that will remain a measure of Kellen Winslow.

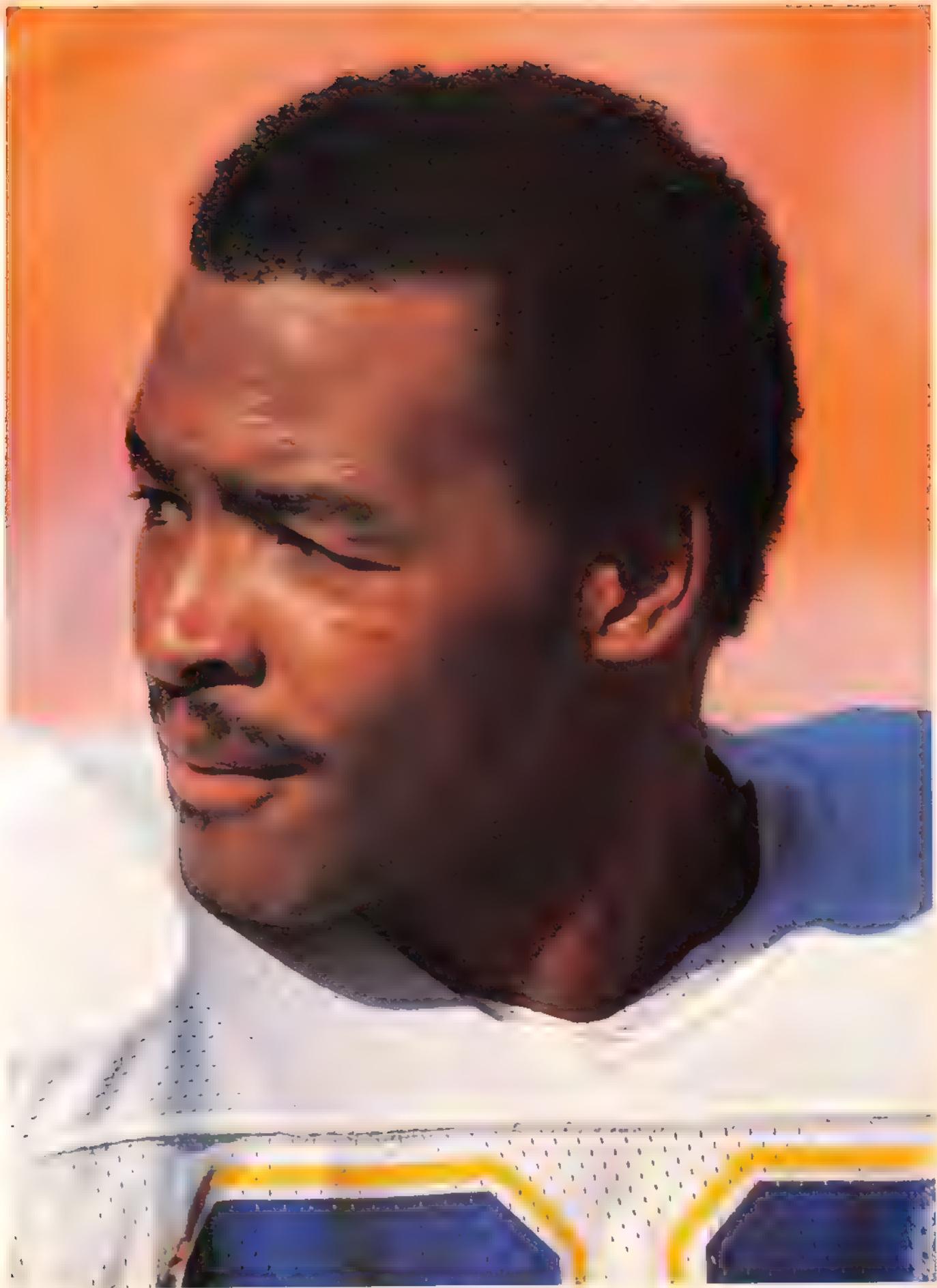
"When I'm at my absolute best," says Winslow, "I feel very relaxed. I'm laughing, having a good time. I feel smooth, loose and confident. It doesn't matter who is defending against me. If it's one guy, he's at a disadvantage. If it's two, they're at a disadvantage. When I'm on, it's a long day for the defense."

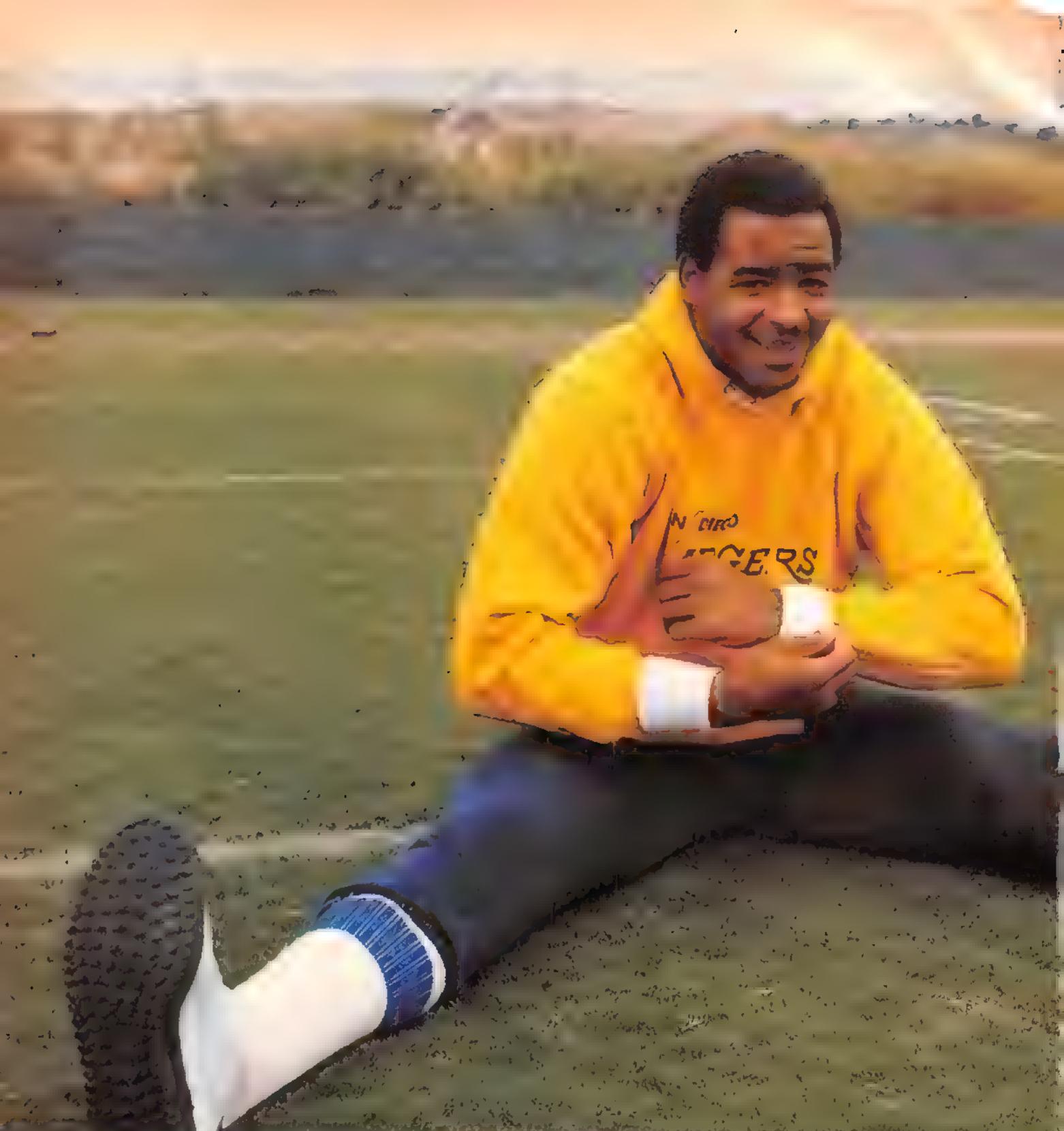
The Dolphin defenders understood that attitude—and the challenge it implied. In physical terms, "disadvantage" seemed an understatement of their plight: Their safeties, the brothers Glenn and Lyle Blackwood, couldn't race against Winslow if they were allowed to do it in relays. But they had a clear mission—hit Winslow every time he left the line of scrimmage and punish him for every catch. They had to disrupt his smoothness, wipe the smile from his face. They often succeeded, but they still suffered through a long game.

Technically, it was not a great game, merely exciting, exhausting and unfor-



Taking his bumps on the field has given Winslow the confidence to say, 'Most people have to knock on opportunity's door. I can walk right in.'





The view from Bob Trumphy: 'He's more than a prototype; prototype implies some flaw'

gettable. The Chargers flashed to a 24-0 lead, making everything look easy. Winslow knew better. "After we scored our 24th point, Charlie Joiner and I looked at each other and said, 'We don't

like this.' Don Shula is no quitter, the Dolphins are no quitters and we were afraid we'd get complacent."

On the final play of the half, substitute quarterback Don Strock threw short to Duriel Harris in a crowd of Chargers. Harris flipped a lateral to wide-open Tony Nathan, who raced for the touchdown. Incredibly, the lead was only 24-17. "I said to myself, 'We can't lose

this game,'" says Winslow. "People talked about our lack of character, said we had nothing but flashy passing. It was important we handle ourselves well."

They handled it with more fight than flash. Fouts kept standing gamely behind his massive line, looking for targets. Winslow, in turn, had to shake off a fierce beating. One collision with Glenn Blackwood sent both men reeling back-



ward and raised fears that Winslow had separated his shoulder. "It was bruised but not separated. I had to leave the field once or twice. I just needed a minute to gather myself up and go back in. I was in pain, but so were a lot of other guys."

Down 38-31, San Diego recovered a fumble at its own 21. Fouts drove the Chargers back to a tie. Then Miami slogged back into field-goal range as

time ran out. Winslow blocked it. Finally, kicker Rolf Benirschke ended the 74-minute ordeal. But even at that frenzied moment, the central figure on the Chargers was the battered Winslow.

"Kellen led us to that victory," says Joiner, the 34-year-old wide receiver. "We had that tag on us that we couldn't win the big ones and Kellen just refused to accept that. He played his heart out."

He also threw in various parts of his body. "When it was finally over," says Winslow, "I reached around to make sure my feet and hands were still attached. I was exhausted and my shoulder was hurting. I said to myself, 'Okay, Kel, you're going to walk to the locker room under your own power. Let's go.' I walked about 10 yards and collapsed."

San Diego's Super Bowl dream froze the next week on the artificial tundra of Cincinnati. But the image of Winslow in Miami still shines for anyone who saw it. Ali in Manila. Secretariat in the Belmont. Winslow in Miami. It has a ring.

Not that Winslow, looking ahead, dwells on it. This summer, a breathless fan shook his hand and said, "I've never seen anything like that Miami game."

Winslow flashed his most engaging smile. "Which game was that?"

WINSLOW IS GOOD AT THOSE modest touches. When he banters with a rival defensive player during the offseason, he may plead, "Be nice to me next year. I have this reputation to live up to in San Diego. People think I'm invincible." And when he finds himself getting too wrapped up in an account of his achievements, he will interject something like, "Every pass I catch is a reward to everyone on our offensive unit." But he is honest and serious when he speaks of the possibility—and the burden—of living up to all the "best-athlete" talk.

"I think of myself as a total athlete who specializes in football," he says. "I threw the discus 172 feet in high school. I've hit a golf ball 300 yards. I've scrimmaged in pickup games with some of the San Diego Clippers and I think I could play basketball on the highest levels, as a small forward. I'm sort of a frustrated basketball player. In fact, I like to see myself as a basketball player on the football field."

At 6-5½, 252 pounds, Winslow enjoys all those skills. But he was well along on his college career at Missouri before he figured out how to make the fullest use of them on a football field. Once when he was a raw sophomore, he got a ball and was tackled. As he was going down, another defender speared him. "I had stopped on the play, so I was vulnerable. I said I was never going to just stop like that again."

That same season, against North Carolina, he ran a crossing pattern and caught a pass amid several defenders. As the first man hit him, Winslow planted his feet and leaned into him. The tackler fell down. "That was when I realized that I could run with the ball as well as catch

it—something a lot of tight ends don't do." He pauses. "I also realized that maybe I could play this game on a whole 'nother level."

That level is depicted vividly on Winslow's personalized stationery—blue paper decorated with a picture of Winslow carrying the ball toward the goal line. Beneath his feet, crumpled like some discarded sheet of notepaper, is Seattle linebacker Keith Butler. "I don't remember hitting Butler on that play," he admits. "But I'll guarantee you that I was totally relaxed as he approached. Then I got my entire strength gathered in my forearm and moved like this. . . ." He hurls his upper body into the air in a motion that makes the listener flinch. "That sums up the way I play," he concludes quietly.

Once, the tight-end position would have been an unlikely one in which to find an all-around athlete who thinks of himself as Dr. J in cleats. The tight end was a kind of tackle with good hands. His primary duty was blocking, making the off-tackle play and the sweep work. If he could catch a short pass over the middle, he was especially valuable. If he could run with the ball after the catch, he was John Mackey.

But as offenses grew more sophisticated, teams began searching for more from tight ends. "We first developed the tight end as a pressure valve," recalls Sid Gillman, a recognized master of innovative offense. "In the American Football League, you knew you were going to throw and you had to get the middle open to take some pressure off the outside. At first, our tight end was a guy to keep the safeties from helping out on Lance Alworth all the time."

In the 1970s there was the development of the tight end who didn't just ease pressure but created it for the defense. Men like Ray Chester and Dave Casper became every bit as important to their offenses as the wide receivers. They also made the position more attractive to job applicants. "Who wants to play tight end and block all the time?" asked Dallas vice-president for personnel development Gil Brandt. "But the game changes and certain positions become more glamorous, and now the tight-end spot draws a lot of superior athletes. Winslow, of course, is a superior *superior* athlete."

Winslow also found himself drafted into the ideal system for him. San Diego coach Don Coryell began expanding the tight end's role when he coached the late J. V. Cain in St. Louis. Now he deploys Winslow all over the field in the "Air Coryell" attack. Besides his "normal" position, Winslow may line up on the wing, in the slot, in the backfield.

"When people ask what my position is, I just say receiver. I catch the ball."

On the Chargers, he found himself bracketed by folks who could also do that. At one end was Joiner, the old pro with the precise patterns, sure hands and instinct for the key catch. At the other was John Jefferson, perhaps the most acrobatic and spectacular receiver in the game. When Fouts dropped back and all three sprinted into the passing lanes, no area of the secondary was safe. As they became good friends and increased their rapport on and off the field, they became even more effective.

Then, as last season began, Winslow faced a crisis. Jefferson was holding out, trying to renegotiate his contract. Charger management was taking a firm stand. Says Winslow: "It was tough, the first time the realities of the NFL hit me. I never thought J. J. would be gone, any more than I thought Charlie Joiner would consider retiring. I always looked at it as if J. J., Charlie and I would play together until I retired."

J. J. was traded to Green Bay. The first time Winslow saw him on television in the Packer uniform, he came close to tears. He stayed in a depression for several weeks. The whole team seemed depressed during a midseason slump; the Chargers lost three of four, climaxed by an embarrassing Monday night rout by Seattle. Then they held a team meeting, aired out their anger—and turned it on the Oakland Raiders. That 55-21 victory in Oakland triggered the drive to their third straight AFC West title.

"That low feeling is something you get over," says Winslow. "But you don't really replace what you've lost. You can come close to replacing the athletic ability, which we did with Wes Chandler. But you can't replace a personality like J. J.'s. Everyone used to look to him. We would be down and it would be, 'Well, let's throw the ball to J. J., no big deal.' Winslow thinks about that. "Now," he says, "a lot of people look to me." When they looked to him in that pivotal Oakland game, he scored five touchdowns.

WINSLOW WAS BORN ON A ONE-way street in a dead-end city, poor and crime-ridden East St. Louis, Illinois. But life seemed pleasant and secure at the end of 22nd Street, where the seven children of Odell and Homer lived between grandparents in a house on one end of the block and an aunt and uncle on the other. Odell Winslow was a clerk for a food-services company and her husband was a supervisor for the transit authority. The kids got all the necessities, a lot of love and some strong ambition.

"I wished the usual things that a mother wishes for her son," Odell says of third-born Kellen. "Namely, that he would be able to finish high school, go to college and provide for his family. Nothing really thrilling and exciting. Nothing like what's happened."

Kellen was an awkward kid, tall and gangly. "Smooth concrete and I didn't get along," he says. "I would trip over a crack in the sidewalk." His misadventures hardly fueled athletic dreams, so he barely argued when he considered playing football in junior high and his mother overruled him. Instead, Kellen took a job with United Parcel, working from 4 to 11 each day after school. He planned to keep working there to get himself through college, then to move up through the company. His only extracurricular activity at school was chess.

There was a top chess player in the area, a grandmaster named Elliot Winslow. Kellen was a mere beginner, but he would go to tournaments, scrawl "Winslow" on the score sheets—and let his opponent fret about which Winslow he was up against. "I'd get them worrying, and then I'd leave them alone. I'd come dashing in just when the timer was about up for my first move, and I'd slap down my move. Bobby Fischer was very big at the time, so I'd stare very hard at the board and my opponents, just like him. I probably won some matches right there, with a first move and a stare. Some of those kids probably still think they lost to Elliot Winslow."

Chess might have been the end of Kellen's competitive life if Cornelius Perry hadn't noticed him in his junior-year gym class. Then again, at that point, someone was bound to notice. Fooling around in the class, Winslow threw a football 60 yards—and caught long passes with one big hand. Perry, the football coach as well as the gym teacher at East St. Louis High, asked him about joining the team. Perry had just graduated a pretty good tight end named Al Dixon, who now plays for Kansas City. Winslow hesitated, thinking about his job: He was already earning a higher hourly wage than his father and the future looked promising. Before his senior year, he made up his mind.

"Mama, I'm taking a leave of absence from my job so I can play football," he said one day.

"But what about college?" asked Odell Winslow.

"Mama, I'm going on a football scholarship."

When he finally pulled on a uniform, most of the youthful clumsiness was gone. But there remained a lot of lost time to make up for. "It was hard for him

at first, playing against people with more experience," says his neighborhood friend Gordon May. "But I guess the scout from Missouri saw potential in his natural moves and instincts."

The summer before he left for Missouri, Winslow sat down with a friend and talked about his plans for college football. His first year, he wanted to make the traveling squad. As a sophomore, he would start. Third year, all-conference and honorable mention All-American. Then senior year, put it all together—All-American, first-round draft pick, everything. It sounded a little like the plans he had once laid for working his way up through United Parcel, except quicker and more ambitious. Everything was happening on a faster and grander scale for him. At Missouri, he achieved all the goals.

EVERYBODY'S A COMEDIAN." Winslow uses the phrase frequently, as a standard response to the extended hands and eager banter of friends and fans. And it happens that he has long fancied himself a comedian: He was working out Johnny Carson routines in junior high before he ever mastered his Bobby Fischer impression. But as quick-witted as he can be, Winslow really wants to be a different type of performer. He will sing along with anything that comes out of a Top 40 station—loudly. His worthiest impression is of the world's tallest jukebox.

Safetymen and other victims may find some solace in the fact that there is something that Winslow does not do very well. His vocals tend to be as memorable as holding penalties. But he is dead serious about a singing avocation. A year ago, he and four teammates actually cut a recording under the name of the Hi-Fives. For the millions who missed it, the tunes included such unlamented lyrics as, "Backfield in motion, I'm gonna have to penalize you."

Now Winslow and Jefferson, who remain close friends and offseason neighbors in San Diego, have broken off from the Hi-Fives and become a duet. Sheer numbers should make this a 60 per cent improvement. In any case, Winslow and J. J. figure that they have a future on television. "We could do *The Tonight Show*," says Winslow. "Well, maybe something on cable, at least. Well, seriously, we did a show at the Speakeasy in Los Angeles a while ago, and it went over pretty well. I'm not being a braggart, but I wouldn't be ashamed to play our tapes for anyone." Winslow says that his singing reminds some people of Smokey Robinson. Other people? Well, everybody's a comedian.

One week this summer, Winslow made coast-to-coast personal appearances. He visited local disc jockeys, made some talk shows, grabbed some time to hit golf balls with old friends, sign autographs for new ones. He smiled a lot. Everybody was a comedian. The funny thing about the trip was that Winslow wasn't getting paid.

"I love kids," he said after a hospital tour in New Haven, Connecticut, in connection with the Special Olympics. "It's awfully hard to see them little, sick and helpless." Back in San Diego, he spoke out for kids in his pet local project, a flag football league. In flag football, the defenders "tackle" by grabbing a flag from the ballcarrier's belt. It is the kind of harmless version that Odell Winslow might have approved back in her son's junior high days. Winslow thinks it is a good idea for now.

"I used to go to a lot of Pop Warner football banquets. Kids would come up to get autographs on the casts on their arms or legs. There ought to be a way for kids to play football without getting hurt."

He also enjoys some off-the-field endeavors that do pay him. He works for a bank, using his popularity to reach potential clients on various levels. His biggest transaction so far was setting up a million-dollar business loan. But that didn't render him too busy to write personal notes to local brides-to-be, urging them to open savings accounts with Sun Savings and Loan. Winslow also talks of some day going to law school, or perhaps opening a booking agency to represent athletes. The theme is persistent, as it has been since his earliest days. As an athlete, he wants to be more than a football player. As a person, more than an athlete.

On the eve of the final regular-season game last year, Winslow and Katrina McKnight flew from San Diego to Las Vegas and got married. It was his idea, so sudden that he had to rush back home and spend his wedding night in a motel with his teammates. Soft and smiling, Katrina is still getting used to such separations. "It's hard on her," says Winslow. "But she understands that I'm doing all this so we won't have to give up the house when I leave the NFL."

The home he won't give up is an airy, Spanish-style townhouse on a hill in Tierrasanta, about 10 minutes from San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium. Amid the sunny rooms of mauve and beige, there are no clues to the owner's profession—except in the study. There, the plaques start at the ceiling and extend halfway down two walls. Others are piled on shelves, near the trophies. Kellen and Katrina, a personnel worker at the aero-

space division of General Dynamics, live there with a Yorkshire terrier named Cupid. The pace is relaxed, the living easy. "Somebody has to live good," laughs Winslow. "It might as well be us."

As the season approaches, Winslow's mood is buoyant. "I want to reach the heights of last year," he says, "and go beyond them." Ernie Zampese, the Charger receiver coach, reports that Winslow certainly looked ready in mini-camp: "He ran and jumped around like a kid trying to make the team. And he's taking a more active role as a leader." His increasing prominence may also take its toll. "I am seeing a lot more people with each game. Sometimes I get off the bus and two guys in jerseys say, 'Are you Winslow?' I say that I am, and they say, 'We're supposed to stick with you for the rest of the day.' And they do."

But the story is told lightly, because Winslow and his offensive teammates are justifiably confident about their firepower. The Chargers set 10 NFL offensive records last year. It will be news the next time Fouts *doesn't* break his own record for passing yardage; his 4,802 yards last season gave him a third consecutive record. As for Winslow, he failed to break his own record for catches last fall. His league-leading 88 fell one short of his previous total—which happens to stand as the record for tight ends. In assessing Super Bowl credentials, the San Diego offense can almost be taken for granted. The problem is the defense, which tends simply to get taken.

A year ago, the former successful head coach, Jack Pardee, was designated to teach the Chargers how to stop people. He failed miserably; Charger defenders turned people like Dan Doornink into O. J. Simpson and Don Strock into John Unitas. This year the defense has been thrust upon a new leader, Tom Bass. Bass certainly has one gambler's luxury: Whatever he tries, the defense can hardly get much worse.

For the moment, Winslow can only watch and hope. He knows that the way his teammates can score, the defense doesn't have to improve too much to make the season last another game or two. Among the contributions of the Miami playoff game to the history of the Chargers there is the clear revelation that the problem was a lack of many good defensive players—not a lack of character. Secure in that knowledge, the Chargers may finally be ready for a Super Bowl. About which Winslow might someday ask, "Which game was that?"

PETE AXTHELM is a *Newsweek* columnist. Much of the material for this article was gathered by Tenley-Ann Jackson.

By Leigh Montville

Being a football fan isn't so much fun as it used to be

But it's still better than the next-best thing

HARD TIMES HERE ON THE FANTASY beat. The zip suddenly is gone from the Zip-a-dee Doo-Dah. The bluebird has left the shoulder and been flattened by an Allied moving van. Hard times.

"You hear the latest about Mickey Mouse?"

"Noooooo."

"Caught in a drug bust. Thrown in the slammer. Threatens to squeal."

Hard times.

Want to do the old stories. Want to make the opening of the 1982 football season the same as the opening of the other NFL seasons. Want to write about green grass and big crowds and describe the football falling out of the old azure sky, same as always, Pete Rozelle's autograph getting larger as the old pig-skin lands. Can't do it.

"What about Pinocchio?"

"Wants 55 per cent of the gross, won't work unless he gets it."

"Geppetto says he's crazy."

Hard times. Fantasy just doesn't work anymore.

Should be easy. Most competitive season ever. If the San Francisco 49ers can move from nowhere to the Super Bowl championship, then why can't anyone? Never has there been such balance. Never have there been so many possibilities. Never has there been so much money for everyone.

What is happening?

"The Wizard's trying to move from Oz."

"Really? Where?"

"Says something about L.A."

What is happening?

The game is the game. Right? The show is the show. Right? Have Ed McMahon drive the Clydesdales right

into the kitchen and leave the beer. Don't disturb until January 30. Isn't that the route? Why worry about the other stuff?

Just doesn't seem the same. That's why.

Three-piece suits everywhere. Labor strangles management. Management strangles labor. Or vice versa. Season to begin. Season not to begin. Who knows? Al Davis and Oakland Raiders in court, out of court, in and out again. Confessions every other day about drug abuse. Half the New Orleans Saints apparently candidates for Synanon.

"Know what happened with Michael Landon?"

"Not living with his wife."

"Who gets the little house on the prairie?"

Hard times.

Season should be opening with a grand parade. There's Dandy and Frank and Howard, dress right dress, all in their lemon blazers. Look at the officials, stepping down the street, 15 yards at a time. There's Bum Phillips, cowboy hat and all. Howdy, Bum! There's a fleet of scatbacks, all in step. Here come the defensive linemen, ripping Manhattan phone books in half. There's Bill Walsh, coach of the 49ers, up there on a pedestal. There's....

See? There's Ed Garvey, executive director of the NFL Players Association. Those are the members of the NFL Management Council right behind him. That's a congressional subcommittee on that dowdy-looking float. Then there's a phalanx of agents, all walking in a Groucho Marx slither. And the cable-TV entrepreneurs, the ones who all are talking a mile a minute

Oops, and here comes another league.

Another league? Can't be another league. Sure enough. There's Chuck Fairbanks and Carl Peterson and George Perles and George Allen and Red Miller and John Ralston. There's Chet Simmons, waving a half-dozen television contracts. What's that sign? The letters are USFL. Sounds like another labor union, but the small letters promise "football every spring." Football every spring?

See? Hard times.

"The monsters have Steven Spielberg trapped."

"Trapped? Spielberg owns the monsters."

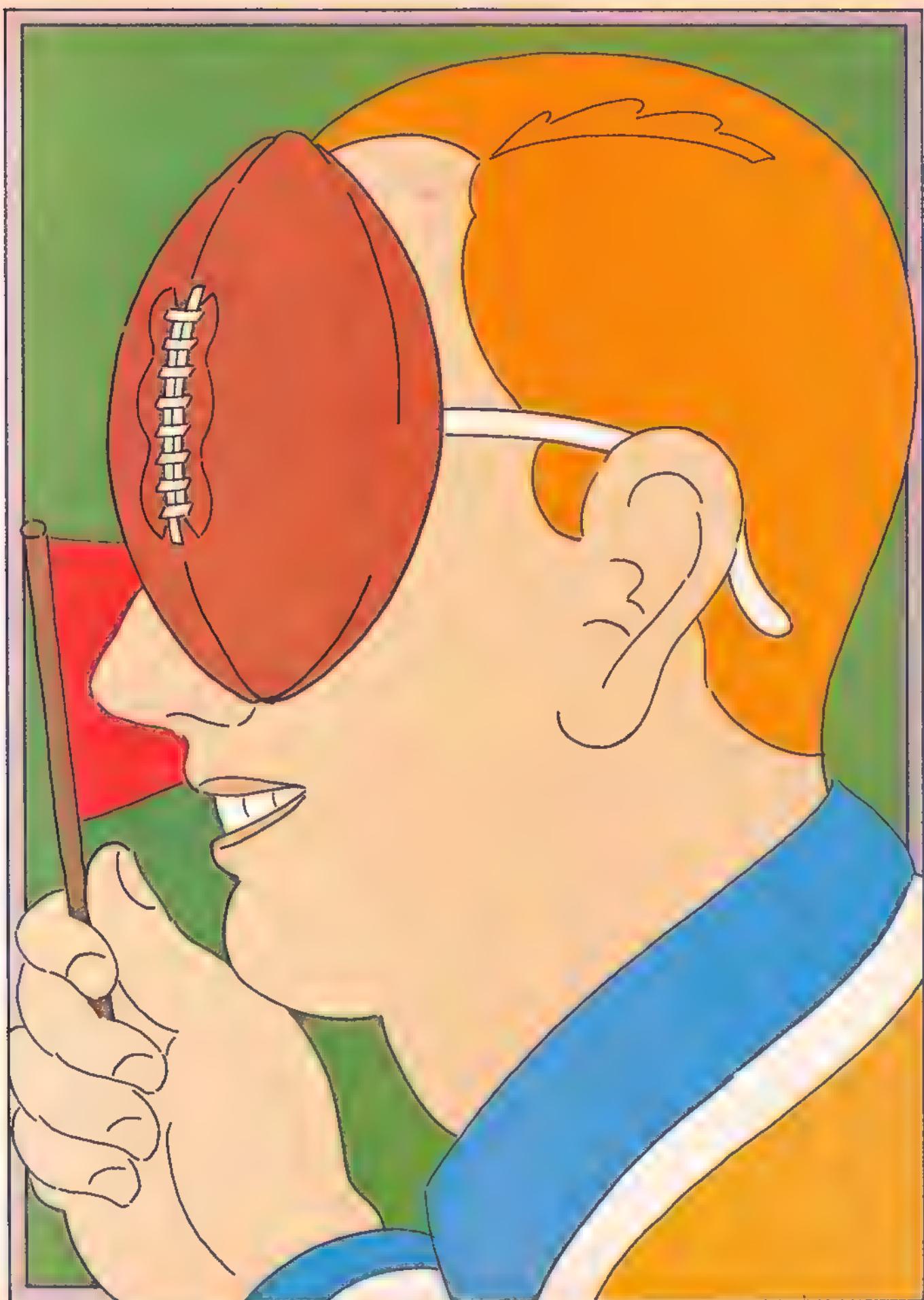
"Not now. The monsters own Spielberg."

Package used to be perfect. The perfect NFL. The perfect operation. Open the perfect cellophane and spill the perfect pieces onto the floor. Watch 'em run and kick and fall down.

Escape. Lose yourself in the standings. The playoff possibilities. Work all week, handle the family and the mortgage, the crabgrass and the car whose alternator light always stays lit, then escape. How'd he ever catch that pass? How'd he survive the collision? The Cowboys are even money at home? Escape.

Controversy was whether or not the league was getting too violent. Whether or not Conrad Dobler should be required to play with a muzzle. Argument was the 3-4 against the 4-3. Gossip was whether or not Baltimore owner Tiger Irsay would fire everyone or give everyone raises, whether or not Georgia Frontiere would wear high heels or flats on Sunday. Escape.

Players were pleasant cartoons. All-



American Roger Staubach. Broadway Joe Namath. Inspired Jim Plunkett. The only fringes of "real" life to touch the viewer were shock-absorber ads, little spots for Lite Beer, everybody smiling and trying to pick up the 7-10 split at the bowling alley. See? Mean Joe Greene wasn't so mean, after all. He gave his shirt to the kid.

"Pac-Man admitted he has a \$200-a-day cocaine habit, too."

"Pac-Man?"

"What can you say? A guy makes all that money so fast, he just can't handle it sometimes."

Hard times. Everything has changed. Rozelle used to have the perfect job. Feet never even had to touch the ground, except now and then to get a shine. Limo to limo to limo. Patted everyone into obedience with a tanned and velvet hand. More presidential than any president. Better money. Better working hours. Better jollies.

Pete and Carrie. The royal couple. Let the followers of baseball wonder whether their man, Bowie Kuhn, is an exhibit on loan from the Museum of Natural History. Let poor Ziegler, from hockey, deal with the Russians and stand in the courtroom with his people as if they are delinquent sons, caught again in a parking-lot rumble. Let O'Brien of basketball dream Kennedy dreams while he deals with owners who think their teams are one more franchise in a string of diet centers. Pete and Carrie. Regal.

What's he doing now?

Are the blinds drawn in the Park Avenue office? Is he afraid to answer the door for fear another summons will be delivered? Is he afraid to read the paper because he knows another drug-troubled running back has found confession good for the soul? ("I knew I was in trouble when I found myself snorting the yard lines every time I was tackled and on the bottom of a pileup.") Is there no end to the arm wrestling, the bickering, the greed? Will the man have to let his hair and his fingernails grow long and live behind his security troops on the top floor of a Vegas hotel?

Hard times.

"The Smurfs hit the bricks this morning."

"Are they serious?"

"Refuse to be cute anymore until they get guarantees about all potential cable income."

"This is New Orleans, my city. My name is Don Reese. I play for the New Orleans Saints. These are some of my friends from the drug culture of the French Quarter. I join them quite often to discuss their problems, while they discuss mine. We're working together.

Helping. That's the United Way... "Cut!"

"This is John Facenda, voice of NFL Films. That's the familiar jazz background you hear. Or is it the *Star Wars* score by John Williams? Can't be sure. Anyway, interest never has been higher and the competition never better as the 28 teams open their quest on September 12 for Super Bowl XVII... er, are supposed to open their quest... ah, if there isn't a strike... or if there isn't a lockout... or maybe there'll be a strike three weeks into the season... depending on what the National Labor Relations Board does... and then there's the players who say they would cross the picket line and...."

Cut!

(Take One) "I'm Al Davis and I'm the owner of the Raiders and I would like to assure the good people of Oakland...."

(Take Two) "I'm Al Davis and I'm the owner of the Raiders and I'd like to assure the good people of Los Angeles

(Take Three) "I'm Al Davis and I'm the owner of the Raiders and I'd like to assure the good people of your town, USA, that when we pitch our tent on any given Sunday in your high school field we'll give you the ultimate in Pride and Poise and football thrills, because...."

Cut! Cut! Cut!

Hard times

"Mr. T. would kick Rocky's ass if they ever fought."

"Never."

"Carl Weathers would kick his ass, too."

Need the oldtime roustabouts. Drinkers. Party guys. Need Bobby Layne. The goal line's that way, Bobby, let 'er rip. Steady hands after unsteady nights. Need quarterbacks who sneak out of training camp to play country-western songs on jukeboxes rather than to meet accountants to discuss deferred income. Need coaches who design plays with salt shakers and shot glasses rather than Magic Markers and plastic overlays. Need tough guys. Need nicknames.

What's Bud Grant going to do this year? Tell his players they can't stand next to the air-conditioning unit at the new Metrodome? Need fewer air conditioners.

Need less specialization, too, less "situation football." Players play every third play now, specialists for long passing downs, 40 yards and out, replaced by specialists for long passing downs, 39 yards and in. Most of the wear on carpets—need more grass, fewer carpets—is horizontal rather than vertical, footprints back and forth to the huddle.

Need less equipment. Why does a

player have to wear a facemask that looks as if it is the grillwork from a 1955 Buick? Need more broken noses, less internal bleeding. Less equipment, fewer serious head-on collisions. Fewer serious injuries. Need fewer bulletproof vests to protect people who shouldn't be playing, anyway.

Need the old feeling that the man on the field is you. Right? Need that.

The man on the field is not you, of course, but he shares your situations. He lives a lot the way you live. His problems are your problems. He is a better, more talented you. He plays the same game you played. The wide receiver is the neighbor kid from around the corner, the one who could catch anything, even the balls you underthrew. The other team is from the other town, the carload of familiar and fearsome faces seen now and then at a fast-food parking lot in no-man's land. The cheerleaders are the grownup girls, just the way they were supposed to be, perfect and sultry. The noise is only bigger noise. The lights are only brighter.

Need the fantasy and there's only hard times.

"Mickey's telling everything."

"Everything?"

"Donald was in on it, not to mention Huey, Dewey and Louie. Goofy. Chip 'n' Dale. Even Dumbo. That's right, Dumbo."

Turn the dial to the proper channel. Fluff the pillows. Adjust the tint and brightness controls. Hello?

Surely, this can't last forever.

This is the No. 1 sport of our time, Gallup, Harris and *The New York Times* even say so. Ratings are as good as for any saga about life among rich families of the Texas aristocracy. Stadiums are filled to 93 per cent of capacity. Balance has been achieved, team against team, better than in any league in any sport. Hello?

Isn't that noise on the roof Harrison Ford and some friends arriving to set everything right? Isn't that a pleasant, overweight fairy godmother peeking from that far edge of that darkened cloud? Isn't that sound—yes, that one—a bugle being played as the blue-coat cavalry edges over the far hill?

Unwrap the cheese. Put it next to the crackers. Fold the newspaper to the sports section, the page with all the agate standings. Make a wager. Cross a set of fingers.

Need the fantasy. Need football. Need the No. 1 fall sports afternoon.

Now. ■

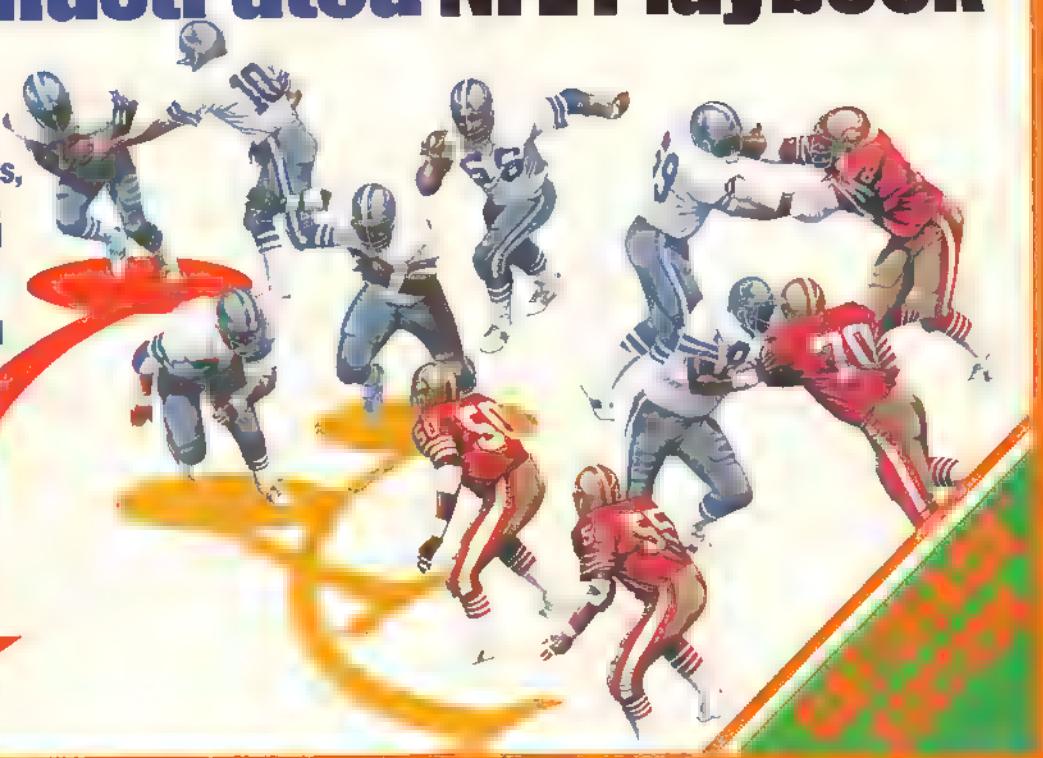
LEIGH MONTVILLE is a sports columnist for The Boston Globe

HOW TO WIN THE SUPER BOWL.

The Illustrated NFL Playbook



Pro football explained in diagrams, charts, and definitions, with insight and comments by Bill Walsh, Sid Gillman, and other NFL experts!



OR AN ARGUMENT.

All the ammunition you need is right here. To bomb a secondary with the 49ers' Triple Pass Flea Flicker. Or blow away your buddy with inside information on everything from weak-side traps and blitzes to nickel defenses and rotating zones.

The Illustrated NFL Playbook is 128 pages of diagrams, definitions and charts that really take you inside the pro game, written with a panel of NFL experts including 49ers head coach Bill Walsh. And with the special order form from the makers of Gatorade® thirst quencher and one Gatorade® proof purchase, it's yours for just \$2.95. You save \$4.00 off the suggested retail price of \$6.95.

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THE ILLUSTRATED NFL PLAYBOOK.



GATORADE
GIVES YOUR BODY WHAT IT'S THIRSTY FOR.

THE IMPLACABLE LOOK OF TOM Landry never changes. The hat always is the same. The lips always are in the same straight line. The eyes always stare into the same American Gothic horizon.

Nothing shakes him.

"Tom, Dwight Clark really did catch that ball, got it with the tips of his fingers . . . Tom, the Cardinals are better, the Giants are better, the Redskins are better, the Eagles . . . Tom, a nuclear device is going to be dropped through the hole in the Texas Stadium roof and trench coats cause cancer and . . ."

Nothing.

Charlie Waters is gone now and D. D. Lewis is gone and some of the coaching staff is gone and none of it matters. Tom will figure out something. Tom always does with these Dallas Cowboys.

Danny White is doing all the things Roger Staubach did. Doomsday II is just as efficient as Doomsday I, maybe better with Too Tall, Harvey, Randy and John Dutton. The kid free agents, Everson Walls and Mike Downs, did all right in the defensive backfield, didn't they? Walls even made the Pro Bowl. There always are new kids. Every year. There's a place for 'em Dorsett is Dorsett. The first five draft selections were made to shore up the secondary and linebacking. The list of wide receivers fills a good-size envelope.

The Cowboys are the Cowboys. Tom is Tom. There will be some more winning by the winningest team in pro football for the past five years. There will be some more excitement. Ho and Hum. Tom is Tom. He's been told there are cheerleaders around the sidelines, but he's never really noticed. Not really.

The best offensive show in the division might be the Washington Redskins. Slow starters under new coach Joe Gibbs, the Redskins found their proper pace five games into the season when he threw away his complicated Coryell-



NFC EAST

Cadillac Division

1. Cowboys
2. Redskins
3. Giants
4. Eagles
5. Cards

THE REDSKINS ENDED THE year 8-3 and that finish makes them one of the dark horses for 1982. They were competitive in the three losses, against playoff-bound Miami, Dallas and Buffalo. Washington lost those games by a combined total of 24 points. The performance of Joe Theismann serves as a barometer of the two-sided season. He was intercepted nine times the first five games and 11 times in the final 11.

style playbook and returned to—that's right basics.

Joe Theismann played well enough in the stretch run to put him into a contract battle. The imported running-back threesome of John Riggins, Wilbur Jackson and Joe Washington provided touches of whatever type of ground game a team would want to have. Troubles in the secondary and pass rush were the main offseason worries, so second-round defensive back Vernon Dean is scheduled for immediate service.

What Madison Avenue needs—the account executives scream—is more good stuff from the New York Football Giants. Shades of Y. A. Tittle. Shades of Charlie Conerly, the Marlboro Man. Shades of a time when half the male children in the East were named Kyle or Giff or Roosevelt.

There would appear to be no reason the Jungs can't continue their return climb to glory days. Phil Simms rolls off the

injury list to make the quarterback position, along with Scott Brunner, delightfully strong. Rob Carpenter will know all the plays. Lawrence Taylor, awesome as a rookie linebacker, may be the reason for the creation of some adjectives now that he has experience, too.

The offensive line, missing retired Jim Clack, will need some work. Still, it permitted Brunner to be sacked only nine times in his six starts (4-2), while Simms was sacked 38 times in 10 games. The addition of Butch Woolfolk and tiny Joe Morris should provide speed in the backfield.

The Philadelphia Eagles traveled in the opposite late-season direction as the Redskins and their 3-5 slide at the end brought 71-year-old offensive thinker Sid Gillman out of retirement. It also probably sent coach Dick Vermeil to the nearest supermarket to buy 3-D glasses so he could watch every possible film clip of the collapse.

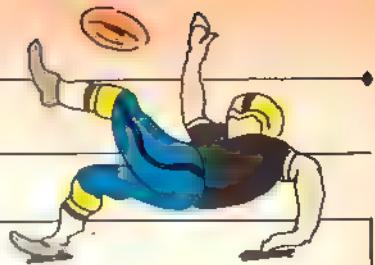
What happened? Ron Jaworski went sour, throwing almost twice as many interceptions as the year before. Everyone else went with him. Or vice versa. The 1981 draft was little help. Vermeil was so dissatisfied with the production out of tight end and wide receiver, he released Charlie Smith and Keith Kreple following the selection of Lawrence Sampleton and Mike Quick. Injuries, especially to the running backs, hurt.

Fumbled kick returns were the final killers. John Sciarra dropped a punt against the Cowboys that cost the division title. Wally Henry lost two kicks in the wild-card defeat by the Giants. The Eagles, even with the wondrous Wilbert Montgomery in the backfield, are starting in the lower half of the division pack again. The loss of personnel whiz Carl Peterson to the USFL is like losing a first-round draft choice.

Neil Lomax, making quarterback look like an easy job when he finally had a chance to start, gives the St. Louis Cardinals a more pleasant future. Bing Devine is back in the attempt to end the perpetual confusion in the front office, and Lomax is good, Roy Green might just play every position before he's finished and runner Ottis Anderson is nothing but quality.

The Cards' biggest problem is their hard-rock division. They were 2-6 in the NFC East last year and were outscored 216-72 in those six losses.

—Leigh Montville



THE ABILITIES OF WALTER "Sweetness" Payton always have been obvious. He has run around and through and over and under and into every corner and inch of old Soldier Field. He has been a marvel in seven years of service with some essentially bad Chicago Bear teams.

The trouble is, he has had to work alone.

"He's something to watch as he is," the Bear ticketholder always has said, watching Payton squirm through defense after defense that is geared to stop just him. "But what would he be like if there ever were a good passer in the lineup?"

Oh-oh. The Bears have drafted a good passer

Jim McMahon has arrived, carrying with him a notebook full of NCAA passing records from Brigham Young, and suddenly this club has moved into the age of the electric light and the flush toilet. The ball is going into the air extensively in Chicago for one of the rare times since Sid Luckman was lacing up his high-tops.

New coach Mike Ditka has a trio of former No. 1 draft picks in Keith Van Horne, Dennis Lick and Ted Albrecht to block. James Scott has returned from life in Canada.

This should bring Payton back from a so-so season in 1981. His numbers slipped, as did his blocking, while his complaining increased. That should change with the addition of McMahon, now that guerrilla agent Jerry Argovitz and George Halas have settled their differences.

The Bear defense also should be stronger under the feisty Ditka. Little change here. Just ask the AFC West. Chicago swept its games with San Diego, Denver, Oakland and Kansas City. Mike Singletary is a linebacker from the old Bear search-destroy-and-punish image. He is a specialist in cracking helmets. His own and other people's.

The Minnesota Vikings' big problem is going to be learning to live with comfort. No more 40-men-for-60-minute macho approach, icicles hanging from their chin straps, fingers frozen like so many brown-and-serve sausages. There's a roof over these babies' heads now.

The place is the Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome, and while its effects already have been seen in the exaggerated flight of a baseball (usually a visitor's base-

NFC CENTRAL

Schwinn Division

1. *Bears*
2. *Vikings*
3. *Bucs*
4. *Packers*
5. *Lions*

ONLY RON JAWORSKI IN THE NFC has started more consecutive games at quarterback than Doug Williams' 52. His coach, John McKay, has said that all it will take for the country to recognize Williams' talents is a productive performance on national TV. He has two shots this season on Monday nights.

ball), the effects on the Vike game should be just as dramatic. Quarterback Tommy Kramer is back with a clear head from treatment for alcohol abuse and this place has been built for him. Targets Ahmad Rashad, Sammy White and tight end Joe Senser should be able to glide after leaving the hard, Bloomington turf.

In the last three years, Kramer has a 22-23 won-lost record. In those 22 victories, he has an impressive 44-18 TD pass/interception ratio. In the 23 losses, he has thrown 53 interceptions to only 24 touchdows.

One negative effect of the move could be the wear on the legs of older offensive linemen such as Ron Yary, similar to the troubles the Kansas City line suffered in moving to Arrowhead Stadium, but that should be balanced by the arrival of running back Darrin Nelson. The Stanford track man was picked on the first round because the Vikes will be moving to the artificial turf.

Tampa Bay picked offensive lineman Sean Farrell of Penn State in the first round and added pass rusher Booker Reese of Bethune-Cookman on the second. Both are projected starters on a team

that made the playoffs a year ago.

The reasoning behind the decision to exchange a No. 1 pick in the rich 1983 draft for the opportunity to select Reese? The decline in sacks, with a two-year total of just 47. The Bucs seem confident of a turnaround, especially after Lee Roy Selmon's four-sack Pro Bowl

Doug Williams may throw a football through a cinder-block wall some day, and when he does Jimmie Giles or Kevin House will be there to catch it. The Buc defense really perked up in the stretch drive a year ago, especially in the backfield where four castoffs—Mike Washington, Norris Thomas, Neal Colzie and Cedric Brown—intercepted 21 passes.

Bart Starr might have his first peaceful season in Green Bay since he stopped wearing a helmet if his offensive plans mature. The idea of John Jefferson running pass patterns on one side of the field while James Lofton runs patterns on the other makes the Packer coach hope for his second winning record in eight years. Lofton and Jefferson have a combined career total of 580 catches for 8,369 yards and 62 touchdowns.

A worry is that Lynn Dickey, often injured, will not stay healthy enough to throw the football at the other end of those patterns. Eddie Lee Ivery is another question mark, the outside threat who would really help if he could play an entire season.

The nicest Green Bay story is Jan Stenerud. After being released two years ago and missing 12 games, the former Kansas City all-pro made 22 of 24 field-goal attempts last year.

Now that the last Super Bowl reveler has been swept out of the Pontiac Silverdome—did Vice-President Bush ever make the game?—the place belongs again to Eric Hippel and Billy Sims. Hippel came from either Nowhere or Utah State to be a low-budget Bobby Layne when the Detroit Lions really needed one. Sims still is the best breakaway runner in the NFL.

This offensive combination, added to a defensive line that held teams to an average of 101 yards running and a strong pass rush led by Bubba Baker and Doug English, makes the Lions a playoff contender in this division. Then again, everyone's a playoff contender in this division.

—L.M.

THE QUESTION IN SAN FRANCISCO concerns prosperity. The 49ers certainly have it and now they have to deal with it. Will life on the covers of every magazine from *Mechanix Illustrated* to *Psychology Today* have changed Joe Montana in eight post-Super Bowl months? Can a surprise team continue to win when it no longer is a surprise, when opponents are tiling down their psyches and lying in wait for "the Super Bowl champs"? Will owner Ed DeBartolo decide that his players should fly to Youngstown, Ohio, every week to visit him instead of him flying to visit them?

The effects of success will be the annual, most interesting study of a Super Bowl winner.

Coach Bill Walsh, when not busy accepting awards, has shaken the mixture a bit to give the new season a different fizz. Fresh from the beaches of Hawaii, the broadcast booths of ABC college football and assorted other shows is unretired tight end Russ Francis, acquired from New England. A potent acquisition. Straight from the bigtime track circuit is champion hurdler Renaldo "Skeets" Nehemiah. An interesting acquisition.

The 49ers went the route a year ago because Ronnie Lott and his rookie buddies filled the holes in the defensive secondary nicely, because Montana bloomed as a quarterback, because Dwight Clark made that grand catch against Dallas and because Walsh's far-ahead offensive thinking kept everyone off guard. Also, the team stayed away from serious injuries.

Bob Horn, a former Charger, will spell the inside linebackers occasionally. Walsh would like a bit more running-back help even though his team ran the ball 560 times last year, more often than Montana threw it, but the 49ers are starting this season in better shape than a year ago. All they have to do is what they did last time. Anyone knows that.

Things are lovely as usual in Los Angeles. Ram general manager Don Klosterman has seemingly been moved from the decision-making process, moved out of his office and replaced by two Pac-Man machines in one of those front-office squabbles. Bert Jones has arrived to find an offensive line as troubled as the one he left in Baltimore. Injuries to Doug France, Irv Pankey,

NFC WEST

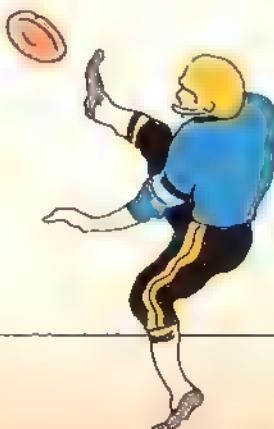
Toyota Division

1. 49ers
2. Rams
3. Falcons
4. Saints

ONE MAN'S PAIN IS ANOTHER's gain. San Diego's diminished defense, down 13 sacks to 47, reflects the trade of Fred Dean to San Francisco after four games last year. After his acquisition, the 49ers collected 25 traps, 12 by Dean, despite his part-time status as the team's designated sacker. In his seven years in the NFL, Dean has 65 sacks.

Jackie Slater and Dennis Harrah as well as to the recently retired Rich Saul hurt the throwing game. Ram passers were sacked 50 times, up from 29. The once-fearsome pass rush also is showing serious signs of age. Larry Brooks' career is coming to an end and Jack Youngblood's is on the downside.

Good news is the return of Vince Ferragamo as quarterback insurance, that the defensive backfield still ranks with the best in the game, Wendell Tyler is healthy and top draft pick Barry Redden looks more than solid as a runner-receiver. Acquisition of Mike Barber from Houston also has filled a large need. Bad news is that the operation of the team continues to have the stability of



a ranch house built on the side of Mount St. Helens.

The only mystery at this time a year ago about the Atlanta Falcons was why Ted Turner hadn't bought them, too. Now the entire team is a mystery. Billed as a contender at the start of the season, the Falcons started at 3-0, then fell with a thud.

Seven starters made the Pro Bowl, all on offense, so that is an indication where a lot of the trouble lay. The early departure of linebacker Joel Williams because of a knee injury was a large factor, followed by a list of bumps and hurts. Interceptions soared from 17 in 1980 to 24. In their nine defeats, Falcon quarterbacks were sacked 23 times and intercepted 16 times. Still, Steve Bartkowski quietly came close to leading the league in touchdown passes in successive seasons, a first since Y. A. Tittle in 1962-63, but all that was lost in the final turmoil.

The New Orleans Saints would have been a paragraph in most preseason stories two months ago—no, two or three paragraphs because Bum Phillips has done some good things—but now they probably will be the most closely watched team in the NFL. Don Reese changed all that.

The former Saint lineman's stories of drug abuse and addiction in the team locker room were sensational. The effects are hard to judge. Bum's son, Wade, the team's young defensive coordinator, will play an even more important role with his ability to relate to players that may be involved.

What will happen with last year's rookie rushing leader, George Rogers, an admitted cocaine user? What will happen with team morale? What about the drugs? Will they go away? Will the notoriety go away? The trial of former Saint running back Mike Strahan on charges of drug dealing promises more names, more news.

Phillips has made some solid personnel moves, acquiring linebacker Dennis Winston, a steal, from Pittsburgh, and Bruce Clark from Green Bay via Canada. The first-round draft of receiver Lindsay Scott from Georgia was designed to help either Archie Manning or Dave Wilson at quarterback. The Saints were moving ahead, "on the verge of contention," according to Bill Walsh, until all the drug business.

—L.M.

THE EARLY PRESSURE WAS FOR "Sacks Fifth Avenue." The store liked it and a lot of people liked it, but in the end it died. Nobody knows exactly why or how, but it died.

The New York Jet front four became "The New York Sack Exchange."

The name had a ring, a zip, a feel. Early last season Joe Klecko, Mark Gastineau, Abdul Salaam and Marty Lyons were just four guys named Joe Klecko, Mark Gastineau, etc., but by the midpoint of the schedule they were having their picture taken in shirts and ties on Wall Street. The New York Sack Exchange.

The media capital had a winner at last.

Things developed in a rush for these Jets. One day the rumor was that coach Walt Michaels was going to be fired and quarterback Richard Todd was seen beginning a bigtime wrestling career against a New York sports reporter. The next day the Jets were driving toward the playoffs and all of the old Namath-Alabama-Jet analogies were being used about Todd.

Nothing spectacular really happened. The Jets simply started playing basic, hard-nosed football. The Sack Exchange, backed by solid linebackers, developed into the hardest pass rush in the game. From 28 sacks in 1980, the team soared to 66 in '81, four short of the NFL record.

Todd, a figure of controversy, worked with assistant coach Joe Walton and finally had receivers Wesley Walker, Jerome Barkum and Lam Jones healthy at the same time. There was a platoon of honest running backs, an offensive line that was large, and a valuable kicking game with placekicker Pat Leahy and punter Chuck Ramsey.

Now it is a year later. Michaels is a genius. Todd is a hero. The Sack Exchange is as well-known as a breakfast food. Nothing much has changed—top draftee Bob Crable of Notre Dame is projected as a backup linebacker—except the view. The stock is up.

The second playoff team in the lopsided division, Miami, quietly has continued its growth. No names, new names, doesn't matter. This could be coach Don Shula's strongest outfit since those three straight Csonka-Kiick Super Bowl teams. Last year's need—a balanced running game—was filled by Andra

happened to them than to Luke and Laura on a normal episode of a soap opera.

Top running back Joe Cribbs and key receiver Jerry Butler have been involved in hard contract disputes. Owner Ralph Wilson refused to pay the ransom for linebacker Tom Cousineau. (See Cleveland.) Even director of pro scouting Doug Hafner left in a salary dispute.

Add to this the departure of wild-man offensive lineman Conrad Dobler and these Bills are not the same Bills who were in the playoffs. Even that was a bad experience. En route to a fourth-period touchdown that would have tied the score in Cincinnati, quarterback Joe Ferguson lost track of the time in the huddle. The penalty caused the drive to sputter and with it went the game.

The New England Patriots, winners in a season-long dance of death with the Colts for the worst record in the NFL, are enmeshed in drastic change with new coach Ron Meyer. The emphasis is on front-line defense, led by the addition of mammoth pass rusher Kenneth Sims, first pick in the entire draft. The Patriots were 25th in defense overall, last in rushing defense.

Strangest move was the outright release of veteran wide receiver Harold Jackson. Second strangest move was the firing of one of the few NFL team alcohol and drug consultants, Edward DeSaulnier, made known one week after the stories of widespread NFL drug abuse started appearing.

Frank Kush has arrived in Baltimore, fresh from Canada and assorted courtroom appearances, with his my-way-or-the-beltway approach to the sagging Colts. First to take the trip were Bert Jones, Mike Barnes, Bob Pratt and Bruce Laird, with wide receiver Roger Carr expected to follow shortly.

The Kush method will emphasize youth and weightlifting and discipline. Art Schlichter—expected to play behind Greg Landry early—inherits Jones' job and all the pressures that go with it, throwing dropback passes where Johnny U. used to work. Nice to start, though, with Curtis Dickey and Randy McMillan in your backfield, Dickey with his 4.8 yards a carry and McMillan with his 4. For the third year in a row, the Colts will have two first-round selections starting, Schlichter and top pick, linebacker Johnnie Cooks.

—L.M.

AFC EAST

Chevrolet Division

1. *Jets*
2. *Dolphins*
3. *Bills*
4. *Patriots*
5. *Colts*



DON SHULA IS FOURTH ON the NFL all-time winner list with 194 regular-season victories, but Miami has not won a playoff game since the 1974 Super Bowl. It lost a wild-card game in 1978 and conference semifinals in 1974, 1979 and 1981.

Franklin, who churns out most of the inside yardage.

The strong play of reserve Don Strock in that overtime drama against San Diego in the playoffs would give most coaches a quarterback dilemma, but Shula will find a way to handle it. Strock, with his 60 per cent completion average and six touchdowns, will play. David Woodley, with his 52 per cent and 12 touchdowns, will play. Suddenly, Nat Moore or Duriel Harris or Tony Nathan will be open. Whoever is the quarterback will throw the ball. Bob Griese . . . Earl Morrall . . . Strock . . . Woodley. Doesn't matter. The pass will be complete.

The Buffalo Bills, who dropped the Jets 31-27 in the wild-card playoff, have traveled the other way. More things have

THE OHIO RIVER FLOWS AGAIN outside Riverfront Stadium and the last set of ears has just about been defrosted from that mad January playoff afternoon against the Chargers. Reality has arrived with the thaw for the Cincinnati Bengals.

How do they keep the magic rolling? Everything they did last year worked. Starting with coach Forrest Gregg's what-the-heck decision to stick with quarterback Ken Anderson for one more game after his opening bombout—mainly because the next game was on the road, away from the hometown boos—and ending with Anderson as AFC player of the year, the Bengals were the NFL's chosen children. And Anderson, at 33, its chosen child. His TD passes increased from 6 in 1980 to 29.

First-round pick David Verser hardly a factor at wide receiver? Along came second-round pick Cris Collinsworth, chattering away about Life, Death and Strat-O-Matic Baseball, and catching everything in sight on the way to the Pro Bowl. Neither Charles Alexander nor Archie Griffin exactly Gale Sayers in the backfield? Didn't matter, because Pete Johnson was doing a creditable Jim Brown impersonation. Defense a trifle suspect? Coordinator Hank Bullough worked some gimmicks and wrinkles that seemed to have 15 men rushing the passer on every play.

There was a faraway, mirage quality to the entire season—don't touch that dial, those helmets are supposed to be that way—and the Bengals are going to be pressed to recreate it. The NFL's first reward for winning may be a free trip to Detroit and a little something for the wallet, but the second reward is a true buster of a schedule. The Bengals are locked into a division that has had three different champs in the past three years.

The most interesting challenge should come from the Cleveland Browns, the biggest disappointment of a year ago. The proud municipal minds of Sipeville were aghast as their Brownies fell off the cliff to 5-11, so changes have been made.

Say goodbye to Lyle Alzado, Thom Darden, Robert L. Jackson and Greg Pruitt. Say hello to linebackers Tom Cousineau and Chip Banks. Also say hello to Tom Cousineau's banker.

Browns' owner Art Modell stunned the other owners when he removed the big rubber bands on his bankroll to bring

AFC CENTRAL

Mercedes-Benz Division

1. *Bengals*
2. *Browns*
3. *Steelers*
4. *Oilers*

JUST AS THEY DID WITH THE one-two selection of receivers David Verser and Cris Collinsworth in last year's draft, the Bengals delivered a less-than-subtle hint this year to an area thought to be a team strength. Paul Brown sent a message to Ross Browner, Eddie Edwards and Wilson Whitley courtesy of the saturation selection of pass-rushing specialists Glen Collins and Emanuel Weaver. "Wonder why Dallas is so tough to throw against?" Brown asks. "They've got those big horses up front."

Cousineau back to Ohio. The league never has had to deal with a Jerry Buss or George Steinbrenner buy-a-title mentality, everyone nodding when Pete Rozelle says "nod," so this was a sneak preview of what free agency might be like. A scary sneak preview for most owners.

The Browns' hope is that Cousineau and Banks will put some life into a punched-out defense that gave up 20 more yards a game rushing and eight more TDs overall. Sipe still can throw with anyone, but his offensive line has to give him more time. Running back Charles White is the personal reclamation project of former Montreal coach Joe Scannella. And Mike Pruitt should be just a bit faster since the "M." in "M Pruitt" can be removed from his jersey now that "G. Pruitt" has been traded to Oakland. Heavy, those letters.

Terry Bradshaw has recovered from

both his hand injury and ambition to become Laurence Olivier, so the rebuilding Pittsburgh Steelers will not look all that rebuilt at the glamour positions. Oh, sure, Joe Greene will be stuffed inside a CBS blazer this year and L. C. Greenwood will be only a situation player as a last reminder of the old Steel Curtain defense, but Franco and Swannie and Stallworth and Jack Ham and Jack Lambert still will be around to go to breakfast with Howard on the day of the game.

One fact to remember about the Steelers is that while they have been dropping Super Bowl names from the roster, year after year they have stayed close. Chuck Noll took over the play-calling halfway through the season, and Bradshaw & Co. became dissatisfied with the abandonment of the long-passing attack. Nonetheless, they were flying at the end last year until Bradshaw was hurt early in the 14th game. They lost their last three games by a total of 11 points. Rookie Walter Abercrombie of Baylor may be the tandem running back for Franco Harris that has been missing since the closing reel of Rocky Bleier's story. And last year the Sack Was Back, up from 18 in 1980 to 40.

The Houston Oilers are still a mess. Just when coach Ed Biles was ready to go with Gifford Nielsen and rookie Oliver Luck of West Virginia as his quarterbacks, Kenny Stabler reported to mini-camp looking to some as if he had gone on the Beverly Hills diet. What does Biles do? Stick with Stabler? Go with kids? Stabler himself solved the problem by failing to report for training sessions and was placed on waivers.

Defense is sagging, especially against the run. Earl Campbell went 10 straight games at the end of last year without a 100-yard effort. Biles likes a one-back offense, perhaps because of the embarrassment of the Kenny King and Rob Carpenter trades. Bum's cowboy boots still are parked under a bed in New Orleans. Trouble. —L.M.





THE IMAGE IN SAN DIEGO IS THE dumb blonde taking acting lessons, Diana Dors or Suzanne Somers trying to do a little *King Lear* without removing the watermelon-flavor bubble gum from her cheek. How about this one? The San Diego Chargers have tried to strengthen their defense.

That's right. Defense.

"You mean the other team isn't supposed to score?" veteran Chargers have been asking for this entire summer. "You mean it's legal to stop them? So thaaaaaaaat's what's been the matter."

For the entire reign of coach Don Coryell, the Chargers have attacked football as if it were a pie-eating contest. Just try to eat more pies than the other fellows. No team—maybe no team in pro history—has played wilder, more exciting offensive football.

An example of how strong the Charger offense was last year came when premier wide receiver and holdout John Jefferson was dealt to Green Bay. Few even missed him. Wes Chandler was inserted in his place and Dan Fouts kept launching his parabolas and Charlie Joiner and Kellen Winslow and Chandler were at the other end.

The problem was a severe one, though. They couldn't stop anyone, either. The offense froze in the playoffs in Cincinnati and the defense, which had been weak all season, did not change on that important day. The Super Bowl was missed again.

Some markers. In 1980, the Chargers allowed 293 yards a game; last year, 383. In 1980, 40 touchdowns; last year, 48. In 1980, opponents scored 327 points; last year, 390.

Hurrying to the rescue this time are a number of veterans who have been obtained to make the grand push now, this year, now or never before the aging offensive line begins to present problems on that side. Dewey Selmon and David Lewis arrive from Tampa. Former Pro Bowl safeties Tim Fox and Bruce Laird come from New England and Baltimore. Put together with monster frontliners Leroy Jones, Louie Kelcher, Gary Johnson and John Woodcock, the Chargers hope this is the defensive answer.

A companion San Diego story will be the season of running back Chuck Muncie. Named in the Don Reese cocaine confession as a noted drug abuser, Mun-

AFC WEST

Ford Division

1. Chargers
2. Broncos
3. Raiders
4. Chiefs
5. Seahawks

KANSAS CITY'S BUILDING program resulted in its first winning season (9-7) since 1973. The Chiefs are 13-5 in their last 18 games against Oakland, Seattle and Denver. They have not beaten San Diego, however, since 1978 and must end this six-game losing streak to have a shot at their first division title since 1971.

cie will find his performance judged closely. The fact that he is a perpetual fumbler will not help one bit.

Old Craig Morton once again will be trying to match Fouts, long ball for long ball, staying in the pocket as long as the Denver Bronco offensive line will let him. Old Craig is in his 18th autumn now, the sole survivor of a draft class that included Namath, Butkus and Sayers. Somehow, he keeps throwing. He had a grand year last year, teaming with up-from-nowhere receiver Steve Watson, who caught 13 touchdown passes.

The wide-open offense should receive a conservative boost from rookie running back Gerald Willhite of San Jose State. The defense, led by underrated pass rusher Rulon Jones and linebackers Randy Gradišar and Bob Swenson, intercepted 23 passes and recovered 23 fumbles, sending the patrons of the south stands scurrying for their old Orange Crush T-shirts a year ago, and should be just as strong. The Broncos, remember, lost the division title on the final day of the season. For the second time in three years.

The Al Davis, Send-You-A-Postcard

Raiders had a lovely offseason. They didn't know where they were going to forward their mail. They didn't know who would be their quarterback. They did get older.

One year from being defending Super Bowl champions, they are a road that is under serious construction. Cornerback Lester Hayes still is wondering why he can't wear flypaper on his hands. Five veterans, led by receiver Bob Chandler, are returning from injury. John Matuszak hasn't been involved in serious trouble in a month. Historically, when Davis is involved in something away from the field, everything suffers.

Heisman winner Marcus Allen of USC is the notable addition. He breaks the Raider stereotype of Hewitt Dixon bulk and Mark van Eeghen dependability, giving the running offense even more of an outside potential with Kenny King.

The Raiders have missed the playoffs two of the last four years and coach Tom Flores may be under the microscope.

The news in Kansas City was that Joe Delaney's detached retina could have been a lot more serious than Sugar Ray Leonard's detached retina. At least in Kansas City.

Chiefs' coach Marv Levy is a ball-control man, stuck in the midst of this division of gunfighter football, and the return of Delaney is essential. Not much was known about the little running back from Northwest Louisiana when he was picked in the second round a year ago, but by the time the season ended he had broken four of Kansas City's rushing records.

If Delaney returns to form, Levy's chief worry is whether to play Steve Fuller or Bill Kenney at quarterback. If Delaney isn't the same, Levy's worry is replacing Delaney. The return of injured back Ted McKnight should help either way.

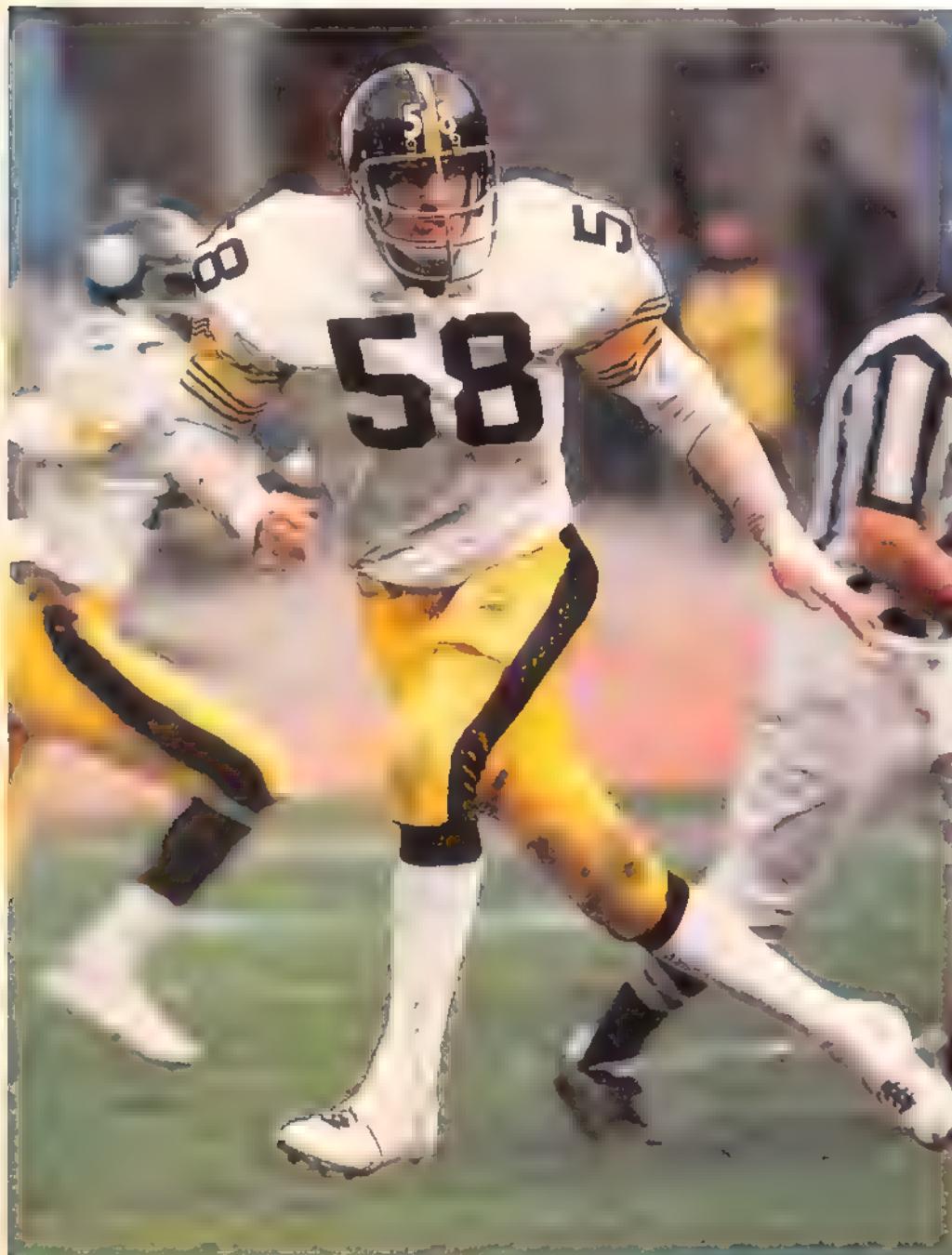
Seattle finished fast at 5-4 after a miserable 1-6 start and went heavy on defense in the draft. Big questions, however, are whether quarterback Jim Zorn still can scramble after ankle surgery and if running back Sherman Smith can survive an entire season.

The Seahawks had the fewest average yards rushing per game in the conference last season, 99.6.

—L.M.

NATURALLY, THEY'RE THE BEST

When it comes to sheer athletic ability, NFL coaches can only refine. It's the Good Lord who giveth. At each position, these are the most blessed.



Jack Lambert

LINEBACKER

What floats like a water buffalo, stings like a water buffalo and may be the best middle linebacker who ever lived? If someone asks you that question in a bar in Pittsburgh, it would be the better part of valor to answer: Jack Lambert. In eight seasons, he has 25 interceptions, which compares favorably to Don Shinnick's 12-year total of 37, the record for a linebacker. It's not wise to enter Lambert territory even when you already have the ball. Last season, he led the Steelers with 177 tackles, more than twice as many as the second-best total on the team (88, by Robin Cole).

Doug Williams

QUARTERBACK

The most accurate passer in the NFL? No. The most versatile? Definitely. Doug Williams has completed passes from a sitting position, with defensive linemen draped all over his throwing arm, in situations where smaller, weaker and slower men would be face down in the grass. How hard is he to sack? In 1978, he was injured and played in only 10 of Tampa Bay's 16 games. He was sacked six times. His replacements played in eight games. They were sacked 46 times. Williams (6-4, 220 pounds) isn't just tough, he's shifty, too. During the past two seasons, he's run for eight TDs, more than any other Buc back—quarter, half, full or otherwise.



Nolan Cromwell

DEFENSIVE BACK

Two years ago, with the Rams in the throes of offensive ineptitude, Georgia Frontiere suggested installing the wishbone offense with all-pro safety Nolan Cromwell at quarterback. The lady is not completely out of it. Cromwell's NCAA record for the most yards gained rushing by a quarterback in a game (294 in 28 carries) still stands. Also while at Kansas, Cromwell ran the 400-meter hurdles in 49.5 seconds, world-class time.

Since joining the pros, however, life has become kind of boring and limited for Cromwell. All he did in 1980, for example, was intercept eight passes (17.5-yard average return), throw a pass himself, return punts, hold for field goals and PATs and run for a point after. Tackled a few guys, too.



James Lofton

WIDE RECEIVER

If it seems to defensive backs that James Lofton can fly, well, there's a good reason for the illusion. In 1978, the three-time Stanford track All-American long-jumped 27-0, only the sixth to break the 27-foot barrier. In his first two pro years, the Packers had a contest to see who could throw the football the farthest. Lofton won both years. Once, after a spectacular TD catch, he heaved the ball into the stands in Cleveland Stadium, barely missing the upper deck 70 yards away. He knows he's good. Asked to name the five best wide receivers in the NFL, he picked John Jefferson, Wes Chandler, Jerry Butler and Tony Hill second through fifth. By James' account, Lofton's No. 1.







Tony Dorsett

RUNNING BACK

Once, at an awards banquet, highlights of the honored guest in action were screened. The crowd particularly enjoyed one move, when Tony Dorsett dove up the middle, slammed into a wall of defensive beef, spun completely around and darted to the outside to score. Two St. Louis Cardinal defenders, converging on the spot where the Cowboy star—according to all known physical laws—should have been, crashed into each other like Keystone Kops. "How'd you do that?" folks asked. Dorsett scratched his head. "I don't know." What

he and everyone else did know is that he did "that" (whatever "that" was) *fast*. Dorsett shares (with Lofton) *The Superstars* 100-yard-dash record: 9.57 seconds. The man holds a few other records, too. More than 1,000 yards rushing per season every year since he was a junior in high school in 1971. Only NCAA Division I player to have four 1,000-yard seasons. Only one to have three 1,500-yard seasons. Only pro to gain 1,000 yards rushing each of his first five seasons. Tony Dorsett, America's Running Back.

Randy White

DEFENSIVE LINEMAN

Randy White is agile enough to go over people, quick enough to go around people, strong enough to go through people. Most observers of the Cowboy defensive tackle figure he prefers the latter. When White first came to the Cowboys, they tried him at linebacker. Despite his size (6-4, 262 pounds) and strength (he bench-presses 475 pounds, tops on the team), he is still fast enough to run down

some pretty speedy prey. They still talk about the time White rushed Ron Jaworski of the Eagles, sniffed out a short pass over the middle to Scott Fitzkee, reversed direction and flattened the startled Fitzkee—49 yards past the line of scrimmage.



John Hannah

OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

Mass (265 pounds) times velocity (the big dude can *move*) equals trouble for any defensive player unfortunate enough to get in John Hannah's way. The Patriots used to have a running play where Hannah was supposed to get out in front of the speedy Horace

Ivory and clear a path. That play never worked too well. The problem was that Hannah kept getting out too fast, and Ivory was having trouble keeping up. As big as Hannah is, he's strong for his size. In 1972 at Alabama, he was the Southeastern Conference champion in the shot put (indoor and outdoor) and the discus. Now he just throws defensive linemen around

Ray Guy

KICKER

Hidden inside the best punter ever to play the game is an all-pro safety yearning to be free. "Ray Guy could have started at safety for any team in the league," says Dick Steinberg, director of player development for the New England Patriots and ex-assistant coach at Southern Mississippi. Strangely, Guy's responsibilities have become progressively restricted as his career has moved along. He was all-state as a high school quarterback in Georgia, one of the nation's interception leaders (eight) as a senior at Southern Mississippi (where he also struck out 254 batters in 213 innings)—only the lifetime average leader (43.2 yards per) among active NFL punters since. Good depth on his kicks, though—16 miles (28,262 yards), career. ■





THE TOP 20

By Joe Gergen

FOOTBALL PROGRAMS DON'T change because the well of talent runs dry. It's because the coach runs out, usually for hard currency or a call to glory. The coaches' movements provide the college football market with its few uncertainties. Only Alabama is secure in the knowledge that Bear Bryant will lean against the same goalpost as long as it will support him.

Bo Schembechler didn't bolt for Texas A&M but Jackie Sherrill did. That not only affected the Southwest Conference but raised a large question mark alongside a Pittsburgh team that otherwise appeared a mortal lock to win the national championship. John Robinson didn't leave Southern Cal for the New England Patriots but Ron Meyer didn't hesitate, which left Southern Methodist (apparently the Patriots wanted a Southern coach) with Bobby Collins, who moved up from Southern Mississippi.

Against a backdrop of unrest, petrodollars and dueling egos, two coaches of similar mien quietly have staked claims to significant positions in their sport. Don James went west from the Mid-American Conference, Dick Crum came east. They may be the best coaches ever to stump the panel on *What's My Line*.

James migrated from Kent State to Washington where, in seven years, he has beaten USC four times and taken the Huskies to three Rose Bowls. Crum

made the journey from Miami of Ohio to North Carolina and his record includes bowl victories over Michigan, Texas and Arkansas in four years. And for both men, the best is yet to come

They'll never say it, of course. James, a quarterback at Miami of Florida, won't even acknowledge his team is the best in the Pac-10, let alone the nation. Crum is equally low key. "If I was an ice cream flavor," he says, "I'd be vanilla." Both men, onetime adversaries in the MAC, hold master's degrees. They take off for a month with their families each summer, Crum to the north woods of Canada and James to his place on Puget Sound

Neither man competes for the spotlight with his players. Both prefer to pay attention rather than attract attention. They are teachers, organizers.

And the best unknown coaches in the country.

[1] Washington

QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY HUGH McElhenny, Jacque Robinson arrived in the spotlight. He's the running back who became a star before he became a starter. Robinson was the first freshman MVP in the Rose Bowl

"I just introduced myself to him," James said after Washington's 28-0 victory over Iowa. "I'm glad he's a freshman. I just checked my program to make

sure." Robinson, who gained 142 yards against Iowa as a reserve after recovering from a hand injury, may be the game-breaker the Huskies haven't had in the Northwest since the King himself. His shifty presence adds another dimension to a team that has everything to win the national championship, including a comfortable schedule that doesn't include USC. Washington surprisingly won the Pac-10 title last year despite a young offense. Now the Huskies return 37 of the top 44 players.

Linebackers Mark Stewart and Ken Driscoll lead a defense that accounted for the first Rose Bowl shutout in 28 years. Quarterback Steve Pelluer also distinguished himself in that game and he has two more seasons to play. Receivers Paul Skansi and Anthony Allen are outstanding, and Allen may be the most dangerous return specialist in the country.

James' special teams almost always are excellent. Last year they blocked five kicks. And placekicker Chuck Nelson can hit from 50 yards and beyond with consistency. James has assembled the most versatile team in the nation. Now, if only they can attract some attention (a year ago they weren't on national TV until the Rose Bowl).

[2] North Carolina

WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT A RUNNING back who scores 15 touchdowns in his first three games? At North Carolina, they said what if? What if Kelvin Bryant had been healthy all season?

Perhaps the two defeats could have been averted, especially the 10-8 loss to Clemson. Rod Elkins, the fine quarterback, also was subpar in the losses. The key Tar Heels came back strong in the Gator Bowl victory over Arkansas, however, and now the question they're asking in Chapel Hill is why not? Why not a national championship in football to stand alongside the ones earned by Carolina in basketball, lacrosse and intellect (College Bowl) in 1982?

The most obvious answer is Pittsburgh, the Tar Heels' opening-day opponent on September 9 at Three Rivers Stadium. After that, there's not another good reason until Clemson. And if Bryant is floating on air as he did in the early part of last season, there's no team Carolina can't beat. There are even excellent understudies in Tyrone Anthony and Ethan Horton. Horton, a 6-4, 215-pound sophomore, was recruited as a quarterback but prefers to play tailback. He rushed for 144 yards in the Gator Bowl, only four fewer than Bryant.

Although the Tar Heels lost four start-

ers on defense, they expect to be better. There is a never-ending supply of linebackers at Chapel Hill; the secondary is improved and junior tackle William Fuller is on the verge of stardom.

[3] Pittsburgh

THE REASON THE PIT ATHLETIC BOARD took so long in reviewing the matter of a successor to Jackie Sherrill was a sense of obligation to the university. It wanted to appear a serious body intent on making a careful and reasonable choice. That's why the meeting lasted 15 minutes, 14 more than necessary.

There was never any doubt about the right man for the job. Serafino "Foge" Fazio not only was the Panthers' assistant head coach and defensive coordinator but also the program's No. 1 recruiter, a native of the Pittsburgh area and a graduate of Pitt. Fazio's promotion is a nice, warm success story and all Pitt supporters expect from the man is a national championship in his first season.

That certainly is possible. The Panthers return 18 of 22 starters from a team that won 11 games, including the Sugar Bowl. They have had the top-ranked defense in the country for the last two years, the offensive line is big enough to be the creation of a mad scientist and the quarterback, Dan Marino, is among the two or three best in the land.

Julius Dawkins and Dwight Collins are swift receivers, and Bryan Thomas revived the running game in the second half of last season. He can go left or right behind massive tackles Jimbo Covert, a 275-pound senior, and soph Bill Fralic, 270 and still growing. The defense lacks only a leader to replace the inspirational Sal Sunseri, who regularly took teammates home for carbohydrate-loading. Great expectations are nice, but Fazio is in an unfamiliar role and the schedule has been upgraded.

[4] Alabama

THE MAN'S FIRST TEST OCCURRED RIGHT after World War II, at Maryland. His first team's initial opponent was Guilford and he was a nervous wreck the previous night at dinner with former Alabama teammate Don Hutson. "If you're worried about Guilford, Paul," Hutson told Bear Bryant, "you're in the wrong profession."

That was 315 victories ago. Bryant still is worried about the next opponent. And with reason. Alabama opens this season against Georgia Tech and Tech's lone victory a year ago was against the

Tide. But, truth is, all Alabama has to fear is fear itself. The Stagg party, which drained the old man and preoccupied the minds of his players, finally ran its course last year. The Bear is hungry, and it's back to football.

Against a soft schedule, Bryant will field a potentially explosive offense. With two outstanding deep threats in Jesse Bendross and Joey Jones and a good passer in Walter Lewis, Bryant reintroduced the I-formation in spring practice. It won't replace the wishbone, but it will supplement 'Bama's standard attack. There are so many good running backs around that Paul Carruth was shifted to the secondary. Only at tight end is the Tide lacking experience. Mike Rodriguez replaces the sturdy Warren Lyles at nose guard on a first-rate defense, which has talented backs Tommy Wilcox and Jeremiah Castille.

[5] Nebraska

BETWEEN GOOD AND GREAT STANDS Gill. That's Turner Gill, the dashing quarterback who was having a spectacular sophomore season before suffering nerve damage to his lower right leg and undergoing surgery. Without his special additive, the Cornhuskers are a contender for the Big Eight championship; with it, they are a contender for the national title.

After spring practice, in which he participated but did not scrimmage, Gill is expected to play in the opener. If he's fully recovered, Nebraska will be something to watch. Last year Penn State coach Joe Paterno called the Huskers as fine an offensive team as he had ever seen in college football—and this team may be even better.

Running behind a line that has Outland Award winner Dave Rimington and some massive playmates, Roger Craig (1,147 yards) and Mike Rozier (1,018) will do damage out of the I-back position. Irving Fryar is a streak at split end. The defense will miss pass-rusher Jimmy Williams, Detroit's No. 1 draft choice, and the secondary must be replaced, but there is no great concern in Lincoln, not with linebackers like Steve Damkroger and Brent Evans. Besides its usual bowl appearance, Nebraska will enjoy a 12th regular-season game in Hawaii. Some teams have it tough.

[6] Miami

AMONG THE SPEAKERS AT THE CEREMONY honoring Miami's NCAA championship baseball team in June was Jim

Kelly, the Hurricane quarterback. The crowd of 7,000 chanted for a second national title and Kelly, a positive thinker, publicly thanked the baseball team for the challenge it had thrown down.

The man was not whistling Dixie. Only five years after Miami football faced extinction, the Hurricanes are a contender for the top spot. Last year they lost only two games and had a go-ahead touchdown in each nullified by a penalty. The attitude this season is such that Howard Schnellenberger, the coach with the long name (he recently started an organization for people with surnames of 15 letters or more), has said he is most concerned about the 12th game.

Before the Hurricanes start considering bowls, for which they are eligible after a year in the NCAA stockade, they face a difficult opener at Florida. They are 3-for-3 against the Gators under Schnellenberger, but last year it took Dan Miller's last-minute 55-yard field goal that ricocheted off an upright to win. Miller is gone and in his place is Jeff Davis, who doesn't have quite as strong a leg. Forty-five yards would be just about right.

As long as it has Kelly, whose goal is to replace Terry Bradshaw in the Steeler backfield, throwing to one of the little O's in Schnellenberger's pro-style playbook, Miami will be an offensive hurricane. Rocky Belk becomes the prime receiver and Speedy Neal, Mark Rush and Keith Griffin, Archie's little brother, will handle the running. Their jobs will be made easier by a line so deep Schnellenberger plans to run two platoons in and out. The defense will not be as awesome as last year, but Miami will give nothing away. Tony Chickillo, whose father was an All-American guard for Miami three decades ago, is expected to star at tackle.

[7] SMU

HERE THEY COME AGAIN, OUT OF CHUTE 1 and chute 1a, the finest pair of ballcarriers in America. No other team has two bosses like the Mustangs' Eric Dickerson and Craig James. What one starts the other invariably finishes.

They will alternate at I-back again in this, their senior season. The cumulative effect was devastating to SMU's opponents last year. Dickerson rushed for 1,428 yards and 19 touchdowns, second in Southwest Conference history to Earl Campbell's Heisman season, and James ran for 1,147 yards and nine scores. The question is who will become the school's career rushing leader (Dickerson has 2,833 yards to James' 2,804).

Lance McIlhenny, the deft quarterback, will continue to hand them the ball and exasperate defenses with his option rollouts. There will be little in the offense to signify the change in coaches from the footloose Ron Meyer to the quieter Bobby Collins. Collins had a good deal of success with a similar system at Southern Mississippi (bowl games the last two seasons).

A good defense lost a kingpin in tackle Harvey Armstrong. And Michael Carter, the best shot-putter among nose guards, is coming off extensive knee surgery. End Russ Washington and linebacker Gary Moten are expected to provide the leadership. Certainly, SMU has plenty of motivation. NCAA probation last year cost the Mustangs television exposure and their first Cotton Bowl appearance since 1966. They have won their freedom just in time for Dickerson and James, ol' Cash 'n Carry, to strut their stuff.

[8] Clemson

HERE'S THE SIGN OF A NATIONAL CHAMPION. A year ago, Clemson opened at home against Wofford in a game broadcast on radio throughout the state. This season the Tigers will play their first game at Georgia on Labor Day night on national television. Paws for station identification.

They shocked not a few people by winning all 11 regular-season games in 1981 and then holding off Nebraska on New Year's night. To understand how much that meant to the school, there was the testimony of president Bill Lee Atchley who greeted everyone in the dressing room, players and reporters alike, in his orange blazer and said, "When I came to Clemson two years ago, I said I wanted to be in the Orange Bowl in my third year." Clearly, an educator with a goal.

Well, this year he'd like to go back. And there's no reason other than Georgia and North Carolina—and a possible NCAA probation—to think the Tigers can't. Wide receiver Perry Tuttle is off to the Buffalo Bills, but Homer Jordan, the sliver of a quarterback who played himself to exhaustion in Miami, generates instant offense. Frank Magwood is a dependable target and Jerry Butler's kid brother, Richard, has the speed and moves. An all-senior backfield will compensate for an inexperienced line.

The pros drafted tackle Jeff Bryant and linebacker Jeff Davis, two leaders of the defense, but the Tigers, headed by All-American safety Terry Kinard, figure to be as tough against the run as last year when they limited Herschel Walker to

111 yards and forced two fumbles. It boggles the mind how good nose guard William Perry can be. The Refrigerator, as his teammates call the 6-3 soph, runs a 5.03 40, can dunk a basketball and has his weight up to 320.

[9] Oklahoma

IT'S DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE ANY TEAM, college or pro, kicking sand on Oklahoma. But that's what happened last year when the Sooners suffered from beach blanket blast-o. They could run but they couldn't hide from the bullies on the schedule.

Texas and Nebraska simply overpowered Oklahoma, which staggered to a 7-4-1 record. Taking a cue from the Charles Atlas ads, the Sooners spent the winter in weight conditioning under the supervision of the school's first fulltime strength coach and reported to spring practice with bulging biceps and quivering quadriceps. That should be a definite asset for the defense, which is as quick as ever and returns nine starters. Tackle Rick Bryan, who didn't need the extra muscle, is a standout and freshman James Lee is being compared to Lee Roy Selmon.

The offense is so deep in running backs that Oklahoma won't miss Buster Rhymes, who will sit out the season after swiping a teammate's stereo. He was scheduled to be moved to wide receiver, at any rate, making room in the backfield for sophomore sensation Fred Sims, who ran for 181 yards against Houston in the second half of the Sun Bowl. Sims probably will start at fullback, with swift Stanley Wilson shifting to halfback. But by the end of the season, the best runner could be freshman Marcus Dupree, who scored 87 touchdowns in high school, one more than Herschel Walker. Kelly Phelps is good at running the wishbone, but there is no depth at quarterback and the offensive line is inexperienced.

[10] Texas A&M

FOR THE BILLIONS IN CASH, CATTLE AND mineral rights required to lure Jackie Sherrill from Pittsburgh, the good folks at Texas A&M got themselves more than a new football coach. They also got a goodwill ambassador with a sense of history.

Among Sherrill's first achievements in office was the establishment of an alumni game in the spring. Back to College Station came such former stars as Rolf Krueger, Bubba Bean, Edd Hargett and the Aggies' only Heisman Trophy winner, John David Crow. An extra

added attraction was the appearance of the Bear, who had 25 victories at Texas A&M in the mid-1950s. Bryant wasn't in town just for old times' sake. He signed a contract for Alabama, Sherrill's alma mater, to play a home-and-home series against A&M later in the decade.

Now if only Sherrill can raise the present to the level of his future plans. He has talent to work with, especially quarterback Gary Kubiak, a fine passer, tight end Mark Lewis, and running backs Earnest Jackson and Johnny Hector. The defense, led by tackles Ray Childress and Keith Guthrie and safety Billy Cannon Jr., will be sound. An outstanding recruiting class will give A&M plenty of depth.

Thanks to four early patsies, the Aggies may be 7-0 before encountering Southwest Conference toughies SMU and Arkansas. And by then, the dynamic Sherrill may have convinced them they are unbeatable. Whatever they accomplish this season, rest assured the power brokers in the East will know of it. Sherrill pushed ahead the starting time for all the night games to 6 p.m. for that purpose.

[11] Georgia

AMONG THE BENEFICIARIES OF HERSCHEL Walker's continued presence at Georgia is the construction industry in Athens. A year ago, Sanford Stadium was remodeled to accommodate an additional 22,000 Dawg fanciers. The project this summer has been the installation of lights, the better for the nation to see Walker run against Clemson in prime time.

Herschel's third season in silver britches prompted ABC to suggest a profitable alternative date for the September 18 game. As a result, Georgia and Clemson will generate their special electricity on Labor Day night in the House That Walker Renovated and Wired. For openers, he's merely expected to turn out the lights on the Tigers.

Walker is Georgia's only proven weapon, as wide receiver Lindsay Scott is now running patterns for the New Orleans Saints and quarterback Buck Belue has graduated to a baseball career. John Lastinger, a redshirted junior with seven college completions, will throw to excellent tight ends Norris Brown and Clarence Kay, while awaiting the development of an outstanding freshman class. Coach Vince Dooley swept the South in a search for talent at the skill positions and brought back four quarterbacks and three highly rated receivers.

Fortunately for Walker, the offensive line is mostly intact. And the Georgia

defense, spearheaded by tackle Jimmy Payne, won't yield much on the ground. Cornerbacking is a concern, especially with Brigham Young following Clemson into town five days later. But there'll be no cursing the darkness in Athens after they light a candle to Herschel.

[12] Michigan

STEVE SMITH CARRIED A HEAVY BURDEN around Ann Arbor all winter and spring. Under other circumstances, he might have been a campus hero. At Michigan, where the students and alumni were prepared to proclaim themselves No. 1, Smith was a disappointment.

In his first year as starting quarterback, Smith broke the school record for total offense. Smashed it. Ran and passed for 2,335 yards, well beyond the 1,894 that Rick Leach amassed in 1978. The problem is that the Wolverines lost three games when they expected to lose none, and Smith could not get the Michigan offense untracked in any of them.

He's a year older, a year wiser and he better be a year better because Bo Schembechler waved goodbye to three huge offensive linemen, all drafted in the first six rounds, one of the best runners in school history (Butch Woolfolk) and a solid fullback (Stan Edwards). With a relatively inexperienced offense, it's essential that Smith take command. The best thing he can do is get the ball to Anthony Carter as often as possible. The dazzling senior receiver has finished in the top 10 of the Heisman voting for the last two years. In a full-throttle offense, he might finish in the top one, which happens to be his uniform number. That's the kind of game-breaker Carter is.

Schembechler hopes the defense, which was disappointing at times last year, is more consistent this season. Two sophomores, tackle Kevin Brooks and linebacker Al Sincich, may develop into stars and strong safety Keith Bostic already is one.

[13] Penn State

THERE ARE THOSE WHO MAY NOT choose to believe it until they see it. Air Paterno certainly represents a dramatic departure in transportation for a team that traditionally crawled on its stomach.

Among the more liberal-minded of coaches, Paterno has been a practicing conservative on the football field. If Penn State didn't invent the goal-line offense, it was one of the few to employ it on the 50. But this spring Paterno

looked around and did not see a punishing fullback to block. Gone were the great guards, Sean Farrell and Mike Munchak, NFL first-round draft choices. It was time for a change. Penn State's strength is at receiver where flyer Kevin Baugh joins Kenny Jackson and Gregg Garrity on the wings, while Mike McCloskey is a good tight end. Quarterback Todd Blackledge, a junior and third-year starter, is developing into a star.

Expect the Nittany Lions to substitute split backs for the I-formation, which will give Curt Warner and Jon Williams more opportunities. Penn State was undefeated in the 10 games in which Warner, the most exciting Lion runner since Lenny Moore, was healthy last year. For the second consecutive season, he raced for a touchdown on his first carry of the Fiesta Bowl, where he outplayed Marcus Allen January 1. Running on Squirrel Hill Road with the track team may have alleviated problems with his hamstrings.

The swarming defense, a mark of Penn State teams, will not suffer for the loss of Leo Wisniewski, Chet Parlavecchio and Ed Pryts. There's always a backlog of versatile performers from which to choose. Dave Paffenroth rates a special mention. He has played defensive end, middle guard, defensive tackle and fullback. In the Fiesta Bowl he blocked a punt for a safety. He will be an inside linebacker this fall. Paterno is particularly pleased by his secondary, where Roger Jackson, Kenny's brother, and Mark Robinson are pro prospects.

[14] Arkansas

FIRST, LOU HOLTZ SHIFTED HIS MOST productive running back to wide receiver. Then, he moved his most experienced defensive back to flanker. This was by way of telling everyone in Arkansas the score: The Razorbacks are planning to throw

And no wonder. They are two deep in skilled quarterbacks and there's no sense having Tom Jones and Brad Taylor unless you can provide them with targets. Gary Anderson and Kim Dameron are going out for a pass.

Jones, a senior and brother of Bert, will start. That decision was made easier by the shoulder surgery Taylor underwent after a sensational freshman relief job late last season. Taylor sat out spring practice. Jones shined. Arkansas will be potent no matter who starts. Even without Anderson, there are enough running backs to stock the United States Football League. Jessie Clark is the most powerful Razorback ballcarrier in years and

he'll have a high time running behind Steve Korte and Alfred Mohammed on the right side.

The defense owes its distinction to Billy Ray Smith, the end who plays the field. Richard Richardson is a fine nose guard on a line that will have to take the burden off a thin linebacking corps and a questionable backfield. Although the versatile Smith did the placekicking during spring practice, Holtz is hopeful freshman Ernie Villarreal will step right in. After all, Smith may be needed at the concession stands.

[15] Florida

A TEAM WHOSE BEST WEAPON IS PEACE might be considered on shaky ground. But this could be the year Wayne Peace breaks out in the Southeastern Conference. He is the quarterback on whose arm rests Florida's hope for its first SEC title in its 49 years in the conference.

The Gators are not far away. Of their five losses last year, three were by margins of one point, two points and five points. Miami won the first of those and Georgia the latter, and both finished in the Top 10. That's the kind of company Florida keeps. Now consider that the Gators' first three opponents, all at home, are Miami, Southern Cal and Mississippi State. Gainesville is no place for the fainthearted.

Peace, a junior, is functioning at a pace that will shatter the school records set by John Reaves and Steve Spurrier. He hit 58 per cent for 1,803 yards last year and has a fine group of receivers. The return to health of tight end Chris Faulkner would give him another option in place of a sub-par running attack. Nothing wrong with the offensive line.

The defense returns almost the entire cast with the notable exception of monster tackle David Galloway. Linebackers Fernando Jackson and Wilber Marshall are standouts. Now if only they can stop Herschel Walker and Georgia. The Gators and Bulldogs have met at Jacksonville the last two years. Georgia won both 26-21.

[16] USC

WITHOUT MARCUS ALLEN, WITHOUT THE prospect of a bowl trip, without any tickets to peddle at a premium, Southern Cal embarks on a new era. Hold your horse, the Trojans are planning to come out throwing.

That was the underlying message in the promotion of sophomore Sean Salisbury to No. 1 quarterback after spring

practice. USC's passing attack had atrophied with Allen around to carry the football to glory, and the highly recruited Salisbury wasn't about to sit still for another go-round of Student Body Left, Student Body Right. Not with the Trojans facing NCAA probation. To retool the system, coach John Robinson brought in offensive coordinator Ted Tollner, who had a productive career at San Diego State and worked with Jim McMahon at Brigham Young.

Don't expect USC to abandon the running game entirely. The Trojans will spread the workload instead, alternating Fred Crutcher, Zep Lee and Michael Harper at tailback behind fullback Todd Spencer and a fine offensive line (Don Mosebar and Bruce Matthews are potential first-round draft choices and junior center Tony Slaton may be the best of all). Nose guard George Achica anchors the defense, which has a future star in sophomore linebacker Jack Del Rio.

The Trojans won't have much time to experiment. Two of their first three games are at Florida and Oklahoma. Their progress should be easy to follow. Since they have been banned from TV in '83 and '84, they may be on view as often as four times this season.

[17] Illinois

MIKE WHITE CAN'T WAIT FOR TONY Eason to turn the page. Wait 'til he gets a look at the rest of the playbook. At Illinois, the fun has just begun.

A devotee of flying football, which he practiced as an assistant at Stanford and a head coach at California, White has just the man in Eason to pass the other guys crazy. All Eason did last year in his first shot at the brass ring was throw for 3,360 yards, a Big 10 record, and 20 touchdowns. White promises to remove the handcuffs this season.

Eason is a 6-4 senior who is just developing as a passer. In high school he merely handed off. In junior college, they let him run some rollouts from the veer. This inspired none of the colleges in his native California to offer a scholarship. White, who heard about him from a former player, offered him a free ride sight unseen. Considering the condition of the program when White arrived, Illinois had nothing to lose.

He redshirted one year while Dave Wilson battled the Big 10 on the field and in court, then led the Illini to a 7-4 record. The losses were due largely to the absence of a running attack and a defense. There was the Michigan game when Eason fired Illinois to a shocking 21-7 advantage before the Wolverines

scored the final 63 points of the game.

Well, the defense will be better only because it can't be worse. White has a passel of redshirts and junior college transfers, talented athletes, to move in. Still, it's the offense that occupies his mind. Oliver Williams, a 6-4 leaper, is a gem at one receiver and Mike Martin is a speedster. White may go with three wideouts. Don't expect Illinois to go undefeated at home again (not with Pittsburgh, Ohio State and Michigan coming to call), but the Illini will put on a show for their fans.

[18] Brigham Young

THAT THEY ARE CALLING THIS A RE-building year at BYU is no reflection on the ability of Steve Young. Rather it's a tribute to the growth of the program under coach LaVell Edwards. The feverish activity in Provo this summer centered on the stadium, whose capacity was almost doubled to 66,000.

As usual, the Cougars have no intentions of hammering away in a season that begins on Thursday night, September 2, at Nevada-Las Vegas with the first national football telecast on Ted Turner's cable network. The loss of Jim McMahon, who established 55 NCAA records for passing and total offense, merely creates an opening in the most sophisticated of passing attacks. Stepping into the spotlight is Young, a junior left-hander who will engineer more than a few drives of his own. Not in McMahon's class as a passer, he will be helped by the system and the presence of outstanding receivers, chiefly tight end Gordon Hudson. The Cougars have seven starters returning on offense and defense and will be thoroughly entertaining to the home crowds after a difficult early-season road schedule. One of QBU's prized recruits, incidentally, is a promising passer named Mike Young, Steve's younger brother.

[19] Missouri

AT MISSOURI, WHERE THEY HAVE MADE an art form of unpredictability, they point to the schedule with optimism. The three toughest games will be played in another state. The Tigers take to the road like Hope and Crosby.

They also perform better against the better teams, which means the presence of Army, Colorado State and East Carolina in Columbia concerns coach Warren Powers. Texas, Nebraska and Oklahoma neatly balance the scales. Balance is what Powers is seeking on offense. Brad

Perry emerged as a quality quarterback after replacing the injured Mike Hyde late last season, and he has an armada of excellent receivers. Andy Gibler is a talented tight end.

But Missouri needs more from running backs George Shorthose and Tracey Mack, prep all-stars who have not learned to put their ability to good use. Otherwise, Powers will turn to one or more of the eight recruits at that position. The offensive line is mature after on-the-job training. The defense is particularly strong in the backfield, but more depth in the middle of the line would be quite welcome.

[20] Notre Dame

THE SOUND OF SILENCE HAS SETTLED ON South Bend. No boasts of a national championship or two or three. The Dome is only gold-plated and Touchdown Jesus really is signaling for a field goal. And Gerry Faust is just another second-year coach trying to make good.

Deflation has hit Notre Dame. A humbling 5-6 campaign sent the Irish into shock and Faust back to school. He began by scrapping the fancy, overdrive offense with the stick shift and he brought in two new offensive coaches, veteran Carl Selmer to work with an oversized but underproductive line and young Ron Hudson to work with the quarterbacks and receivers. Hudson, a former UCLA assistant who was recommended to Faust by Bill Walsh, has redesigned the passing game to best utilize the talents of Blair Kiel. He can be expected to throw short and throw often.

That the job belongs solely to Kiel should produce positive results. Notre Dame started last season with a two-quarterback system. Tony Hunter, the team's best receiver, will stay put at tight end after a year of job-hopping and that should help, too. Joe Howard is a jazzy split end. Phil Carter is a fine tailback when healthy but Greg Bell had an excellent spring and will push for playing time.

On defense the good news is that nine starters return. The better news is that not all will play. Faust spent the spring looking for more quickness, especially on the line, and sophomores Mike Golic, Mike Gann, Mike Larkin and Joe Johnson could move into the lineup. As bad a year as the Irish experienced last year, they lost four games by a touchdown or less. It won't take a miracle for Notre Dame to return to grace. ■

JOE GERGEN is a columnist for the Long Island newspaper Newsday

YOU CAN'T GET PITTSBURGH OUT OF THE BOY...

QUARTERBACK DRAW, THEY SAID. Very interesting, Dan Marino thought.

At least it was simple, which is helpful when you're trying to run that particular play for the first time in two years, and it's only fourth-and-four with a minute left in the Sugar Bowl, and Pittsburgh is working on its third comeback of the night.

But Dan Marino walked to the line anyway. And while he went through the signals, he sneaked a peek at the first-down marker. He would get there somehow, he knew that much. He didn't know how, but details have never bothered him particularly. So, as the Georgia defense leeched onto every Pitt receiver available, Marino kind of lumbered through its midst for eight yards and a first down.

So the Panthers had four more shots, and history, in its benign way, will only remember the fourth. Forgotten will be Bryan Thomas' dropped pass, Wayne DiBartola's fumble that curled up underneath teammate Dwight Collins and Marino's incompletion to Julius Dawkins that made it fourth-and-five. Forty-two seconds left, 33 yards from a touchdown, Pittsburgh trailing 20-17 even though Marino was 25-for-40 for 228 yards and making every NFL personnel director thankful for his Betamax.

Marino came to the bench and the phone. On the other end was quarterback coach Joe Daniels, with assistant head coach Serafino "Foge" Fazio on Marino's right. Profound things are often said at a time like this.

"Dan...." Daniels began.

"Hey, coach," Marino said. "Whatever you do this time, don't call the quarterback draw."

JOHN BROWN HAD JUST CAUGHT THE ball. But Cindi and Debbie Marino were already screaming to the door of the little two-story house on Parkview Avenue. If you're in Pittsburgh, tell them it's in Oakland and they'll understand.

The houses in the Oakland section of Pittsburgh are squeezed tight like accordian keys. Larry Lamonde, who pitches for the Class AAA Portland Beavers and once teamed up with Marino at Central Catholic High, says he likes living that way, "except when the folks are fighting, it's hard to keep it a secret." But on New Year's night there were no secrets, not when Dan Marino reached back, saw the Bulldogs blitzing, and threw one for the neighborhood.

Cindi and Debbie were hysterical, and Veronica, their mother who says she's the emotional one, smiled one of those frozen smiles that's supposed to ziplock all the emotions but always fails. In the middle, in his chair, Dan Marino Sr. looked around with the quizzical expression of a football man surrounded by women. He said the game wasn't over, but he knew it was, because his son usually does those things right about then.

No, the family didn't make the trip. Dan Sr. did not wear a big button that said, "My Son Is No. 13 For The Panthers." No tours of the French Quarter.



*... and, for
Dan Marino, you
can't even get the boy
out of Pittsburgh*

BY MARK WHICKER

Dan Marino, All-American quarterback and possible Heisman Trophy winner, got his electric-blue eyes from his mother, his elbow-in-the-ribs humor from his father and everything else he's ever needed from the neighborhood. He is as close as you can get to the quarterback next door.

Grade school was St. Regis, directly across the street. "We had 57 kids in our eighth-grade graduating class," Marino says. "Then they got to the point where they had 52 kids in the whole school—that's why they closed it." Central Catholic was four blocks over. He walked there. Pitt is four blocks the other way. He could walk there, too, but he prefers to use his white Impala. Dan Sr. is 45, Dan Jr. is 20, Cindi's 19, Debbie's 15 and the car is 8. If Pitt illegally induced Dan Marino to come, it didn't do a good job.

In three years, in which Pitt has gone 33-3, Marino has thrown 62 touchdown passes, 46 interceptions, 472 completions in 826 attempts and totaled 6,165 yards while missing six games. He looks kind of like a 6-4 Wally Cleaver, and talks Pittsburgh, which means he talks of "downton," "Arn City" and "cawncentration." For a kid who had to hustle to make 2.0 at Central Catholic and thus "predict" academically, Marino is sailing along with a 3.2 in communications and is expected to graduate on time in the spring, by which time he may also be the No. 1 player taken in the NFL draft.

"He's got an amazing ability to make the big plays," says Gil Brandt, the college-flesh evaluator for the Dallas Cowboys. "You can see all the athletic talent but what you can't see right off is the leadership ability, which is very important. I saw it when the *Playboy* All-American team was down here this spring. They went to a ranch south of Dallas. Dan went headfirst into everything available. I doubt if he'd ever ridden a horse, but he did that day. The important thing was how all the other great players gravitated to him. He's got the charisma an NFL quarterback needs.

"He, Tony Eason of Illinois, John Elway of Stanford and Jim Kelly of Miami may all go in the first round. I know Dan wants to play for the Steelers, but they'll have to have a bad year or make a trade to get him. He'll go early."

Dick Steinberg, director of player development of the New England Patriots: "There's nothing negative about Marino. He's got the great knack for pressure plays. Any other year he'd be the top quarterback on the board, but I think Elway's probably got the best physical abilities since Namath. The only bad thing about going that early is that you

might end up with a bad team like Archie Manning did and have nothing to show for it. But Dan's even lucky that way. The bad teams aren't that bad anymore. When you look at what Joe Montana did for San Francisco and you look at Dan's ability, you don't know what can go wrong for the kid."

And if that isn't enough serendipity, remember that Pittsburgh may get a United States Football League franchise. It might work, it might not, but the good thing about that is that Marino has plenty of advisers. "I told him," says Pirate broadcaster Bob Prince, "that I wanted to be his agent to deal with whoever his real agent is. I know how rough that business can be. I know all the corporate officers in this town on a first-name basis. Dan was the biggest thing to come through Pittsburgh high schools in the 40 years I've been living here. He'll be taken care of, believe me."

But with all that, you can spend an afternoon in the living room on Parkview Avenue, watch TV and drink Straub beer and talk about any number of things, and if you don't mention the fact that an All-American grew up in this house, nobody else will either.

There is a picture on the wall of the kid with his All-American sweater, and there's a Pitt bobbing-head doll on top of the TV, and a Sugar Bowl patch on the phone, and way over in the corner, where you might not see it unless you searched, there are a couple of trophy shelves.

"Am I going to run around and tell everybody how great my son is or something?" Dan Marino Sr. says. "People will think you're busting their balls."

"Sure I'm proud of him. I'm proud that he's a nice kid with a good sense of humor and a good student and he's worked to get to where he is. And I'm proud of my two girls, too."

Cindi goes to Pitt, Debbie to Sacred Heart. Cindi sings and acts and dances, which you wouldn't know about unless her brother won Sugar Bowls. You might even assume she has an identity crisis. Her drama teacher did. "Cindi, this class is going to help you find yourself," he told her. Cindi replied, "I didn't even know I was lost."

"What I do," Dan Marino Sr. says, "is make sure Dan knows we feel the same about him win or lose, good game or bad game. It's just a game. It's an important game, but life keeps on going. I played a little football myself."

CARMEN MARINO CAME FROM ITALY TO live on Frazier Street, one block from where his grandson's family lives now. Nearby is Frazier Field, home of the Oakland Softball League, where his

great-grandson spends summer nights loafing and drinking beer.

When his son died in a steel-mill accident, he found himself rearing two families. He worked for the city of Pittsburgh, lived until he was 95, and clutched that life as desperately as a Vegas gambler grasps an inside straight.

"My grandfather was quite a character," Dan Marino Sr. says. "What he said was the end of the line. No arguments. Like chewing gum. We couldn't do that. Staying up late? Forget it. We'd all eat at a certain time, and he'd sit there and drink a big bottle of wine every meal. He had the vegetable garden in the back, raised rabbits in sheds back there, all kinds of things growing everywhere. He was typical. No wasted space."

"He didn't know I played football. He would never have let me play, but there was no way he was going to find out, he didn't read papers or nothing."

"I used to hide my football gear in the rabbit shed out back, but I didn't think it would matter if he found it. He wouldn't have known what it was. One day he says, 'Hey, you know all that old stuff, that garbage you had in the sheds?'

"I say, 'Yes, sir.'

"He says, 'Well, the junk man came by today and I got rid of it. He gave me 25 cents for it.' And he was proud of himself. And all I could do was stand there and say, 'Yes, sir.' "

Dan Sr. played football at Schenley High (later the alma mater of basketball's Maurice Lucas). He was a tight end and linebacker. He didn't think about college then. A girl from Polish Hill named Veronica Kolczynski was in love with him from school, but he wasn't really aware of it. There weren't many jobs. He thought he'd join the Navy. He got out in 1960, six months ahead of schedule. He went home and later married Veronica, but there still weren't many jobs, and he couldn't get unemployment because he hadn't worked. Finally, he started driving a truck for Pittsburgh Mercantile, and he has been driving ever since, except for strikes. Presently he works 4 a.m. to noon driving for the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*.

Working has never been something you take for granted in Pittsburgh, and right now Dan Marino Sr. is one of the few people he knows who has a job. J & L Steel, just down the hill from the house, is closed, which puts a couple of his uncles in a bind. When Marino Sr. says, "I've never seen it this bad," he says it analytically, as if a particularly brutal thunderstorm were passing.

"The biggest thing in my early development," Dan Marino Jr. says, "is that my dad had a job where he could be home



Dad is a truck driver, mom a housewife, Debbie (lower left) a high school sophomore, Cindi a Pitt sophomore and Dan an All-American, but at home they're all equal

In the afternoon, waiting for me to get out of school. Then we would throw to each other the rest of the day. My dad keeps me in perspective. Plus, he's the best coach I ever had."

That was at St. Regis. The father coached, the son quarterbacked. The team scored a lot and tied for the city eighth-grade championship because the father let the son throw.

"We had five plays," the father says. "One of them was a running play. We'd run it maybe once a quarter. We'd run the Statue of Liberty play to keep them loose, too. And we didn't have them written down or anything. We'd walk through them and then Danny would take over. We didn't have many big kids. The way we played helped Danny."

From there it was Central Catholic—junior varsity the ninth grade, backup the 10th grade behind Wally Walczak, who now plays for S.O.D. Bar in the Oakland Softball League. First, Marino had to study. The Central Catholic freshman shows up at 8:30 with a dress shirt and tie and gets out at 2:45. He takes eight courses. The brothers who run the classrooms do not believe in dialogues. Ninety per cent of the seniors go to college. Fifteen boys in Marino's class played college football. The coach, Richard Erdelyi, has four assistants and a training room that belongs in the Big 10.

"It costs \$1,200 a year to go to school here, but we've got a waiting list," Erdelyi says. "They care about you here. They don't want to see you get in trouble. The public schools have changed so much that we've gotten pretty popular. And Danny still remembers. The other day he dropped off his All-American picture, and sometimes he comes by and we watch old films. He shows up and helps out when I have a camp for kids. He thinks kids might want to meet him, because he remembers meeting college

guys when he was that age.

"I came his junior year and we went 6-4 and 9-2 with 170-pound guards and 180-pound tackles. That's why Danny says he's in quarterback heaven now with all those mooses blocking for him. He kicked off, punted for a 40-yard average, kicked field goals and extra points, averaged 10 yards a carry running. I'd seen what he did in the Sugar Bowl before. We played North Allegheny once when we were both unbeaten. Beat them 19-18 and had to come back three times. Danny threw an 80-yard touchdown pass, beat them on a 65-yard touchdown off a read, against half-man, half-zone. He's done it all his life."

But the game Erdelyi and Marino used to watch on film was a loss in Marino's junior year. Frank Rocco was the senior quarterback of Fox Chapel, which won 28-14 in a game that took three hours and contained 69 passes. Joe Moore, a Pitt assistant coach, watched. He went back and told Jackie Sherrill, "Forget Rocco. The kid we should get is Marino."

Pittsburgh did, but recruiting was a

problem for the Marino family. The father had a problem with the man from Pitt, Foge Fazio.

"I kept telling him that the rules wouldn't allow me to eat dinner over there as many times as he wanted me to," Fazio says.

SERAFINO FAZIO WAS A FUDGE FREAK AS a kid in Coraopolis. "We lived near this mom & pop grocery store and I was always eating that fudge. This black family lived nearby and the lady couldn't say Serafino—most people can't—so she called me Fudge and it sounded like Foge, and here it is today."

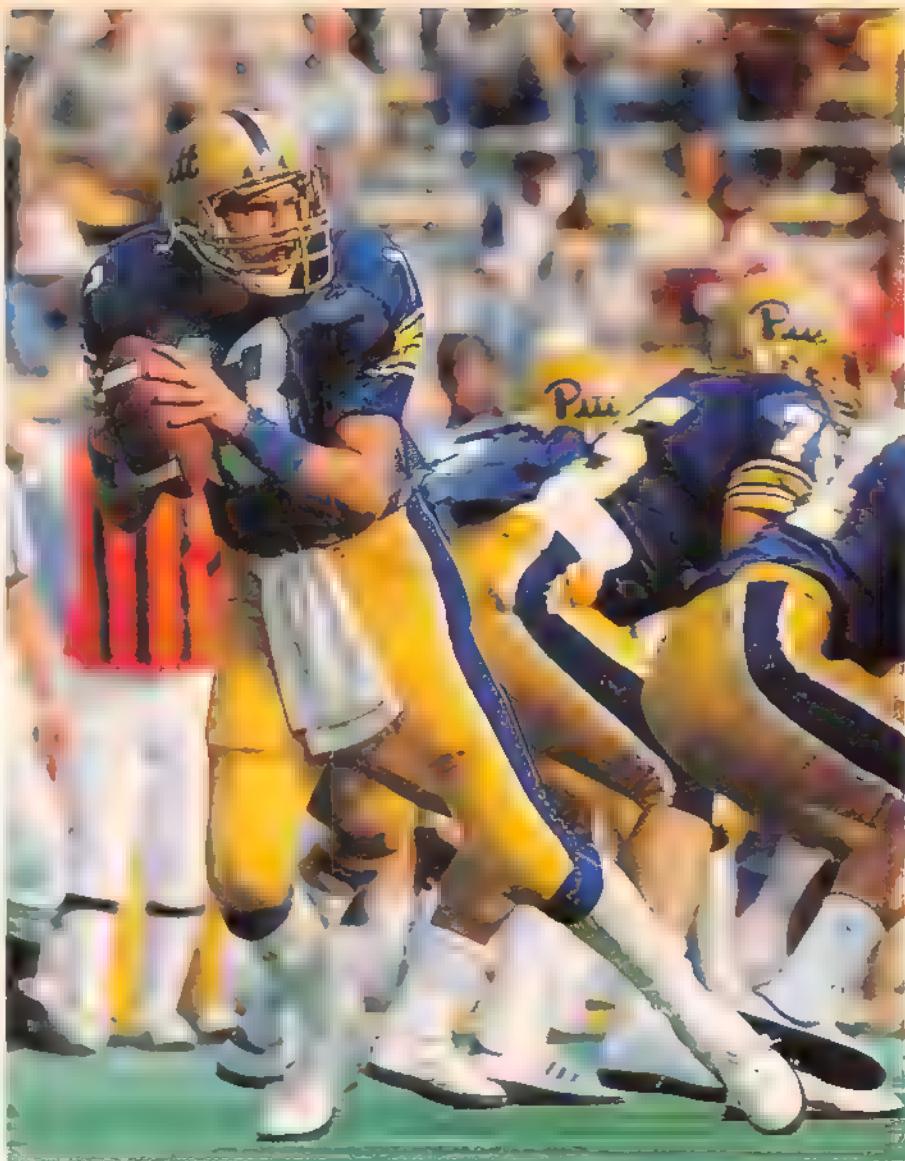
Today Fazio is Pitt's head coach, because Sherrill went for record bucks at Texas A&M. Both Sherrill and Johnny Majors, who resuscitated Pitt before going to Tennessee, were sons of the South, and maybe their departures were inevitable. Fazio, however, talks Pittsburgh. He had this job minutes after Sherrill resigned.

"This is a great place for football because there are a million little towns and neighborhoods and they all have a team," Fazio says. "The ethnic thing is a big reason. Those people are emotional about their own kind, and the teams. They all go to work in the mills, talk about the big game all week, make a few wagers, get their checks on Friday and then go to the stadium."

"There's the rivalries—Ambridge and Charleroi, North Catholic and Central Catholic, Ambridge and Aliquippa. But Dan Marino was the biggest name of all the players in his class. When we signed him, it told people that Tony Dorsett wasn't a fluke for us, that we were capable of signing anybody within our recruiting area. And a lot of kids said if Pitt was good enough for Dan Marino it was good enough for them, too."

The Marinos, especially Veronica, wanted Pitt for Danny. He would take his gear to Pitt Stadium Saturday afternoon, watch with the ground crew and then play for Central Catholic that night. "It wouldn't have been that way if Pitt was bad, which it was before coach Majors got there," Marino says. "We used to joke that Pitt would always be invited to the Toilet Bowl. I told coach Fazio I was coming two weeks before I told anybody else, even my parents. But I did get to see some nice things during recruiting."

He liked Clemson coach Danny Ford—"he'd even take his shoes off in the living room"—but Clemson wasn't exactly Oakland. He liked Arizona State, but didn't know about running 15 miles in the desert every August with Frank Kush. Michigan State, where Central Catholic grad Ed Smith threw touch-



down passes to Kirk Gibson, was a little too cold; UCLA, which took Marino to the set of *Happy Days*, was a little too far.

And then there was the most central Catholic school of all. Notre Dame was to be Marino's final visit. But he made up his mind before that. Assistant coach Joe Yonto was upset. He thought Fazio was eating too often at the Central Catholic cafeteria. Erdelyi said Fazio was recruiting other players, too. "Besides, he'd drop over here and talk football with me when he wasn't recruiting anybody," Erdelyi says. "Foge didn't recruit Danny. He recruited the whole school."

Then Yonto called Parkview Avenue. Could he come see Danny again?

"He's going to Pitt," Dan Marino Sr. said.

"I'd like to talk to him again."

"Okay," Marino Sr. said, no longer smiling. "If you think you can do something, fine. Only he's going to Pitt and he

Marino has thrown five TD passes, including three against Georgia, in helping Pitt win bowl games the last three years

told me he's going to Pitt and he told Pitt he's going to Pitt."

And this year, finally, Notre Dame is coming to Pitt. As is North Carolina, September 9 in Three Rivers Stadium to kick off CBS' college schedule. "Just look out for batteries," Dan Sr. advises Dan Jr., referring to Dave Parker's problems at the stadium. "The Pirates talk about how they don't draw. Why don't they have Battery Day? They'd sell out the joint."

"My dad has a lot of funny stories," Dan Jr. says. "Even if I have heard some of them 10 or 15 times."

Dan Marino Sr. got upset only one other time during recruiting, and that was about baseball. Dan Jr. was 25-1 as a

pitcher at Central, teaming up with Lamonde, and he was clocked at 92 mph by the Cincinnati Reds. He also hit eight homers in 27 games his senior year and batted .550. The Kansas City Royals drafted him in the fourth round, but nothing happened.

"We offered him a more than moderate bonus," says John Schuerholz, KC general manager, "but then the NCAA said that for him to play football, he'd have to pay for his college. We didn't see why this was any different from what Danny Ainge was doing."

Ainge was playing basketball at Brigham Young and playing baseball for Toronto. Since the NCAA had said this was all right, BYU had forgotten to bill Ainge for tuition and the like. Later, when the NCAA reversed itself, Toronto paid Ainge's tuition.

"For us to pay the bonus would in effect mean that we'd be paying for his college, paying for Danny's chances of getting hurt, and we just weren't going to do it," Schuerholz says. "Besides, even though he had fine talent, no one ever considered Dan a first-round draft choice."

The Yankees, by the way, will be paying the Stanford bill of John Elway.

"Dan would have loved baseball, the lifestyle, everything, and he would have been good," Lamonde says. "I think of him getting his knee hurt again [cartilage operation in 1980] in football and it's awful."

"I didn't want to cause any trouble," Marino Sr. says, "but I thought Dan should have had the same chance everyone else had."

IT IS A MERRY MONDAY IN MAY AT THE Pittsburgh Field Club, site of the Foge Fazio Leukemia Golf Open that is in the process of raising \$52,000. All kinds of Steelers and college coaches are taking muscle-bound whacks at golf balls. Dan Marino Jr. is there as a replacement for Steeler DE John Banaszak, except Banaszak showed up. So now Marino is the sixth member of a fivesome, which also includes Bob Prince and some serious golfing-business types.

"Got nothing else to do today," he says, "except watch *The Deer Hunter*, part two, tonight. Hey, John, see it last night? Uncut, right on the network station. Couldn't believe it."

Marino whacks a hook to nowhere and re-enters the cart. "I'm working at the ABC station here for the summer. I get credits for that, plus it's the kind of stuff I'd like to get into eventually. It's important to know how to act in public, to deal with everybody, the fans and the media. It comes with the territory."

The cart path points down a hill. "Here's the only fun part of this game," Marino yells, gunning the cart down at full throttle. "Hey, Prince? Want to drag?"

Prince is waiting for Marino to take first shot at the green, so the five competitors can figure out club selection. There is a definite imbalance of interest here. Marino reaches the green from the point where everyone must hit. "Yeah, he crushes a four-iron," one man says. "Better hit a five."

"I'm a crucial part of this sixsome," Marino says.

When they arrive at the green, there is Joyce Aschenbrenner, Pitt's football SID, who has been carting reporters and TV crews over hill and dale to Marino. No stone will be unturned by Pitt if there is a football headline under it.

"Danny's incredible," Aschenbrenner says. "He makes me so mad sometimes I could kill him. We were walking in the Walter Camp All-America dinner last year. There's a couple hundred men and about three girls in the whole place. Dan whispers to me, 'Hey, Joyce. If you can't get lucky in this place you can't get lucky.'"

Marino doesn't worry about being lucky when it comes to the opposite sex. The girls gravitate to him, and the guys don't mind, which is the kind of slick double Joe Namath used to pull off.

Marino has a girlfriend now. Wisely, he won't spill her name for public consumption. There was a time before that when somebody saw Marino in a night-club, saw him read the situation as keenly as a double-zone. The beer and the music and the girls kind of met right around Marino's table. He danced a bit, got asked to dance some more, and when his friends were leaving, Marino waved from behind a blonde and said, "Don't worry about me, I'll find my own way home."

Back in the cart: "We've come so close to two national championships already. Florida State beat us in '80 when I thought we had the best team, and then last year Penn State beat us 48-14 after we just dominated the first part of the game. Turnovers were the problem in both games, and they were the problem in the Sugar Bowl, too. It was exciting to come back like that, but we should have won the game much earlier."

"I want to win and I don't want to lose, but the game has to be fun first. I like to play. It wasn't fun losing the Penn State game, but it was fun playing it. It was fun going to the Sugar Bowl before the game. Our team doesn't have many rules, and we play with a lot of enthusiasm on and off the field. Couple of nights

before the game we went to Pat O'Brien's and got into the hurricanes a little bit. Some of the guys broke some things and got out of hand. Next night it was Georgia's turn at Pat O'Brien's. Only because of us, they took all the alcohol out of the hurricanes. Georgia was mad about that, all right.

"Losing is not the end of the world for me. After the Penn State game, Rich D'Amico [a Penn State defensive end who played at Central Catholic] had a party at his house, and there were other parties I went to. I was bummed out, I was down for a while, but the next day came and it was nothing but a game that we lost because we deserved to lose. And if we'd played the next day, maybe we'd have gotten the breaks and beaten them just as bad."

Marino peers at an adjacent hole. "Hey, Rick," he yells. "Find something you can do."

"I'd like to see you play it," Rick yells back. They wave. Rick is Rick Trocano, who was the Pitt quarterback before Marino came along, held on for a year and got hurt, and then played safety when Marino was a sophomore. If there were hard feelings, they didn't last.

"There haven't been many people jealous of me," he says. "At least not that I know of. I go into a game thinking I'm the best, the best quarterback in college. Everybody ought to feel he's the best when he goes into a game. I know what I can do, what I'm capable of. But if you say it, it's wrong. It should come from somebody else. Like I saw Reggie Jackson on TV say that his three homers in the Series that year comprised the greatest individual feat in sports. How could he say that? It just didn't sound right."

Marino drives to the middle of the fairway again and tops a 25-hopper down the middle. "A single," he says.

"Hey, Dan, you did something with that shot," Prince says.

"What?"

"You raped about 4,000 worms."

The round finally ends, the game of golf survives, Marino commiserates with guard Moose Sams, eats lunch and wheels the '74 Impala through undulating, two-lane roads at rush hour, back toward Oakland.

Cindi has been singing upstairs, Veronica is working on dinner, Dan Sr. is watching TV.

"You're not going to watch *The Deer Hunter* again tonight, are you?" Cindi pleads. "That's disgusting!"

The All-American is home. ▀

MARK WHICKER is a sportswriter for the Philadelphia Daily News.

20 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Info that not even Keith Jackson knows

By Randy Harvey

A PLAYER FROM BO'S HOMETOWN is Michigan's new tailback. A player from Mary Ann Mobley's hometown is Mississippi State's new middle linebacker. Herschel Walker will not win the Heisman Trophy. Again. USC will not go to the Rose Bowl. Brigham Young never threw a touchdown pass for the Cougars, but his great-great-great-grandson has. Northwestern will win a game. Billy Ray Smith is the best defensive lineman at Arkansas since Billy Ray Smith. Want to know more about the 1982 college football season? Read on.

1. Is it necessary to cheat to win?

No. Contrary to popular opinion, not everybody does it. The number that does probably is no higher than, say, 90 percent.

Its rivals say a lot of bad things about Notre Dame, but no one accuses the Irish of cheating. They don't have to. Young Catholic boys pray they will be good enough when they grow up to play for Notre Dame. If its football players are paid, it's through pennies from heaven.

Every other school is suspect. In *The Story of Civilization*, Will Durant writes, "It is as difficult to begin a civilization without robbery as it is to maintain it without slaves." The same can be said for winning college football programs.

Who would think that USC had to cheat? Yet, the Trojans were on Pac-10 probation in 1980 and since have been sentenced to three years by the NCAA.



*Notre Dame doesn't cheat.
Everyone else is suspect.*

SMU won its first Southwest Conference football championship in 15 years last season, but couldn't play in the Cotton Bowl because of probation. Clemson won its first national championship ever, but reportedly is about to be sent up the river by the NCAA.

Cheating could have changed the course of history, at least as it applies to college football. If Bear Bryant hadn't cheated at Texas A&M, which was

placed on probation for recruiting violations in 1956, the Aggies might not have won the SWC championship, and Alabama might not have been impressed enough to offer Bryant its head-coaching job two years later. He might be secondary coach of the Dallas Cowboys today.

It's a dirty business but some coaches insist almost everybody has to do it. "Go on as you have been and eventually get fired," former Auburn coach Doug Barfield once said. "Cheat more and survive. Or quit."

2. How will USC be affected by probation?

Speaking in New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, novelist Kurt Vonnegut recounted a tale about 19th-century moralist and robber baron Jim Fisk. After one disgraceful incident involving the Erie Railroad, Fisk was particularly ashamed of himself. But after thinking things over, he shrugged and said, "Nothing is lost save honor."

USC president James Zumberge was not so philosophical after the NCAA imposed its probation on the Trojans last spring because an assistant coach had been selling tickets for players at inflated prices. USC will appear on television this season but will not be allowed to participate in bowl games for the next two seasons or appear on television in 1983 and 1984.

Asked for his reaction, Zumberge said, "The only way I could express that would be with language I learned in the U.S. Marine Corps."

Illustrations by Gil Eisner

USC got kicked in the wallet. School officials estimate they will lose more than \$1 million a year by not being allowed to play on TV. USC can afford it.

Otherwise? Nothing is lost save honor.

There were rumors long before the national signing date that USC was about to be placed on probation, which rival recruiters didn't hesitate to use in wooing high school athletes. But while the Trojans didn't have a great recruiting year, they had another good one.

Actually, the probation might have helped retain coach John Robinson. He was seriously considering an offer to become Patriot coach until USC was sent to jail. "It was a telling factor in my staying. If we're having a problem, I want to be here until it's solved."

Spring practice went smoothly. "We knew things were coming, and what we basically said to the players was that we had some things taken away, but we've got a great deal left," Robinson says. "We have one of the better schedules in the country, and we're not going to let negative things affect us."

3. Has football become king at North Carolina?

No, but it's big enough that Dean Smith schedules his basketball practices early on Saturdays so that he and his players can attend the games

4. Who will replace the senior stars from last season?

Texas had a head start in finding a replacement for defensive tackle Kenneth Sims, the first player selected in the draft, when he suffered ligament damage in the ninth game. Ralph Darnell (6-4, 250) got the call, but the junior will start this season at right tackle. Junior John Haines (6-6, 260), who started four games at right tackle at the end of last season, will fill Sims' left-tackle position. "Haines and Darnell," Texas publicist Jones Ramsey says. "Sounds like a vaudeville team."

USC believes it will take three players to replace Heisman Trophy winner Marcus Allen, who rushed for 2,427 yards last season. Sophomore Fred Crutcher (5-10, 195) will start at tailback, but sophomore Zep Lee (6-3, 205) and junior Michael Harper (5-11, 185) also are expected to play. As freshmen, Crutcher



It'll take a vaudeville team to replace Kenneth Sims

and Lee were used primarily on specialty teams and, combined, carried the ball only 49 times for 373 yards. Harper, who carried 55 times for 274 yards as Allen's backup two years ago, was redshirted last season because of a shoulder injury.

For the second time, Lawrence Ricks has Butch Woolfolk's job as Michigan's tailback. Ricks gained 850 yards in 1980 as a sophomore, when he started six games. But after Woolfolk's return to favor, Ricks' playing time was limited last year, when he gained 413 yards. He is from Barberston, Ohio, coach Bo Schembechler's hometown.

After spending his freshman season as a holder for extra-point and field-goal attempts, Mike Tomczak becomes Art Schlichter's successor at Ohio State. As the third-team quarterback, Tomczak (6-3, 192) played in only two games.

Brandon, Mississippi, is best known as the hometown of former Miss America Mary Ann Mobley. But one of its favorite sons, Ermon Green, is making a name for himself as Johnnie Cooks' replacement at middle linebacker for Mis-

sissippi State. "He's as developed at this stage as Johnnie was," coach Emory Bellard says of the 6-3, 215-pound sophomore.

Notre Dame senior Mark Zavagnin (6-2, 228) started the last two seasons at weakside linebacker, but he moves to the middle to replace Bob Crable. Zavagnin was second to Crable in tackles the last two years.

5. Who will be the best freshman?

One week after he committed to Washington and two days before the day to sign national letters of intent, Kevin Willhite, a high school All-American running back from Rancho Cordova, California, went with a friend to see *Chariots of Fire*.

When he walked out of the theater, Willhite had decided to attend school in England.

No? Well, the movie about two British sprinters preparing for the 1924 Paris Olympics did influence Willhite to throw over Washington and sign with Oregon. Willhite, whose 20.81 in the 200 meters as a junior was the fastest time in the country for a high school athlete, decided track was as important to him as football. Since the Huskies wouldn't allow him to bypass spring football practice to participate in track and the Ducks would, he chose the Ducks.

There were a couple of other considerations. Willhite (6-0, 190) gained 7.8 yards per carry as a senior, but he wasn't sure how many carries he would get at Washington as long as the Huskies have Jacque Robinson, the Rose Bowl's MVP as a freshman, in the backfield. Willhite

The Ducks expect big things from No. 1 freshman Willhite



also wanted jersey No. 1, which already belongs to reserve cornerback Tony Alvarado at Washington. Oregon didn't have a No. 1. It does now.

6. Multiple choice: What could possibly prevent Herschel Walker from winning the Heisman Trophy this time?

- [a] An injury
- [b] Dan Marino or John Elway
- [c] He could be declared a USFL franchise
- [d] Maybe another Walker isn't due. It's been only 34 years since a junior named Walker won the Heisman Trophy. SMU's Doak did it in 1948.
- [e] Nothing

7. Will Gerry Faust be cheered or booed at Notre Dame?

Whoever heard of "Boo, boo for old Notre Dame"?

As unpopular as Dan Devine was among the students and alumni, not even

he was booed at Notre Dame. The Irish prefer bumper stickers. There were some of those around campus last year. OUST FAUST was a popular item while Notre Dame lost 6 of 11 games. Already spotted this year: SEND THE HOLY ROLLER BACK TO MOELLER.

But, generally, Faust has maintained the support he had before last season when he catapulted out of Cincinnati's Moeller High School and into the most pressurized job in college football.

Asked to explain the bad luck of the Irish last season, Notre Dame President Father Theodore Hesburgh said, "I suspect it had something to do with a new coach finding his way, but I didn't get five letters of complaint from the alumni."

That has more to do with Faust's winning personality than his losing record. He is an effervescent but sincere man who made a lot of friends with his dedication to work and principle. Some of them may think he is over his head, but they wouldn't think of booing him any more than they would boo a neighbor who had lost his house in a fire. If he becomes the first Notre Dame coach ever to have two losing seasons, that could change.

As for Faust's assessment of his first year, in which he lost as many games as he had in the previous 10 years at Moeller, he said, "I enjoyed every minute of it, except for the six days we lost."



Sign of the times: Send The Holy Roller Back To Moeller

8. Who will be the first five offensive players drafted?

■ John Elway (6-4, 205), Stanford quarterback. Pro scouts consider him the best quarterback prospect since Joe Namath

■ Dan Marino (6-4, 215), Pittsburgh quarterback. His arm isn't as strong as Elway's, but it's still plenty powerful and he has everything else that Elway has.

■ Curt Warner (6-0, 195), Penn State running back. Scouts would like him better if he were bigger, but he can run with power as well as speed and elusiveness.

■ Eric Dickerson (6-3, 215), SMU running back. Sharing the tailback position with another first-round prospect, Craig James, Dickerson hasn't been as productive as Warner but should develop

■ Jim Kelly (6-3, 215), Miami (Florida) quarterback. Like Elway and Marino, Kelly has flourished in a pro-oriented offense.

9. Who will be the first five defensive players drafted?

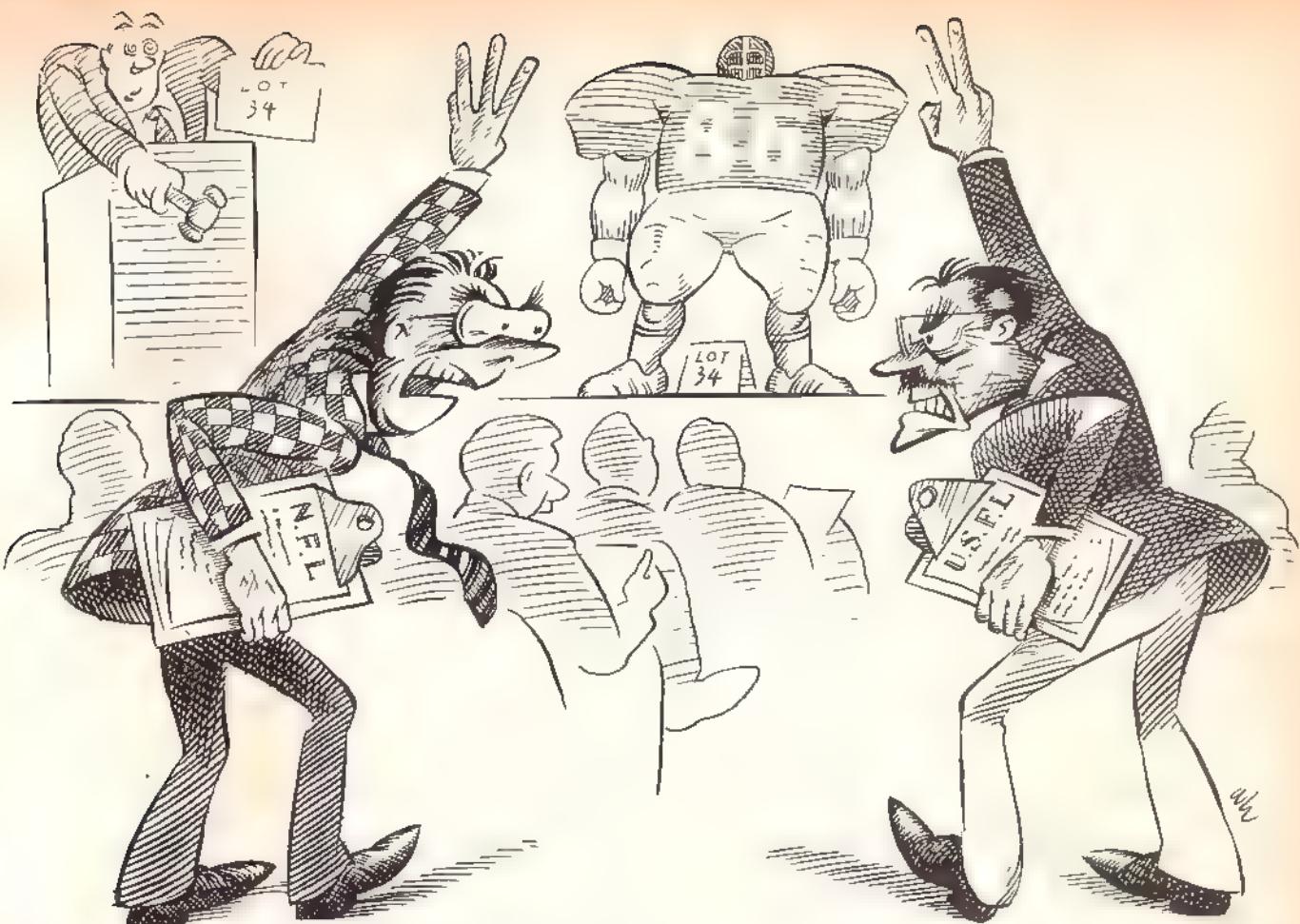
■ Billy Ray Smith (6-4, 230), Arkansas end. Son of the former Baltimore defensive lineman, he is far above any other defensive player and could be drafted right behind Elway and Marino. He will move to linebacker in the National Football League.

■ Vernon Maxwell (6-2, 225), Arizona State linebacker. He's small but an exceptional athlete with very good instincts.

■ Jim Jeffcoat (6-6, 251), Arizona State end. He hasn't been mentioned on any of the All-American teams, but the scouts have noticed his steady improvement.

■ Ray Horton (5-11, 190), Washington cornerback. He was better as a freshman and a sophomore than as a junior, although he was outstanding in the Rose Bowl victory over Iowa. Scouts also like him as a punt returner.

■ Irv Eatman (6-6, 264), UCLA tackle. Except for one game in his sophomore season, a nationally televised victory over Ohio State, he has never played up to expectations. But scouts are intrigued by his potential.



10. What effect will the United States Football League have on the draft?

It could have a profound effect if the USFL has the money to compete with the NFL for the better college players, especially those who want to play their pro careers close to home. The USFL's decision to award territorial rights to its franchises could be a stroke of genius. The colleges that annually produce the most NFL players—the USCs, Notre Dames and Penn States—will be divided, geographically when possible, among USFL teams. Each team will have the first rights to players from the colleges it has been assigned, making for a virtual farm system.

The Chicago franchise probably would have had the rights after last season to Ohio State's Schlichter. If all else were equal, Schlichter might have chosen to stay close to home by signing with it instead of moving to Baltimore.

As a rule, USFL officials say they don't intend to become involved in bidding wars with the NFL, but they add they will make exceptions for a Schlichter or a Sims or an Allen.

The USFL won't bid—except on a Sims or a Schlichter type

The USFL, which will begin play in March, is considering holding its draft in late November or early December, before the end of the regular season for some colleges and well before the bowl games. If that happens, the USFL will have a five-month jump on signing players.

That possibility also concerns the NCAA, which fears some players, eager to begin negotiating with USFL teams, might forfeit their eligibility for bowl games by prematurely contracting agents. The NCAA has enough trouble with such violations now, even though the NFL draft isn't until April.

11. What rule changes have been made?

The rules committee made 12 changes, most of them subtle, in response to the emphasis on passing. Concerning areas other than the passing game, the NCAA made several changes that make its rules conform with NFL rules. They include:

- The use of sticky substances and adhesive materials that could affect the ball or an opponent no longer are legal.

- Instead of an automatic 15-yard penalty for grabbing the facemask, there now is a five-yard penalty if the foul isn't flagrant.

- Teams are allowed to have clocks in their stadiums to indicate time they have before being charged with a delay-of-game penalty. (The pros have 30 seconds, the colleges 25.)

12. Who has the best halftime show?

It depends on your taste. Don't worry if you don't have any. Neither do some of the shows.

If you like the 96 Guys and a Doll from SMU, you may not like Texas' hordes. Who would want the biggest bass drum in the world? If you like to get down with Grambling, you may not like Texas A&M's "Ballad of the Green Berets." If you like the precision of Ohio State's Script Ohio, you may not like the antics of the bands from Stanford and Rice.

Rice's band, called the MOB—short for Marching Owl Band—once had to have a police escort outside its own

stadium after a game to get through a mob—short for angry mob—of Texas A&M fans. It was offended because the Rice band, as a tribute to the Aggie mascot, a collie, had marched in the formation of a fire hydrant.

A personal favorite was the University of Chicago. Its band, consisting of only a handful of students, passed out kazoo to children in the stands. They all went on the field at halftime and formed a circle as a tribute to the letter O. The show wasn't always pleasing to the ear, but it never took more than 20 minutes.

13. What are the worst places to watch college football?

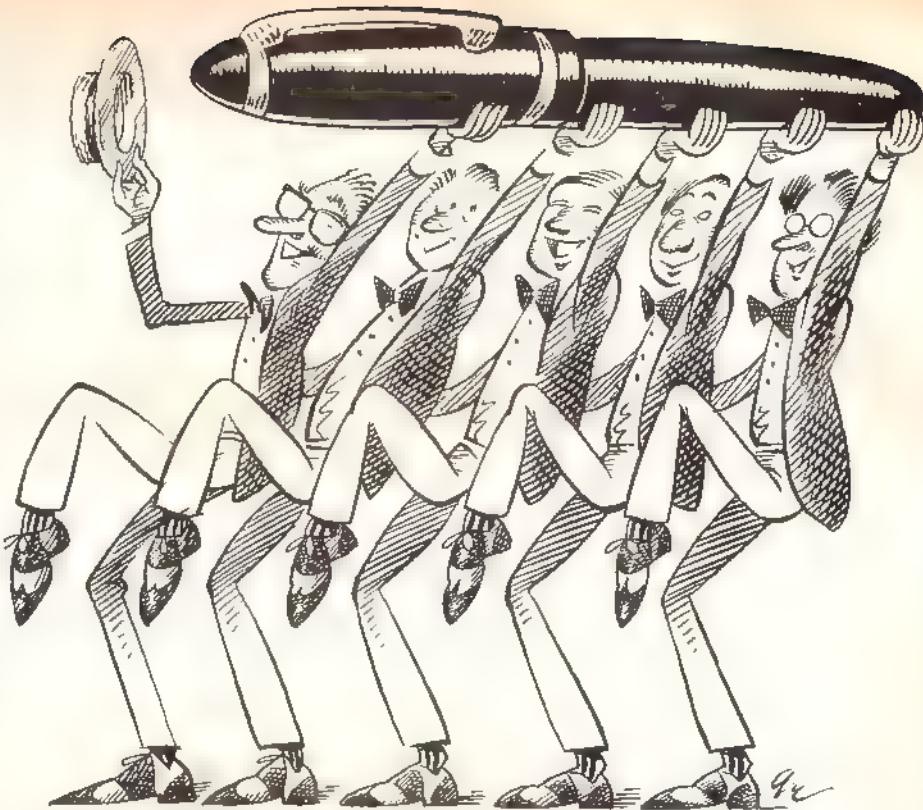
- Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia for the Army-Navy game. For all the atmosphere there is here, it might as well be played in a Pentagon hallway.
- Any stadium that has AstroTurf.
- Any domed stadium.
- The Connecticut Turnpike while caught in traffic before a Yale-Harvard game in New Haven.
- Anywhere Northwestern plays.

14. What are Northwestern's prospects?

The Wildcats are heartened that only half the starters return from another 0-11 team, which extended the worst losing streak ever in college football to 31.

Dennis Green, beginning his second season as coach, has reason to believe the Wildcats have retained the good half of their starting lineup. Quarterback Kevin Villars and defensive tackle Keith Cruise were considered among the top two dozen freshmen in the nation last season. Green also figures his freshman class this year will be as good as any in the Big 10 with the possible exceptions of Michigan and Ohio State. He recruited 30 players from 15 states.

But the best news is that, after opening on the road at Illinois and Indiana (probable losses No. 32 and 33), the Wildcats return home to face Miami of Ohio and Northern Illinois of the Mid-American Conference. The Wildcats may even be favored against Northern Illinois, 3-8 last season. Who knows? Northwestern might win two in a row. Wonder if Green has a speech prepared to warn his team against overconfidence?



Lining up new talent is a song and dance for top recruiters

15. Who are the five best recruiters?

■ Jerry Pettibone, Texas A&M. Under Chuck Fairbanks at Oklahoma, Pettibone became college football's first full-time recruiting coordinator in 1971. Most Division I schools now have recruiting coordinators, but the Sooners' head start, as much as anything else, accounts for their success in the last decade. During Pettibone's seven years as Oklahoma's recruiting coordinator, the Sooners landed Joe Washington, Billy Sims and the Selmon brothers. Pettibone spent the last three years as recruiting coordinator at Nebraska.

■ Jackie Sherrill, Texas A&M. It hardly seems fair the Aggies should have both Pettibone and Sherrill. While the assistants usually handle the groundwork on prospective players, the head coaches are counted on to close the deals. With his sincere, no-hype approach that reassures athletes and makes mothers swoon, Sherrill is considered the best closer in the business. Personally responsible for signing Tony Dorsett, Sherrill was the top recruiter on Johnny Majors' staff at Pitt.

■ Bill Rees, UCLA. Recruiters can be divided into two categories—those who evaluate the talent and those who sell

their schools. Rees, 28, is a relative newcomer, having been at UCLA only three seasons after three years in obscurity at Northwestern. But he already has developed a reputation as an outstanding evaluator, a coach who can break down the films, make the right calls and project which players will and won't be productive in college. In his first two seasons at UCLA, the Bruins recruited 15 high school All-Americans.

■ Bill McCartney, Colorado. He is the second kind of recruiter, the salesman. He gained his reputation at Michigan, where he was an assistant coach. McCartney was in charge of the Wolverines' recruiting in Florida, where he found Anthony Carter and Stefan Humphries. As many as a half-dozen Florida products are expected to contribute at Michigan this year, including freshman placekicker Pat Moons. It's not easy to sell a high school player from Florida on moving 1,250 miles away from home to play in the snow, but McCartney hopes his technique continues to work at Colorado, where he was named head coach this summer. He was listed in "20 Questions" last year as one of the five best defensive coordinators.

■ Ken Dabbs, Texas. In his first year at Texas in 1973, he was the assistant coach responsible for recruiting Earl Campbell. Since he became recruiting coordinator in 1975, the Longhorns have

consistently had the best freshman classes in the Southwest Conference. Among the players they have signed are first-round draft choices Sims, Johnnie Johnson and Lam Jones.

16. Who is this year's sleeper?

Even though it was 7-5 last season, including a victory over Oklahoma State in the Independence Bowl, and has 17 starters returning, Texas A&M might have been able to sneak up to the top of the polls, sort of like Clemson did last year, if Tom Wilson was still the head coach. At least, that's what was on Wilson's mind.

But Texas A&M's Board of Regents, not a patient lot, fired Wilson and hired away Sherrill from Pittsburgh. Sherrill left a team that some consider the best in the nation and inherited one that could be almost as good.

He sidesteps making comparisons between Marino and the Aggies' Gary Kubiak, more of an option quarterback than a dropback passer. But Sherrill will say Kubiak (6-1, 195) is one of the top five quarterbacks in the country. As a junior, he threw six touchdown passes against Rice and completed 19 of 21 passes against Arkansas.

The Aggies also have two senior running backs, Earnest Jackson and Johnny Hector, who are projected as high draft choices. Sherrill didn't have an opportunity to see his best defensive back in spring practice because junior free safety Billy Cannon Jr. was hitting .321 for the baseball team.

17. Who are the five best sports information directors?

■ Roger Valdiserri, Notre Dame. He's best known for changing the pronunciation of Joe Theismann's name so that it rhymes with Heisman. Theismann didn't win the trophy, but it wasn't because of lack of publicity. Valdiserri's greatest accomplishment, however, may have been in preventing Dan Devine from embarrassing the university any more than he did. According to one observer, before the 1978 Cotton Bowl against Texas, bowl officials asked Valdiserri to make Devine available for a daily press conference. Valdiserri declined, agreeing to only one press conference during the week. That didn't please bowl officials, but Valdiserri knew exactly what he was doing. He didn't want Devine, often an erratic speaker before groups, especially groups from the media, to have any more exposure than absolutely necessary.

■ Jones Ramsey, Texas. How can you not like a man who says, "The only thing I hate worse than track is field." After the Longhorns won the 1978 National Invitation Tournament in basketball, Ramsey said, "We won the N.I.T. A year ago, we couldn't even spell it." Asked what the SID association should do to commemorate the bicentennial, Ramsey said, "I don't know. What did we do in 1876?" He worked for one of the most quotable coaches in college football, Darrell Royal, but no one was ever able

to figure whether Ramsey got more lines from Royal or Royal from Ramsey.

■ Paul Manasseh, LSU. His media blitz probably had as much as anything to do with Bert Jones finishing second in the 1972 Heisman Trophy voting. Jones wasn't even LSU's No. 1 quarterback, sharing time almost equally with Paul Lyons. More remarkable was Manasseh's successful campaign the next season for Tyler LaFauci, who made All-American. He was only a slightly better-than-average guard, but he was a co-captain and a pre-med student and Manasseh liked him.

■ Don Bryant, Nebraska. He is known as The Fat Fox. Why? "Because he's fat and foxy, I guess," says one writer familiar with Big Eight lore. Nebraska's football team generates enough publicity of its own, but Bryant invented some for the track team by creating a character named Marvin Mendum. According to Bryant, Mendum learned to throw a mean javelin while hunting seals in his native Alaska. His weekly letters, postmarked Fairbanks, to Nebraska track coach Frank Sevigne almost earned Mendum a scholarship before Bryant revealed the hoax.

■ Haywood Harris, Tennessee. Those who work regularly with him describe him as gentle, considerate and low-key, which distinguishes him from his peers. He could teach a course to other SIDs on running an efficient department. If he has a fault, it's that he's too honest. He never says anything bad about Tennessee, but he also will not say anything good unless it's deserved.

18. With Jim McMahon gone, will Brigham Young himself have to return for BYU to keep winning?

No, but Brigham Young did send his great-great-great-grandson, junior Steve Young, to quarterback the Cougars this season. And if he doesn't produce, perhaps his brother, freshman Mike, a better passer at Greenwich (Connecticut) High School, will. Their father LeGrand was BYU's leading rusher in 1959.

Steve is a lefty, Mike a righty.

Asked which side Brigham Young preferred, BYU coach LaVell Edwards said, "I think he was ambidextrous, because he had 26 wives."

Brigham Young had 26 wives, BYU has the Young brothers



Unlike his celebrated predecessors—McMahon, Marc Wilson and Gifford Nielsen—Steve didn't have to redshirt a season before earning a starting opportunity. He played in eight games last season, starting two when McMahon was injured. Young completed 21 of 40 passes in each game, but the Cougars lost one, to Nevada-Las Vegas, when Young threw four interceptions.

Young (6-1, 195) is a better runner than passer and could give the Cougar offense a dimension it hasn't had since Nielsen left. Pro scouts say Young, like Nielsen, is more a product of the system than naturally gifted like Wilson or McMahon.

19. Which school has the most influential alumni?

In an interview with the *Los Angeles Times*, NCAA executive director Walter

Byers said, "The most serious problem we face is whether an educational institution is going to be able to maintain control over its athletic program."

Byers didn't go into specifics, but his comments, following by only a few weeks Texas A&M's controversial hiring of Sherrill, appeared aimed at the Aggies. If there ever has been a case of alumni having more influence in the hiring of a football coach, it has not been recorded.

Even before Tom Wilson had been fired, prominent alumni, including a couple of members of the board of regents, orchestrated the hiring of Sherrill after first attempting to woo Schembechler away from Michigan. They did so without the knowledge of the university's president, Frank Vandiver, who had assured Wilson he would be allowed to fulfill the remaining year of his contract. Vandiver, who told *The Washington Post* he got tired of reading in the newspapers what was happening in Texas

A&M's athletic department, threatened to resign.

Later, the regents gave him a \$10,000 raise to \$100,000, which is \$5,000 more than Sherrill is earning from the university. But Vandiver still is nowhere close to equal in actual income with Sherrill, who will earn a reported \$267,000 a year for at least six years. Wealthy boosters are making up the difference in the form of radio and television shows, up to \$150,000 on the purchase of a home, a life insurance policy estimated at \$200,000, two cars and a country-club membership. Only two coaches, Bryant and Oklahoma's Barry Switzer, are believed to have more lucrative packages.

Sherrill's deal, and the resulting publicity, has caused the NCAA to take a second look at alumni involvement in athletic-department payrolls. An NCAA official says, "The principles of institutional control and responsibility prevent an outside source from paying or regularly supplementing an athletic department's staff member's annual salary." He said the NCAA will investigate Texas A&M.

The problem of alumni over-zealousness is not a new one for the NCAA. "We've never had a multi-year probation where alumni weren't in the middle of it," says David Berst, NCAA director of enforcement.

NCAA officials are concerned about who controls the athletic department at Texas A&M, the university or the alumni. To whom does Sherrill answer?

Indiana coach Lee Corso told the *Los Angeles Times* there was a name for this kind of arrangement when he was growing up in the Italian section of Cicero, Illinois. "We called it a 'marker.' When someone does something for you, he has something on you."

20. Besides Jackie Robinson, what are the best names?

Fourth runner-up: Napoleon McCallum, Navy running back.

Third runner-up: Egypt Allen, TCU defensive back.

Second runner-up: Jitter Fields, Texas defensive back.

First runner-up: Prince McJunkins, Wichita State quarterback (last year's champion).

Winner: Vinnie Mini, Temple defensive tackle. ■

RANDY HARVEY is a sportswriter for the *Los Angeles Times*.



*Which teams will win their leagues,
which will be out of their leagues*

CONFERENCE CALLS

By Jay Lovinger

The typical college football season is like a blind date with the Invisible Man: Beforehand, it's hard to know what's going to happen; afterward, it's hard to know what did happen.

In college football, there are three reasons for this (only one for an Invisible Man blind date):

■ Though the bowl games are supposed to decide the aptly named Mythical National Championship, the best teams don't always get to play, usually because they recruited not wisely but too well for NCAA tastes. This year USC, Our Lady of Perpetual Probation, will spend New Year's Day at the beach. Clemson, the defending mythical national champion, is also likely to be barred from postseason festivities.

■ Because most major bowls are locked into conference champions, it is rare that the best of those few not on probation get to play each other. Of course, it has been known to happen. My grandfather still gets moist in the eye when he recalls the "big one in Pasadena between Wisconsin and Stanford back between the wars [Civil, WWI]."

■ In some cases, the best teams in the same conference don't even play each other. One's thoughts inevitably are drawn to Alabama, which dropped Georgia the day after Herschel Walker went from the womb to his bassinet in 4.5.

The oft-lamented result of all this is that the best team in the country is crowned by two wire-service popularity polls. What the heck. To each his own.

Considering the above, one can only marvel at the continued enthusiasm for college football by assorted alumni, waginger interests and student/non-ath-

letes. In tribute to them, and in the spirit of my bowl predictions [Editor's note: For those with short memories, Mr. Lovinger went 1-9 against the points], here are my first college conference selections:

PAC-10

WASHINGTON	8-0	ARIZONA ST.	3-4
SOUTHERN CAL	7-0	ARIZONA	3-5
UCLA	5-2	OREGON	2-6
STANFORD	5-3	CALIFORNIA	1-7
WASHINGTON ST.	4-3	OREGON ST.	0-8

Pac-10 Game of the Year—Washington at Washington State on November 20. The Huskies will be going for their first undefeated season since 1915 as well as the national title. Washington, 31-17.

SOUTHWEST

SMU	7-1	BAYLOR	3-5
ARKANSAS	7-1	RICE	2-6
TEXAS A&M	6-2	TEXAS TECH	2-6
TEXAS	4-4	TCU	1-7
HOLSTON	4-4		

SWC Game of the Year—Arkansas at SMU on November 20. The Mustangs, who will have been upset by Texas 13-7, will upset unbeaten Arkansas 21-6.

ATLANTIC COAST

NORTH CAROLINA	6-0	MARYLAND	2-4
CLEMSON	5-1	VIRGINIA	2-4
NC STATE	3-3	WAKE FOREST	0-6
DUKE	3-3		

ACC Game of the Year—Clemson vs. Wake Forest on November 27 in Tokyo. Yes, Tokyo, Japan. Never will one team have gone so far to be beaten so badly. Last year, Clemson beat Wake Forest 82-24. This year it will be 63-7.

BIG 10

ILLINOIS	7-2	PURDUE	5-4
OHIO ST.	6-2	IOWA	4-4
MICHIGAN	6-3	MICHIGAN ST.	4-5
MINNESOTA	6-3	INDIANA	1-8
WISCONSIN	5-4	NORTHWESTERN	0-9

Big 10 Game of the Year—Northwestern at Indiana on September 11. Last year, Northwestern, at that point loser of only 20 straight, dropped a 21-20 heartbreaker to Indiana (though the Wildcats easily covered a 14-point spread). This year, Indiana will extend the Wildcats' losing streak to 33 by a 14-7 score.

BIG EIGHT

OKLAHOMA	7-0	KANSAS	3-4
NEBRASKA	6-1	OKLAHOMA ST.	2-5
MISSOURI	5-2	KANSAS ST.	1-6
IOWA ST.	4-3	COLORADO	0-7

Big Eight Game of the Year—Oklahoma at Nebraska on November 20. At stake for Oklahoma: only a league title, an unbeaten season, a possible national championship and revenge for last year's 37-14 humiliation by the Huskers. This time the Sooners roll 35-10.

SOUTHEASTERN

FLORIDA	6-0	MISSISSIPPI ST.	2-4
ALABAMA	6-0	LSU	2-4
GEORGIA	5-1	KENTUCKY	1-5
ALBURN	3-3	VANDERBILT	1-5
TENNESSEE	3-3	MISSISSIPPI	1-5

SEC Game of the Year—Georgia vs. Florida in Jacksonville on November 6. Some of the top teams in this league actually play each other. The Gators will edge Herschel Walker 21-20 to tie Alabama for the SEC title.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

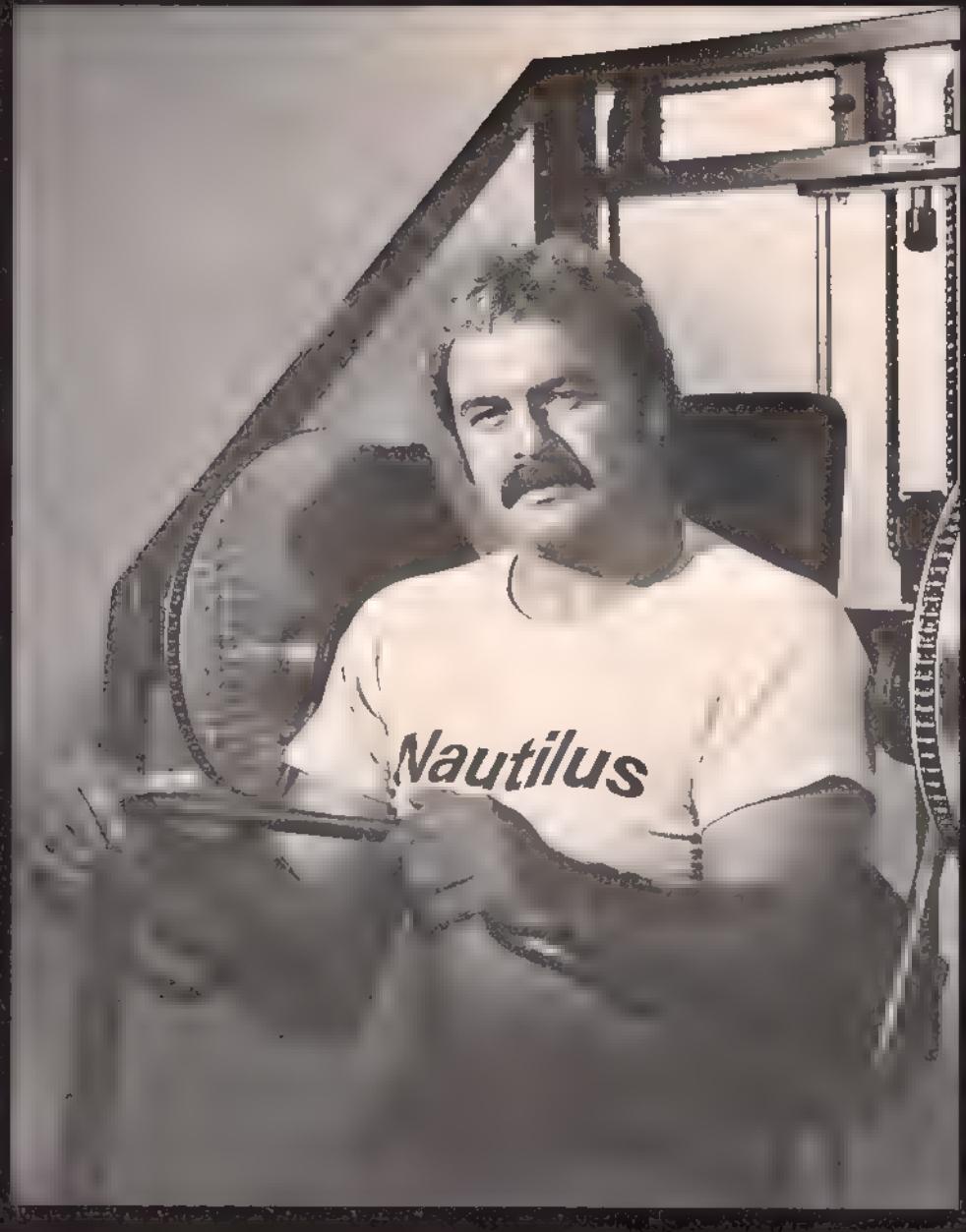
WYOMING	8-0	UTAH	2-4
HAWAII	7-1	COLORADO ST.	2-6
BRIGHAM YOUNG	6-2	TEXAS-EL PASO	1-6
NEW MEXICO	4-3	AIR FORCE	0-7
SAN DIEGO ST.	3-4		

WAC Game of the Year—If you were the Wyoming Cowboys, where would you like to be on October 2? How about in Hawaii, beating the Rainbows 21-7?

IVY

YALE	6-1	DARTMOUTH	3-4
CORNELL	5-2	PRINCETON	3-4
HARVARD	5-2	PENN	2-5
BROWN	4-3	COLUMBIA	0-7

Ivy League Game of the Year—Columbia at Penn on October 2. Philly will be hoppin' as Penn, coming off a stunning opening-day 27-17 victory over Dartmouth, crushes the Lions 38-7. ■



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How to Control the Arms Race

Just follow the Seven Commandments of Pitchdom

B

ASEBALL IS, ABOVE ALL, PITCHING, AND PITCHING IS, above all, rotation. Sluggers and speedsters are nice, fancy fielders and smart strategists helpful. And a strong bullpen is a bounteous benison. But, out of 25 men, those four or five starters are the backbone of the team.

The value of pitching is unquestioned as the game's highest good; to win a pennant race it is usually necessary to control the arms race. Just ask the 1950 Red Sox, the last team to score 1,000 runs in a season; despite a team batting average of .302 and Joe McCarthy for a manager, they finished third. When you've got Joe "Burrhead" Dobson, Chuck Stobbs and Mickey McDermott in your rotation—while the Yankees have Vic Raschi, Allie Reynolds, Eddie Lopat, Tommy Byrne and Whitey Ford—then it doesn't matter if Ted Williams is only the fourth-best hitter in your lineup.

Despite this, many of the most fundamental questions about the rotation are seldom asked outside major league dugouts. Inside them, no topic gets more attention.

Why do the same teams so often have the best rotations, as though they could grow indestructible pitchers like prize melons?

What is the proper midseason care and feeding of a rotation so that it remains in one piece for the closing run? What rotation tricks can a savvy manager pull to squeeze out a few extra victories?

How do you take over a bad team and suddenly create a rotation out of whole cloth? If you've got a lousy makeshift rotation at best, how do you fake your way through September, as a few blessed teams have done?

To find the answers to all these questions, just examine the Seven Commandments of Pitchdom.

By Thomas Boswell

I. THOU SHALT JUGGLE THY ROTATION

EARL WEAVER HAS A CALENDAR IN front of him; his pitching coach, Ray Miller, looks over his shoulder. Beside each date for the next month is penciled the name of a pitcher. When one name is moved, others shift position. The rotation, you see, is the Rubik's Cube of baseball

"When is Flanagan's wife due?" asks Weaver.

"The 11th, when we're in Oakland," says Miller. "And Mike's also scheduled to pitch that day."

"He won't be worth a damn," says Weaver, Mr. Sensitivity. The juggling of names and dates begins until, suddenly, Weaver's eyes light up. "If we move Flanagan ahead a day while we're still home, then he can work July 4 in Detroit and the eighth in Seattle and fly back home before the team, if he wants."

"He'll appreciate that," Miller says.

"Look up Flanagan's record against Oakland," says Weaver.

Miller discovers that while the southpaw owned the A's for years, he's been mediocre against them the last two years.

Weaver, assured that his sympathy isn't costing his team a dream matchup, says, "Okay, tell him it's all right to leave the coast early, as long as he flies back at his own expense."

Then Weaver adds to himself, "Besides, if we do that, McGregor will get an extra turn against California, and he's beaten the Angels 11 straight times."

Weaver looks at his big calendar, and tries to keep Jim Palmer from pitching in the Kingdome and McGregor from hurling in Fenway Park, while, at the same time, trying to twist the future so that Dennis Martinez never misses his Toronto cousins and Flanagan always gets to pick on Minnesota.

"During the season, a manager doesn't do much that's brilliant. Mostly, it's your job to make sure that you don't lose games unnecessarily," says Weaver. "Sometimes, I think about the only way I might win a couple of extra ones for us is right here."

And he taps his pencil on his rotation calendar.

II. REMEMBER THY DAILY ROUTINE AND KEEP IT WHOLLY

THE GEORGE BAMBERGER ART OF ARM maintenance is one of the game's cult phenomena. Pitchers who have worked

with him in Baltimore, Milwaukee and now New York swear by his cantankerously old-fashioned notions.

"I learned the program from [manager] Charlie Metro in the minors," says Bamberger. "I'd had a bad arm for five years and after this program, it came back. It's been bringing back arms and keeping them strong ever since."

And what is his mystery cure that brings soup bones back to life and allows a four-man rotation to work more than 1,000 innings? Acupuncture? Aerobic dance? Brain scan? Arthroscopic surgery? Laser transmutation of genes?

"You've got to play catch every day for 15 minutes," says Bamberger. "I'm not kidding. You don't know how tough it is to convince these guys they got to play soft toss continuously for 15 minutes. It's boring. Your arm gets tired because, in that time, you make a couple hundred throws."

"I tell 'em, 'If you don't renege, it'll do the same for you that it did for me, Dave McNally, Dick Hall, Mike Caldwell and a lot of others.' "

But, George, what about all the scientific exercises that other teams adore?

"They do more fancy exercises now than ever in history and there are more injuries, more sore arms, more pulled leg muscles, than ever. The more they exercise, the more they think that 200 innings is a lot of work. All you need to do is throw and run. All these new exercises are like tits on a bull—useless."

Bamberger's conditioning program is, compared to more exotic teams like the (strength training) Phillies and (aerobic dancing) Mariners, simplicity itself. First, pitchers do 10 minutes of running—sprint 75 yards, walk briskly back, then sprint again; in all, maybe 25 sprints. Then they play soft-toss for 15 minutes. Finally, they do 10 longish foul-line-to-foul-line runs along the outfield warning track, going as hard as they reasonably can. For an Olympic decathlete, this wouldn't even constitute a warmup, much less a workout. But then nobody said pitchers were athletes.

III. HONOR THY PITCHER'S SENSITIVITY

DAVE STEWART, WHO WANTS DESPERATELY to pitch his way into the rotation of the world champion Los Angeles Dodgers, tries to make himself invisible as he walks into the manager's office. Tommy Lasorda, as usual, is telling stories about his career as an itinerant bush-league southpaw. At the moment, the topic is how to find a starter when everybody in

the rotation says he's too tired.

"Once, in Havana, our [winter ball] club was being managed by Adolpho Luque, who was the meanest son of a bitch God ever made. Luque said to one of our pitchers, 'You're starting tonight.' The pitcher said, 'The hell I am. I've only got one day's rest.' Luque left and came back with a revolver as long as your arm and stuck it right in the guy's neck. The pitcher reached above his head for his traveling bag and Luque said, 'What are you reaching for?'

"'My uniform, Skip,' he says. 'You know, I got to pitch tonight.'

"And," concludes Lasorda the moralist, "the guy pitched a three-hitter."

When the chuckling stops, young Stewart approaches Lasorda and, in a voice not much above a whisper, says, "I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" booms Lasorda. "Hell, you won the game tonight!"

"Yeah, but they gave me a big lead and I didn't finish," murmurs the young righthander, who, with a 6-1 lead after six innings, had faltered. "Sorry."

"That's the attitude I want," says Lasorda. "Christ, this game's full of too many guys who can't wait to get help from the bullpen. They're always looking over their shoulder."

"When I was pitching in the minors, they couldn't get the ball away from me. I'd walk all around the mound when the manager came out. One day, he said, 'Lasorda, you can walk around all you want, but sooner or later you're going to have to come up here.'

"I remember one day I came out to get Pedro Borbon," Lasorda tells Stewart, "and when I reached for the ball, he threw it over the light tower."

"After the game Borbon said, 'Tommy, I apologize for showing you up. I was just mad at myself.'

"I said, 'Pedro, is that the first time you've ever done that?'

"He said, 'Yes.'

"So I told him, 'Then you got to do it twice more to tie me.' "

Stewart grins and leaves.

IV. BE AT THY BEST IN SEPTEMBER EVEN IF THOU MUST FAKE IT

EACH SEPTEMBER, THE STORY SEEMS TO be the same. The contenders come to the head of the stretch in a bunch, hanging in the pennant race with 30 games to play. During that month, we linger by the radio, listening for partial scores. Slowly, we recognize a familiar pattern. The

same teams seem to have the same score almost every night: "And the Dodgers lead 1-0 at the end of four." Or it might be the Phillies, Yankees, Royals, Orioles or Expos.

This lucky team never seems to have anything bad happen to it for at least four or five innings. Even though the club must be tight and feeling pressure, the opposition allows it to make the first move, take the early lead, establish the tenor of the game.

Then the final score arrives. It has won again. The finals don't form as clear a shape as those early-evening returns. Most often the score is 3-2, but it could also be 7-3. These few teams seem immune to misfortune.

What's the reason? It's the pitching rotation. A team in a tight pennant battle can have no greater tangible advantage, no more basic psychological crutch, than dependable starting pitchers.

"The pennant race comes down to September and September usually comes down to one thing—your pitching rotation," says Bamberger. "The good pitchers get better when the thing gets tough, and the not-so-good ones are worn out and show it."

Then there are notable exceptions.

In 1967 in Boston, Dick Williams had a rotation with no balance (all righthanders), only one true quality starter (Jim Lonborg) and, essentially, a one-man bullpen (Fat John Wyatt). If any club ever faked its way through a pennant race, that was the one.

For two months, Williams juggled like a mad man. His only constant was Lonborg's never missing a turn and, toward the end, working on two days' rest. As for the other folks in a weird, five-man rotation—Gary Bell, Lee Stange, Darrell Brandon and Jose Santiago—they seldom knew whether they'd be starting or waking up in the bullpen. Bell saved three games while starter Stange was called out of the pen 11 times. Brandon (19 starts, 20 relief games) and Santiago (11 starts, 39 relief) were schizophrenics, appearing more times in relief, even though most of their innings were as starters.

Now, Williams just laughs at those closing weeks of madness. "All our starters would go to the bullpen on their 'throw day,'" says Williams, meaning the second day after a start. "We'd wait to see if we needed them for an inning or two. If we didn't, then they'd do their off-day throwing."

It's one thing to ask for an inning on a throw day. It's another to ask for a complete game with two days' rest. What Williams did not do was commit the cardinal sin of wearing out half a

rotation while losing confidence in the other half. That had already been done in textbook fashion by Gene Mauch in September of '64 when he brought back Jim Bunning three times and Chris Short twice on two days' rest and the Phils lost every time. That helped them blow a 6½-game lead as they lost 10 in a row. "I wish I could have done as good a job as the players," said the young Mauch manfully.

"Actually, the best part of our rotation that last month in '67 might have been Carl Yastrzemski," says Williams. "Don't think any hitter ever had a month like that. Every time he came up, we had two more runs and that makes the pitching look a lot better."

At his next stop in Oakland, Williams had a nucleus of starters—Catfish Hunter, Vida Blue and Ken Holtzman—which lacked only one more member of the firm to move into the great-rotations category along with the early '50s quartet of Early Wynn, Bob Feller, Bob Lemon and "Big Bear" Mike Garcia or the Baltimore crews of 1969-71.

As September arrives, those teams with proven quality starters have a history—if they're still in the race—of reassembling their rotations and making a rush. On the other hand, clubs that have been patching and bailing all season, sometimes find that their makeshift heroes are wearing out.

Once a club reaches the stretch, it can often, with the help of September off days, trim its rotation to three men. In addition, a club should almost always cut down to three starters once it reaches postseason play. The 1981 Dodgers did this, riding three men—Fernando Valenzuela, Jerry Reuss and Burt Hooton—all the way to a World Series victory.

V. THOU SHALT COVET A GREAT ROTATION WITH A MAKESHIFT BULLPEN OVER A GREAT BULLPEN WITH A MEDIOCRE ROTATION

"I THINK BASEBALL'S REACHED THE point where, for most clubs, relief pitching is the more important half of the pitching staff," says Sparky Anderson.

"And I'm saying that as one of the managers who goes the longest with his four starters. Right now, on this team, my starter will be beat before I take him out. Why? Because. . ." says Anderson, nodding toward the outfield bullpen, the bullpen that has betrayed Detroit's high hopes all season

What Anderson wishes is that he were back as Captain Hook with the Cincinnati Reds, the world champs of '75 and '76. "Pitching and defense is the key to winning, always has been. But it doesn't matter where the pitching comes from," says Anderson. "In Cincinnati, I'd start anybody, any warm body that we could get four or five innings from, and then I'd get the bullpen going. We had Rawley Eastwick, Will McEnaney, Pedro Borbon and Clay Carroll. You wouldn't believe all the one-, two- and three-run games we played in which we used four or five different pitchers."

In '75, for instance, no Red hurler worked more than 211 innings or won more than 15 games; the four most-used starters averaged only 192 innings. The whole team had a pathetic 22 complete games. Yet those Reds won 108 games, the most in the National League since 1909. And, thanks to four excellent short relievers and two decent spot starters and long men, plus 50 saves, only three teams in baseball allowed less runs than those Reds who were known as strictly a slugging machine.

"Ralph Houk is doing the same thing in Boston now with Mark Clear, Bob Stanley, Luis Aponte and Tom Burremeier," says Anderson.

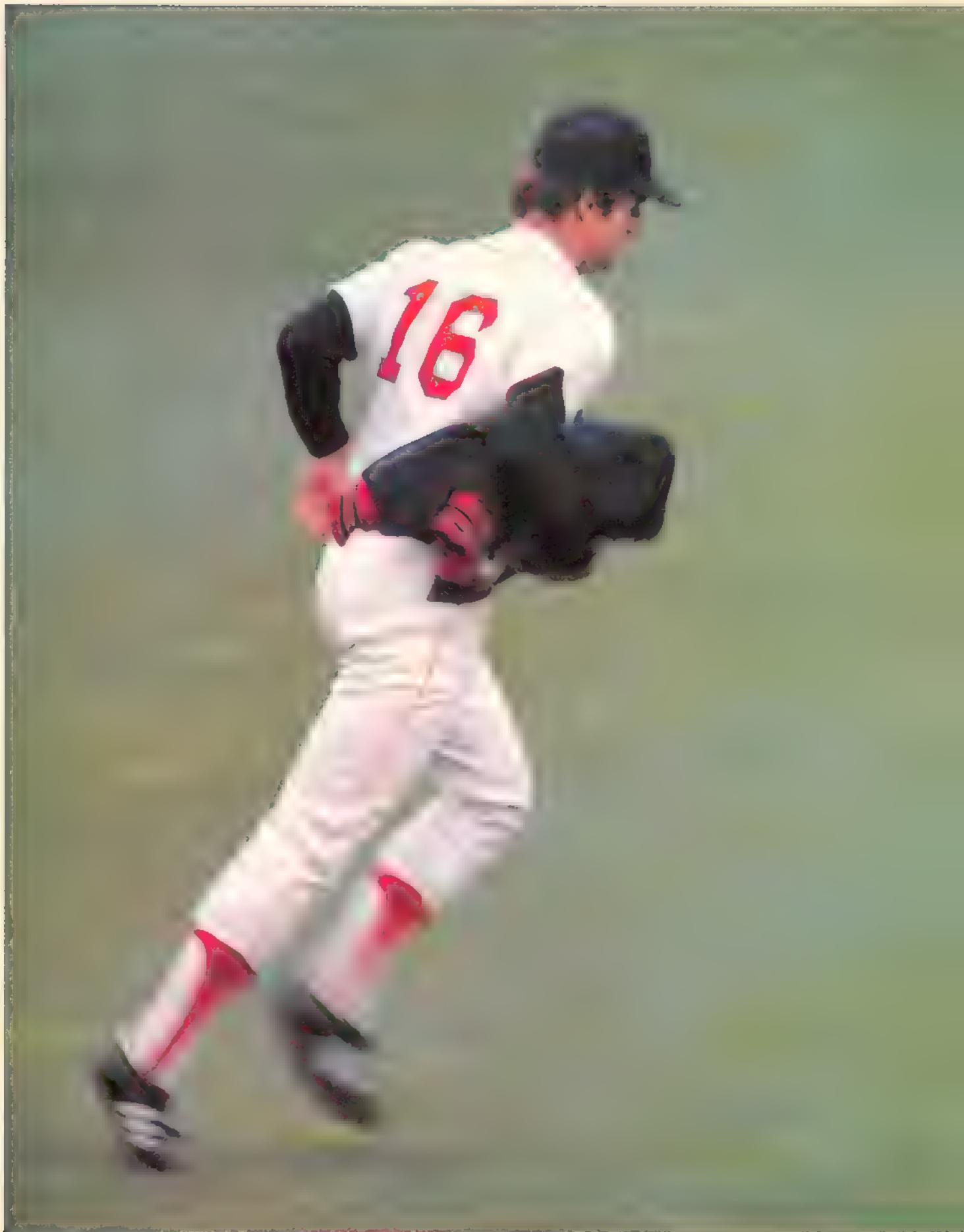
"I remember," says Bamberger, "when Dave McNally, Mike Cuellar, Jim Palmer and Pat Dobson all won 20 games for us in Baltimore in '71 . greatest rotation I ever saw. From the seventh inning on, if they had a one-run lead, they smelled victory and wiped 'em out. When they didn't hold the lead, that's when you were surprised.

"They'd all reach back for that little extra desire. Why can't you be your own relief? Now, it's changing. I hate to see all these pitchers, leading 2-1, 3-2 in the sixth or seventh, start slowing down and looking out at the bullpen. They just want to be taken out in a situation where they can only win; they're protecting their record."

The era of the partial game pitcher is so securely with us that well-known hurlers who would once have taken umbrage at being called "seven-inning pitchers" are now willing to call themselves "six-inning pitchers." New York's Ron Guidry freely cites the strong Yankee bullpen and the way he's seldom asked to work more than six or seven innings as major reasons he re-signed with New York last winter.

Baltimore's Jim Palmer is, as usual, a more complex example. He thinks he's still a great six-inning pitcher, in the Guidry mold. However, his stubborn manager, Weaver, still thinks he's the

[Continued on page 76]



If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Burgmeier

Ralph Houk is bringing order

to the Red Sox bullpen

Ladies and gentlemen, coming in to pitch for the Red Sox, No. 16. Burgmeier, No. 16." Thus speaks the voice of Sherm Feller, the public-address announcer at Fenway Park since 1967. Sherm's getting a little more activity this year. At the All-Star break, Boston's starters

were in a virtual tie with the Brewers for first. The principal reason for Boston's good fortune can be attributed to the mainstays of its bullpen—Mark Clear, Bob Stanley, Luis Aponte, Tom Burgmeier—under the masterful orchestration of manager Ralph Houk.





The deep bullpen is not a recent phenomenon. It's the way that Houk deploys his coterie of arms from the far reaches of rightfield that sets him apart. "I've been here for two years now," says All-Star reliever Mark Clear, master of a three-quarter curveball that has been coined the "Cleaver," "and Ralph's only used me on successive days once." Burgmeier: "Pitching for Ralph is great. When he

calls on you, you know you can give him three, four, five strong innings—whatever he asks—'cause he's not going to use you again till you're ready." Houk has created a bullpen that is not only deep, but flexible.

"It's not profound what I'm doing," says Houk. "Clear, he's my short man. Stanley, he's my long man. And Aponte and Burgmeier, well, they'll do what I tell





Burgmeier (warming up at left, and below) gives Ralph Houk the versatility that makes his bullpen rotation work. Twice he has entered the game in the second inning, once going eight innings to win. Clear (bottom left) earned 6 wins and 11 saves during the first half of the season.



them to, short or long." The prevailing philosophy in baseball today is to ride your hot reliever. If this means pitching him three or four days in a row, so be it. What Houk has established is a system that *rotates* his relievers. What we have here is the *Bullpen Rotation*. The distribution of innings among the members of the bullpen is relatively even and when a reliever is called upon, he is reasonably well-

rested. This is no small feat considering that the "Big Four" had accounted for almost one-third of Boston's innings pitched.

According to Peter Gammons, who covers the Red Sox for *The Boston Globe*, "What Houk is doing is trying to increase the possibility that the reliever he has in the game is pitching at his maximum efficiency every time out." Not such a bad premise

Profound? No. Radical? Maybe. In any event, a new way of thinking has sprung up among baseball fans all over New England.

From late May through late June, as the Red Sox marched to the top of the standings in the AL East, the starting staff went for 32 games without a nine-inning complete game. During that stretch the bullpen compiled an 8-3 record with eight saves. And, of course, no

reliever was used two days in a row. At the All Star break, the bullpen had appeared in 84 per cent of Boston's games and figured in 38 of its 49 wins with nary a trace of a sore arm. And should the Olde Towne Team stay in it to the end, most of the credit will go to its happy and healthy bullpen. After all, if it's Monday, this must be Stanley.

—Bob Phillips

[Continued from page 71]

old nine-inning Palmer. In September of '80, Palmer was shown a statistic that said that, for the entire season, his ERA for the first six innings was under 2.00, from the first batter of the seventh onward, it was over 9.00. Instead of being insulted by this stat, Palmer's instant reaction was, "Show that to Earl, please. I've been trying to get him to understand that for two years."

Two years later, the late-inning debate between the Baltimore odd couple continues, Palmer asking to leave, Weaver growling for him to stay on the mound.

"When you start ducking the hard part of the game," says Bamberger, "that seems to take some of the personality out of the sport."

"Four starters who have a proper conditioning program can all go 275-300 innings. The record books prove it. You need a fifth starter in spots."

In recent years, Chuck Tanner in Pittsburgh and Whitey Herzog in St. Louis have also had success with teams whose starting staffs were, without question, in the league's bottom half. What's happenin'?

"Nothing's much harder than building an excellent rotation," says Anderson, who is trying to do just that in Detroit. "Baseball people aren't stupid. Nobody gives up good pitching for good hitting [in a trade]. You only get pitching by giving pitching. You have to develop your own through the farm system. And that's tough, because there will never be more trial-and-error mistakes than in pitching."

Anderson has reached the conclusion that, for most teams, it is easier to find four guys who can provide one or two good innings of relief every other day than it is to find four pitchers so talented that they can give nine good innings every fourth or fifth day.

Nonetheless, even Anderson admits, "You got to have one guy, at least, who can go out and just slam the door to stop a losing streak. That overpowering stopper gives your club such a lift. And nothing drains a team mentally like a long losing streak."

For a month this summer, Anderson's stopper—Jack Morris—suddenly went from the All-Star Game starter of '81 to the most shell-shocked pitcher in baseball in '82. In six consecutive starts, Morris was demolished, his ERA 13.09. Detroit lost 17 of 21 and fell way out of first place.

Finally, if he were given his choice between a great rotation and a makeshift bullpen, or a great bullpen with mediocre starters, which would he choose?

"I'd probably take the rotation."

VI. TRUST IN THY THIRD AND FOURTH STARTERS

THE ESSENCE OF A ROTATION IS HAVING four or occasionally five starters, all of whom are consistent and trusted. Over 162 games, three solid men just aren't enough. This year has been the perfect example.

The keys to a solid rotation are the third and fourth starters. They're each one-fourth of the rotation, the same as the ace is.

When the ace goes sour, or is injured, it actually has a double impact on a staff. The secondary curse is that, in effect, a club's fourth- and fifth-best starters suddenly assume the importance of the third and fourth starters. That sounds trivial, but, in practice, it can be very debilitating. For instance, when the Dodgers suddenly lost Hooton and the Yankees lost Dave Righetti, strange and unqualified folks began getting the ball for starting assignments. In Los Angeles, Stewart went from a qualified spot starter and long reliever to an unproven rotation regular; the world champ's spot starter became (shudder) Vicente Romo. In New York, Righetti's departure for the minors created an ugly rotation that, at times, included promising but unprepared Mike Morgan and career loser Roger Erickson.

Before the season, the best rotations in baseball, based on past performance, figured to be in Los Angeles, Montreal, Houston, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Oakland and New York.

But that was before.

■ Hooton got injured and won only one game through late July.

■ Ray Burris, an Expo mainstay in '81, began the year 3-11.

■ Houston's Bob Knepper, No. 2 in the NL in ERA in '81, was 3-10 at the All-Star break

■ Tom Seaver, the top percentage pitcher in baseball in '81 (.875), began this year 4-10 with a 5.46 ERA.

■ Palmer either pitched poorly, begged out in the late innings or pulled himself out of the rotation with mysterious injuries so often that Baltimore's shallow bullpen was shredded trying to compensate for him.

■ Almost the whole Oakland rotation finally got the sore arms predicted for it after bringing Martin glory with 94 complete games in '80.

■ Righetti's delivery and control were so messed up he was back in the minors for three weeks.

As a consequence, none of these seven teams has found '82 as pleasant as it had expected. Conversely, several teams

thought to have mediocre rotations have stayed in pennant races far longer than expected because they managed to find third and fourth starters who held together much better than anticipated. Seattle unearthed universal castoff Gaylord Perry and stole Gene Nelson from the Yankees. The Phillies made a sharp trade for Mike Krukow and got help from the annually exasperating Larry Christensen. The Padres got John Montefusco for next to nothing and discovered two hot pitchers in Tim Lollar and Chris Welsh, both also compliments of the Yankees. California has gotten unbelievable mileage out of a pair of 35-year-olds, Geoff Zahn and Ken Forsch, plus 37-year-old Steve Renko.

Bamberger explains best why four decent gents can often do better than a rotation of stars and a couple of major disappointments: "When you've got a solid rotation, you always feel that sometime during the season you're going to have a winning streak of at least eight games in a row, 'cause sooner or later, all four of those guys are going to have good outings back-to-back. And you know you're probably never going to have a long losing streak because who's going to beat all four of those guys in a row?

"On the other hand, great hitting teams with a weak starter or two are always getting their winning streaks broken up before they get momentum."

VII. THOU SHALT ALWAYS SEEK NEW SOLUTIONS

A GOOD PITCHING STAFF NEEDS A SECRET weapon—a great trainer. "He's the extra man in the rotation," says Bamberger. "He's got to be a doctor and a counselor and, to tell the truth, an all-around medicine man who's slinging the bull and pumping guys up."

"A few years ago we had a starter who was raving about this special new stuff that the trainer was rubbing into his shoulder before he pitched. He said the stuff kind of fizzed and stung when you put it on, and then it got sticky and warm. Said it was helping him a lot."

"So I asked, 'What are you using on him? Maybe the other pitchers ought to try it.'

"The trainer told me, 'This guy kept asking if I had anything new or special. So I figured he thought he needed something. I looked around to see what I had. I rubbed the only thing on him that I could find. Coca-Cola.'"

THOMAS BOSWELL covers baseball for The Washington Post.



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IF YOU WERE JOHN McENROE...

...the U.S. Open would look like this

Ilie Nastase picks up a chair in one hand, a six-pack in the other, heads for the shower, turns on the faucet, sits down, tears the tab off a can of beer, tilts his head back into the cascade and empties the can without pausing for breath. Half an hour later, he gets up and ambles amiably back to the locker room, leaving the water running and the chair and six empty beer cans in the shower.

This is your first U.S. Open as a player, and while you had expected something like that from Nastase, not much else is what you anticipated. Your first surprise is the application form—"a \$20 entry fee will be deducted from your prize-money check," it announces in red type, so even if you win it'll only come to \$8,980. (If you're a qualifier, you have to pay only \$10, but

By Ross Wetzsteon

Photograph by David Walberg



they want it up front, in cash.) Your second surprise is that although the 32 seeded men and women players have some amenities (VIP parking, first crack at the whirlpool), their separate locker rooms, on the other side of the showers, are far less luxurious than the ones the others use—18 by 20 or so, almost dingy, nothing but three rows of lockers and a couple of benches.

But the players seem to like the setup at the USTA National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadow. As one of them puts it, "The facilities are your basic tennis club, but they treat you like a professional, not like Wimbledon, where they treat you like an unfortunate occupational hazard of running a tennis tournament."

On the first day—after Bill Talbert has set the draw by pulling names out of the trophy—you share a courtesy mini-van with a couple of other players from your Manhattan hotel and stop at the players' trailer to pick up your badge, which entitles you to one free meal a day at the players' restaurant. (They're more careful after last year, when some guy strode through the front gate with John McEnroe's badge pinned to his shirt.) You enter the main building, climb a flight of stairs and walk through the players' lounge—all fake leather and real formica—past pictures of Arthur Ashe and John Newcombe, to the men's locker room. Bright red lockers, a mottled blue rug, slatted butcher-block benches, a single full-length mirror, scales. There are only three urinals, and two communal shower areas for five players at a time, but it's all right. Some of the guys are taping up, some are doing calisthenics—Connors jumps rope, McEnroe prefers situps, Borg lies on his back and stretches—and a dozen guys, gathered around a TV set mounted on a temporary wooden platform six feet off the floor, are watching the matches on the CBS feed—not a live broadcast, just taping for the night's highlights. There's not much tension yet, they're cheering on their friends, horsing around, locker-room stuff. You do overhear one of the pros, though: "That's the third leak that guy's taken in 15 minutes. I'll give you 10-1 he doesn't make the second round."

Don Budge stopped by one year, one of the players tells you, to deliver his favorite line: "My serve had more depth than Borg's groundstrokes." Someone asks if McEnroe has any weaknesses. "Your best bet," says a player in the middle of the computer, "is to get him to double-fault. Talk about touch. Do you know why he rolls those two balls back and forth on his racket before he serves? He's looking for the one that's

lightest." Connors? He's a great guy if he wins, but if he loses he doesn't even come back to the locker room to change. He'll go right to his car with one of his bodyguard buddies and drive away. Gerulaitis gets a lot of kidding—especially about the time he requested that his guest tickets be located in four different corners of the stadium, so the four young ladies, they say, wouldn't run into one another.

No way of knowing whether you'll go out in 30 minutes or 2½ hours. Somebody on your scheduled court could get wiped out in three quick sets or two guys could dog it out through five. You hear about one player on the circuit, not regarded as a potential brain surgeon, who said, when somebody predicted that a match he was watching on the feed would probably go on another 90 minutes, "Hell, they'll be out there longer than that, 1½ hours at least." Occasionally one of the players will wander out to watch one of the matches, and there's a private line if you want to call for an up-to-the-minute score of a match not on the feed. Gerulaitis is impatient—he'd been three minutes from taking his court when some guy blew a tiebreaker and they had to start another set—and announces he's going out "to buy some groceries." "In his Rolls?" one of the players asks.

Players are paged over a loudspeaker half an hour before they're expected to go on. "Please report to the operations desk immediately." There you meet your official escort, who walks you down a long corridor, past those vending machines that specialize in stuff like Ring Dings and key chains, out through the crowd of spectators in the entrance plaza and over to one of 16 courts. Or, if you're playing center court, through a series of concrete tunnels and staircases until you finally reach a roped-off barrier 20 feet from courtside, where you wait until the PA system introduces you. A lot of pros have superstitions—avoiding stepping on the service line seems to be the most common—but the players don't seem to care on which side of the umpire's chair they sit. They just peel off like any two guys playing an hour of singles.

Your first match is on center court, and although you win in three easy sets against one of the eight wild-card entries, several things surprise you. For one thing, the DecoTurf II surface isn't nearly so fast as you thought it'd be, but, even more surprising, as you look up at the sharply raked seats on all four sides, you find yourself playing at the bottom of this enormous bowl. While the heat is bad enough, the noise and wind are far worse. La Guardia tries to re-route planes during the Open, but when one

does fly over, the bowl focuses the sound so intensely it's like standing 20 feet behind the engine. And wind? On CBS, Pat Summerall keeps talking about "gusts," but until you've actually tried to put away a lob on center court, you don't realize that a tennis ball can go in four different directions between the time you set up and the time you pull the trigger. It looks like an easy smash on TV, but inside that bowl it's harder than hitting Hoyt Wilhelm.

Back in the locker room, you watch the other players. Everybody likes Mel Purcell, he's one of the nicest guys in the world, and Vijay Amritraj, too (though, as one of the players puts it, "He'd rather look graceful than win"). You stay away from the seeded players, you learn. Lendl's shy, Borg doesn't say much to anyone and McEnroe looks just as sullen here as he does on court. (He doesn't just complain about line calls, he chews out one of the attendants because he thinks the shower's going to give him athlete's foot.) Arthur Ashe was the best tipper, \$20 or even \$50. The worst, perhaps? Peter Fleming. And don't come near one of the top 10 when he's tying his shoelaces. He's in his own world, compulsively tying and retying and retying them, half a dozen times at least.

"What's it like in here if you reach the finals?" you ask an attendant named Carl. Two guys going one-on-one for the title—imagine the tension of two championship boxers sharing the same locker room

Last year, Borg and McEnroe arrive long before the match. They nod at each other, then don't say a word. All alone for nearly three hours, just Borg and McEnroe and a couple of attendants, and they don't say a single word. McEnroe does his exercises—situps, pushups, jumping rope—and wanders around itchily, tapping his racket on the wall. Borg just sits on one of the benches, facing the lockers, leaning forward, shoulders hunched, staring at the floor.

You don't get that far, of course. You're eliminated in the second round and pick up your check for \$2,100—oops, almost forgot, \$2,080. But at least now you know what the U.S. Open's like from a player's point of view. One more surprise, though. You may have won a match on center court, but when you step into the USTA shower, the water keeps coming out too hot or too cold, and it takes you two or three minutes to adjust the damn thing. The U.S. Open? It could be any club in the country. ■

ROSS WETZSTEON's last piece for INSIDE SPORTS was "The 10 Greatest Matches."



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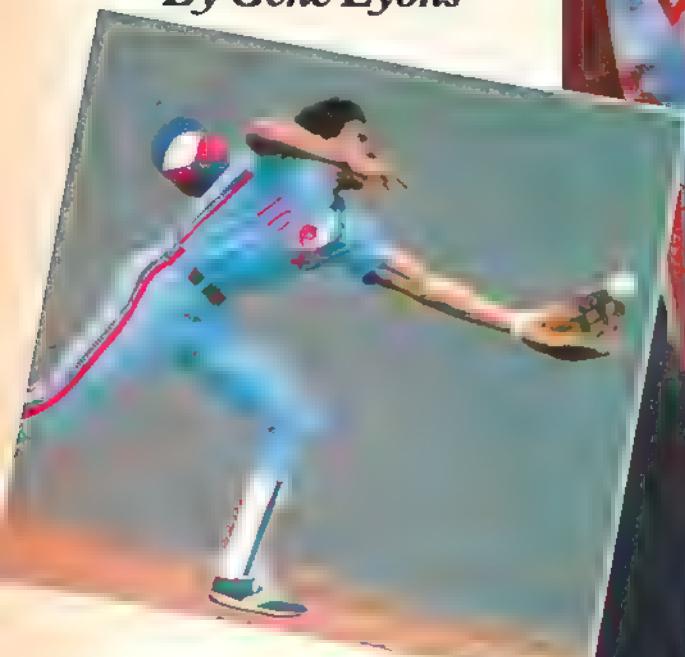
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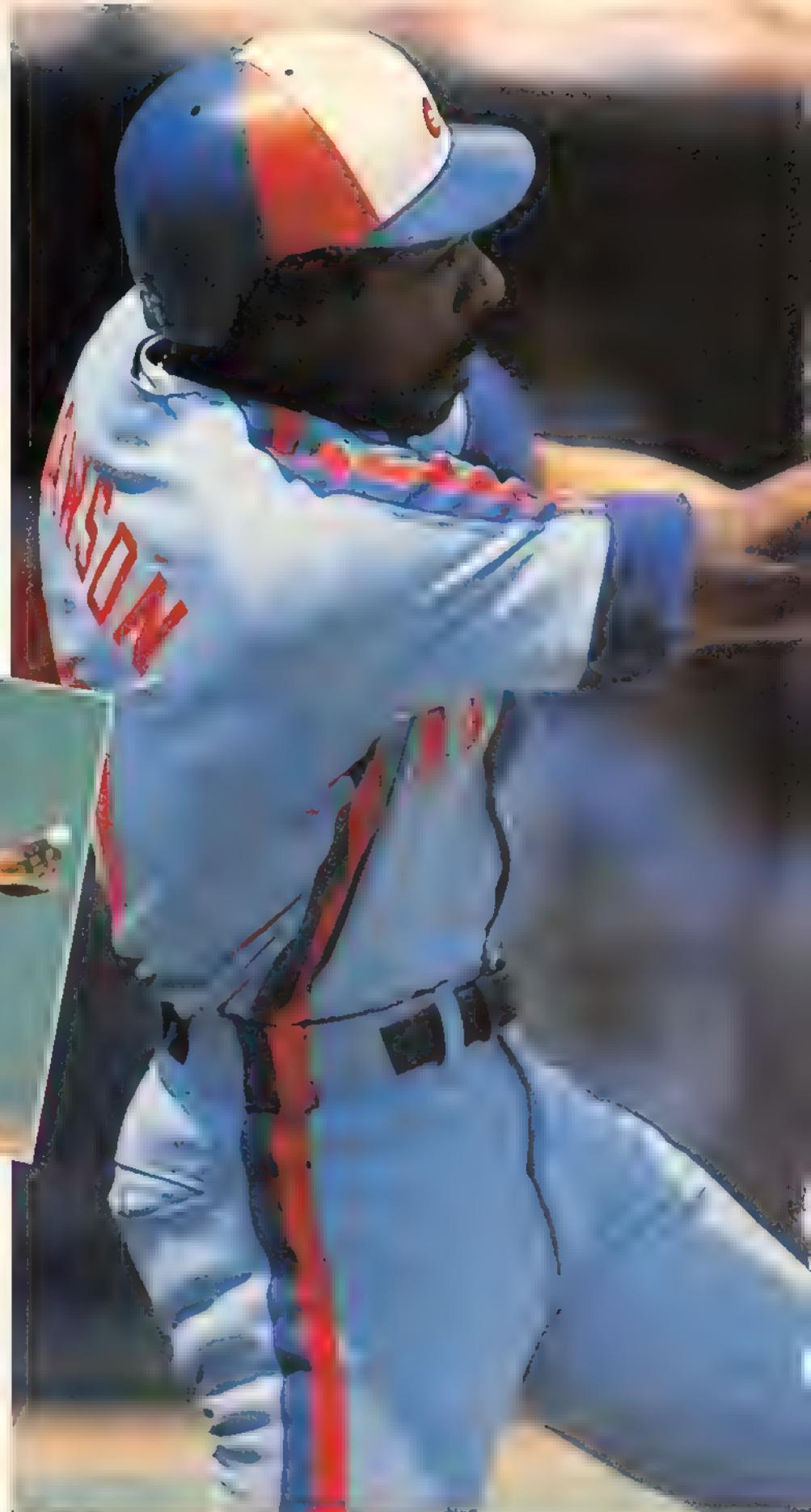
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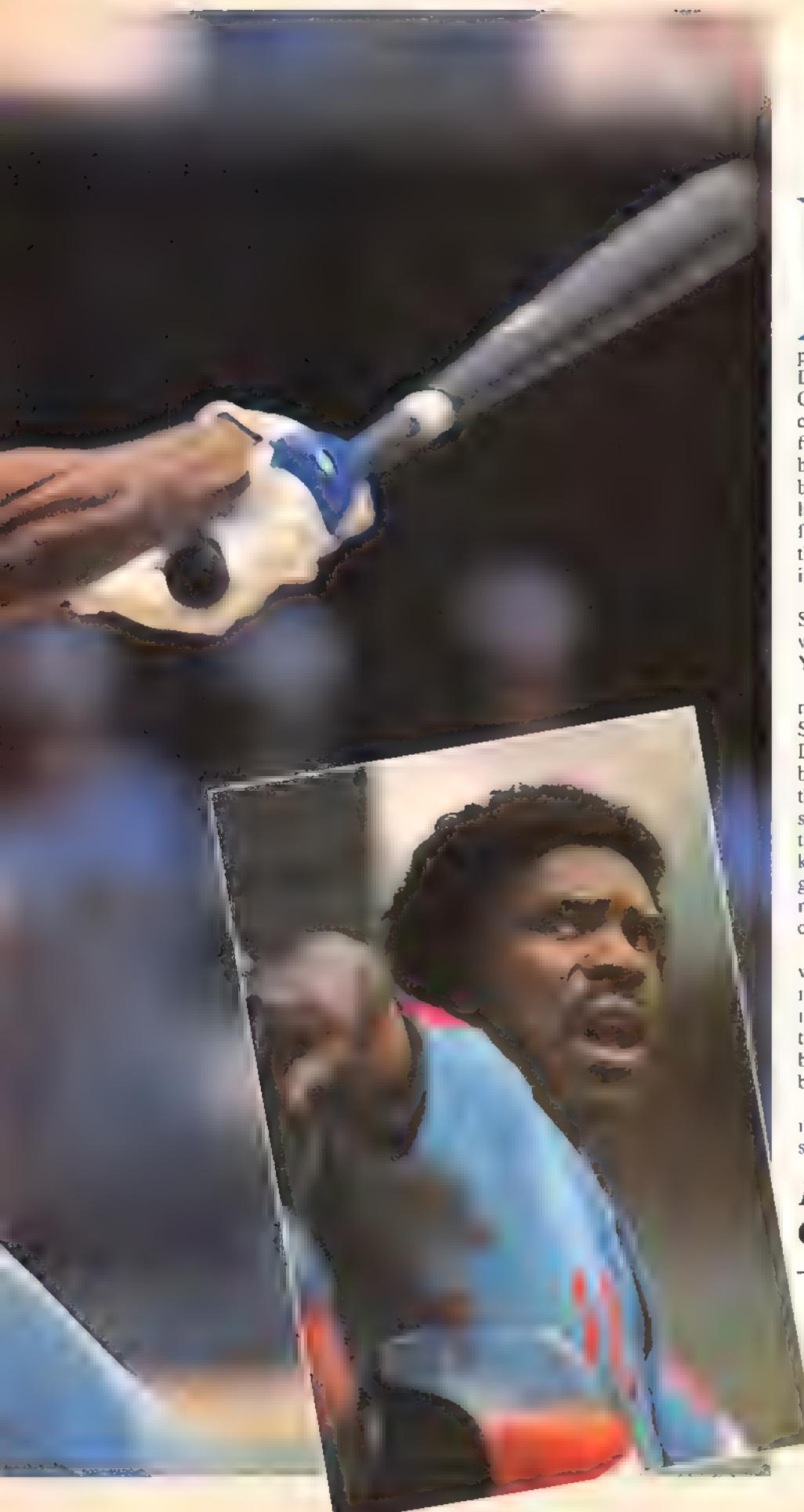
A NDRE THE GIANT

By Gene Lyons



He has the body of Thomas Hearns as a heavyweight, the concentration of Bjorn Borg and an endorsement of greatness by Tom Seaver. He's Andre Dawson.





DUKE SNIDER IS POSSIBLY THE only man in Canada, outside a big league uniform, who might presume to offer advice on hitting to Andre Dawson. The former Dodger centerfielder, Hall of Famer and Montreal Expo play-by-play broadcaster had spotted Dawson and Jerry White on the way to Olympic Stadium. Always a hustler, he caught up with the two Montreal outfielders in the metro station. Dawson's batting average was around .300, but the ball was not jumping off the bat as it had last season. So right there on the platform, while the three men waited for their train, Snider offered Dawson an impromptu batting lesson.

"They're jamming you inside," Snider said. "They do that to tall guys who like to get their arms extended. You're fouling the pitches off."

The 6'3" Dawson, whom his teammates call Hawk, said nothing. But Snider could tell he was paying attention. Dawson was doing his bird-of-prey number. When he concentrates on something, the muscles in his broad, expressive face tighten. His eyes sharpen under the bony ridge of his brow. If you didn't know him, you might think he was angry. In which case you'd be inclined to move along. He's a formidable-looking customer, this Dawson.

Snider assumed a batting stance. "I was able to take a ball as much as six inches off the plate, drive it, and keep it in fair territory," he said. "You've got to tuck your fanny under you like this, and bring your hands right in against your body."

He mimicked the action, demonstrating a couple of swings. Still, Dawson said nothing. He asked no questions nor

***Photographs by
Chuck Solomon***

***Dawson is
shooting for
his third
straight .300
season and
third straight
Gold Glove***

did he take any cuts himself. A grown man looks a little undignified miming baseball swings on a subway platform. The demonstration lasted about five minutes, though, and Dawson's gaze never wandered.

When Snider had finished the lesson, he asked, "Do you understand what I did?"

"Yes," Dawson answered.

"Well, work on it," Snider said. "If you think it'll help, store it in your computer and use it."

"Thank you," Dawson said.

And that was it. The train came, taking the three men to the ballpark.

Snider was neither surprised nor offended by Dawson's near silence. He knew Dawson respected him and he knew Dawson's capacity to learn. Even so, had the Expos' All-Star centerfielder profited from Snider's advice?

"Well, we both saw him last night, didn't we?" Snider said a month later in Houston.

We had indeed. Dawson had passed up the curves low and away that Vern Ruhle and Dave Smith hoped to get him to wave at, then pounded an inside slider and a fastball over the plate into the leftfield seats. He is the only visiting player this year to hit two home runs in the Astrodome, that slugger's graveyard where the lights are dim and the air is still. Then in the ninth inning, with the bases loaded, Dawson turned a tight fastball from George Cappuzzello into a wicked topspin drive down the leftfield line for a two-run double. Two pitches in on the fists, one mistake, 10 total bases and four runs batted in. That's paying attention.

Snider told the story not to take credit for Dawson's coming out of his early-season slump—if that is what it was. Snider wanted to emphasize Dawson's personal qualities. Sheer ability is one thing. But character counts, too. It is the combination that makes baseball people pause and start ticking off teams and players on their fingers when asked whether Dawson is, or is about to become, the designated nonpareil—the one man in baseball against whom other players are measured. What they say is that if Dawson is not there yet, neither is he fully the player he has the potential to be.

Even in the second year of a five-year, \$5 million contract, Dawson hasn't begun reading *The Wall Street Journal* in the whirlpool or taking long, chatty lunches over amusing little wines. He's happier at the ballpark, where the guys know his style. But he's no dumb jock. When Dawson is not talking, he is listening and watching. And what he hears and

sees, he practices. Quietly, but hard. He has always been like that. Which is why, they all say, he keeps getting better all the time.

The Road to Oz

"Just about the only trouble I can remember getting into as a child was breaking the neighbors' broomsticks hitting rocks. I did it every day, sometimes for hours. Most of my friends played baseball because it was the thing to do in the summer. Football was their sport. But for me it was always baseball."

—Andre Dawson

ANDRE DAWSON'S DREAM WAS nothing different than that of thousands of other kids' across America. He wanted to be a major leaguer. He was obsessed with baseball. While his classmates would be working on reading or math, Dawson would be making up boxscores.

His childhood was a happy one. He and his wife Vanessa grew up in the kind of neighborhood where everyone knew just about everyone else, the streets were relatively safe, drugs and "problem kids" practically unheard of. Things have gotten rougher in his part of Miami lately, but his mother still lives there and he stays nearby.

"I never thought of playing baseball as a way to escape the ghetto, or anything like that," he says. He leaves the impression that if he had his way, the word "ghetto" in reference to places where black people live would be stricken from the language. Or at least used more sparingly.

The oldest of eight children—four sisters and three brothers—Dawson grew up in a home with his mother and grandmother. His father was a career Army man, a virtual stranger most of Dawson's youth, who never married his mother. She baked cakes in a cafeteria and, despite the help and support of her own brothers, young Andre knew responsibility early. But he doesn't consider that he came from a poor family.

"I can't think of anything important that I needed as a child that we didn't have," he says.

When Dawson wasn't daydreaming about life in the majors, he was playing like a dream. As a nine-year-old he was the star shortstop on a team for 12-year-olds run by his Uncle Curtis Taylor. Another uncle had been a Triple A infielder in the Pittsburgh Pirate system and a third uncle had outrun Olympic

sprinter Bob Hayes in a high school track meet. Obviously, Dawson had the right genes. "When I was a child I was always told I had ability that stood out above others," Dawson says.

He had hoped to sign a pro contract after high school. He went to a Kansas City Royal tryout in 1972, but at 18 was only about 5-10 and 160 pounds, was recovering from knee surgery required after a football injury—he played free safety—and was told he didn't have the speed. Dawson didn't understand. His best time in the 40-yard dash is 4.4 seconds, he can run 4.5 consistently, and he wasn't much slower then. He settled for a baseball scholarship to Florida A&M, pleasing his mother and grandmother, who wanted him to stay in school. Then because Florida A&M was known as a football school, he thinks, he played in relative obscurity. But after sweeping a doubleheader from the University of Miami, a perennial collegiate power, he and his teammates received more attention.

Still, he was not drafted by the Expos until the 11th round in 1975, making him the 251st player chosen. Dawson's good friend, teammate and fellow Miamian, Warren Cromartie, thinks Dawson was passed over because baseball was reluctant even that recently to deal with black city kids. But Dawson himself thinks scouts simply underrated him. (You can learn a lot about how baseball is a game of skill and experience by trying to imagine an Earl Campbell or Mark Aguirre going unclaimed for that long.)

Body Beautiful

"When he first came up and they decided to put him in center, I thought he wouldn't make it because his arm was too weak. I figured he'd have to play leftfield. He's made me have to eat my words."

—Duke Snider

DAWSON MAY WELL BE THE MOST talented all-around athlete in baseball. He even looks too good to be true. Although Dawson is 6-3 and weighs 192, his racehorse legs and narrow hips make him appear to be about 20 pounds lighter in uniform. Wrap him in a locker-room towel, though, and you'd swear he was sent over from central casting to star in one of those awful commercials featuring pseudo-jocks who look terrific until the action starts. No real ballplayer, it seems, could be built so absolutely perfect for speed and power.



Though he has never stolen 40 bases or hit 40 home runs, Dawson wants to be the first to do both in the same season

Imagine boxer Thomas Hearns as a heavyweight—wide shoulders, a deep, muscular chest, sinewy arms, thick wrists and big hands—and you've got Dawson. Except that he got it all from doing pushups and situps, the Nautilus people are fools if they don't sign him for endorsements.

Once he became a pro, there was no holding back Dawson. In 1976, his first full season, he hit .357 in just 40 games with AA Quebec and was promoted to Montreal's AAA Denver farm club while that team was on the road. Expo coach Vern Rapp, who managed Denver, remembers his debut: "Hawk hit something like 11 home runs in his first 10 days with us. Meanwhile, the Expos were on their way to losing 107 games. We were afraid we'd never get him back

to Denver so our fans could see him." But they did. And what they saw was a .350 hitter in 74 games. It would be pointless to keep him down on the farm. It's hard to teach a young man the finer points of the game when he's terrorizing the league's pitchers. And so Dawson was brought up by the Expos in September.

"When I first came to Montreal they started comparing me to the best center-fielders—Garry Maddox came up a lot," says Dawson. He says things like that as if he were giving his name, rank and serial number. When asked, he says he is a religious man, and the steward of his own gifts. But he prefers not to proselytize and does not think God takes a preferential interest in who wins ball-games.

If Dawson had more raw talent than any rookie to come along in years, it was just that—raw. In 1977, he was a success—he was rookie of the year—but like most such, it was qualified. While he hit .282 with 19 home runs and 65 RBIs

and stole 21 bases, he also struck out 93 times. In centerfield his speed helped make up for his not always getting a good jump on fly balls. He was not terribly adept at charging balls hit in front of him. Dawson went to school on the basics, shagging flies by the hour and working on throwing mechanics.

"He went from having what was a fair major league arm to a very good one," manager Jim Fanning says. "And that is a long span."

But hitting is a lot harder than fielding and throwing, and a skeptical observer during Dawson's second year might have been pardoned a few doubts. Dawson improved to 25 home runs and 28 steals, but his average dropped to .253 and, worse than that, he struck out 128 times while drawing only 30 walks. Those numbers indicate a man who hits a home run on the average of once a week, but strikes out five times weekly. In 1979 Dawson upped his stolen bases to 35 and his average to .275, but the other figures were almost identical, although his RBI

total reached 92, a career high. It bears remembering here in the middle of all these numbers that we are talking about a player still in his mid-20s.

The 1980 season marked the turning point in Dawson's career. "He improved immensely," says catcher Gary Carter. "By the end of the season he had become one of the premier outfielders. Look at the numbers. From 1979 to '80, he cut his strikeouts from 115 to 69." Not at all coincidentally, Dawson hit .308 and drew 17 more walks, up to 44.

Such dramatic improvement in so elemental a part of the game implies intense concentration but, paradoxically too, the ability to come to the plate relaxed and confident. In no other sport is a success to failure ratio of 30 per cent considered excellent and 40 per cent heroic. It is that aspect of Dawson's character that most impresses other players.

"Inside, Hawk's wheels may be going 100 miles per hour, but you never see it," says Montreal shortstop Chris Speier. "That must be the essence of a truly great athlete. He's like Bjorn Borg.

"The desire and fierceness are somewhere inside, but the muscles stay loose. What amazed me at first was that you didn't only see progress over time but daily. What distinguishes the superstar is pushing that outside pitch back up the middle when there's a man on third, the infield's in and we need a run; not opening up your shoulder trying for the tremendous home run and popping out. That's where you get respect, making the routine play all the time and letting the spectacular binges come when they come."

Never Say Choke

October 19, 1981. Fifth and deciding game of the National League playoffs. First inning, runners on first and third, no out. Andre Dawson settles into the batter's box and fixes Fernando Valenzuela with his familiar glare of concentration. Without an RBI in nine playoff games, he wants this hit badly. The pitch. Dawson slaps a ground ball right at shortstop Bill Russell. Bang bang bang. A routine 6-4-3 double play. The run scores, but it is the Expos' last run of the season.

IS IT GOOD FOR A 27-YEAR-OLD involved in a stretch run for the pennant to hear himself described as the greatest player in the game? Especially when that player has almost a need to take responsibility and a disinclination to talk about it?

Dawson's statistics last season were most impressive: He is a Gold Glove fielder who handled 35 more chances than anybody in the league. He hit .302, finished second to Mike Schmidt with 24 home runs, and stole 26 bases in 103 games.

But Dawson entered September hitting .326. He hit .252 from there to the end of the regular season. He went 6-for-20 in the divisional playoffs against Philadelphia, but scored only one run and had no runs batted in. He struck out six times. In the Dodger series, Dawson was 3-for-20, with no RBIs and four more strikeouts. That is not the sort of late season performance from which legends are made.

Did Andre Dawson choke?

The word is an ugly one, implying a small form of cowardice. Many athletes will apply it to themselves, admitting that fear of failure made them tighten up, but they resent it when somebody else says it. Knowing the difficulties of their own sport, baseball players only say choke when talking about somebody they don't respect.

Yet as fans they are pretty much like the rest of us. After the Philadelphia 76ers dropped the sixth game of their playoff series with the Boston Celtics, several Expos didn't hesitate to call it choking. They dismissed the 76ers' chances in the seventh game and wondered whether the 76ers would be shot at the airport by bitter fans.

Dawson took little part in the locker-room discussion, partly because he is not a basketball fan. Besides that, he just doesn't badmouth other athletes. He knows that even when whispered, the word hurts. A player can tighten up in the clutch, yes, but can also fail to deliver by being too aggressive or, simplest of all, be beaten by a superior performance. Nobody knows what's inside an athlete's mind at such a moment. If he's concentrating on the game, he may not know himself.

"I was trying too hard," Dawson says, "and the more you push yourself when it's going bad, the worse it gets. You've got to put your mind at ease. One thing you can't ever do is live up to the expectations of the fans and the media. The more you do, the more they want. I've just got to go out every day and do the best I can. In baseball, you've got to practice not to get too emotional—or not to let anybody else know you're emotional anyway."

"But I'm never really satisfied with my own performance. If I succeed, I want to do better. If I fail, I want to figure out what I'm doing wrong."

What he was doing wrong, most inti-

mate observers of the Expos think, was trying to carry more than his share of the burden and keeping it too much to himself.

"That's why I tried to talk to him about hitting," Snider says. "His slow start was a carryover from last year. Andre's the kind of guy that's going to try to put it all on himself. It's mental more than physical. But never say 'choke.' I hate that word."

"In baseball, you have to learn that it comes when it comes. Then you can come to the plate saying, 'Oh boy, there's a couple of guys on. Here's my big chance.'"

"Baseball isn't like basketball or football," Fanning says. "You can't set up a play to get the ball to your star in the last few seconds when the game is on the line. You have to take it as it comes. We had a nice talk earlier this year. Since he is only $\frac{1}{2}$ of our offense—not counting the pitcher—he should be content to be $\frac{1}{2}$. He can't do what the guy in front of him didn't do or what the guy behind him might not. He was trying to be $\frac{2}{3}$, maybe a little more than that. He knows that better than anybody. But sometimes it helps to be reminded of what you already know."

Others, according to temperament and expertise, make more technical variants of the same argument. "He's got as much talent as anybody in the majors, and nobody works harder," says relief pitcher Woodie Fryman, "but he still hasn't really learned what pitchers are doing to him. A hitter like him should walk 80 to 100 times a season. Until he does, no pitcher in his right mind will throw him a strike with men on base. It takes some guys a long time to learn that, and some guys never do."

Fryman thinks Dawson's mix of talent, potential and inexperience is characteristic of the Expos as a team. He thinks the addition of Al Oliver, whom he calls "a true professional hitter," will help anybody who will listen to him, and that Dawson will. Oliver says Dawson's early-season lull had nothing to do with last year. "It was a case of temporary amnesia," Oliver says. "He forgot there was a rightfield."

Oliver and new batting coach Billy DeMars spotted a purely technical problem in Dawson's swing. DeMars speculates it may have begun after Dawson was beaned in September. He compared films of Dawson's form last year and discovered that Dawson has been standing up straighter and holding the bat farther back. Unlike before, they say, his first movement has been to stride into the ball. He should be moving the bat back before he steps. DeMars makes the anal-

ogy to a tennis backswing. Without one, a batter cannot hit for power.

A Gun to the Kidneys

"Andre Dawson is like E.F. Hutton—when he does talk, everybody listens."

—Duke Snider

THEY DON'T TELL ANDRE DAWSON stories around the National League or even in the Expo locker room. What they do is give testimonials: "You won't find a player on this team who isn't his friend," Fanning says. "He's a man's man." Perhaps Fanning does spread the butter a little thick, although criticism of Dawson must be as rare in Montreal as praise for Margaret Trudeau as a wife and mother.

Even after Dawson was quoted by a Montreal reporter after a series in St. Louis this June lamenting Fanning's lack of dugout experience, the manager sticks by him.

"He says he didn't say that," Fanning says. "I've never had any difficulty with the writer and he sticks by the story. But if I have to believe one or the other, you know who I'm going to believe. I know Andre was hurt by it. He wouldn't speak to the writer for a while, and for Andre, that's serious."

It is indeed. Dawson's emotional self-discipline impresses everybody that knows him. It was never more evident than the time in June when Dawson was mistaken for a thief while shopping in Montreal.

The cop just stuck the pistol in Dawson's kidney and told him to spread. No warning, no request for identification, no nothing. Just a jab with a gun barrel and a sharp command. "I'm glad I was in a good mood," Dawson says. "I thought somebody was just fooling around. I might have just turned and given him the back of my hand."

The two plainclothesmen thought Dawson and Jerry White had robbed a nearby store and trailed the deadly pair into the toddler's section of a large department store, where White was pricing strollers for his infant daughter. Once the athletes were recognized, the guns holstered and apologies made, Dawson asked politely why they couldn't have been questioned first.

"He told me he had a wife and son he wanted to have breakfast with," Dawson says. "I told him I had a wife myself." And that was it. Dawson made an effort to stay cool because White—normally even quieter than his friend—got hot.

"We were supposed to go to the movies later," White says. "But we were walking over to the theater and he said he thought he'd better go home, that he was too angry to enjoy himself. That's how I knew he was mad, too."

The incident made the Montreal newspapers a few days later when a reporter overheard two of Dawson's teammates talking about it in the locker room. Imagine if the same thing had happened to Reggie Jackson.

But if Dawson is dignified and has great self-control, he is anything but humorless. There is his relationship with Cromartie. Although the two are about the same age, the two outfielders went to different schools and first met in the minors. Now they call each other "Homie"—everybody else calls Cromartie "Cro"—and go fishing in the Florida Keys during the offseason in Cro's boat. Outgoing and talkative, a rock drummer in the offseason who rarely sits still and has more conversational changes of pace than Luis Tiant has windups, Cromartie seems at times almost Dawson's *alter ego*. When they are together Dawson loosens up almost visibly, as if he were on his own home turf, where he knows all the rules.

"Tell him about the time you almost got us lost at sea," Cromartie says. "That's a good story."

"Me? It was you said, 'Cut the anchor rope.' I thought we were going to drift all the way to Cuba."

"Listen to the man. Yeah, cut the anchor rope. After I get the motor started. Can't go nowhere with no overheated motor."

"He's the one heated it up," Dawson says with pretended exasperation. "Got the anchor stuck and tried to pull it up like a fool."

"Aw, no, man. Don't listen to him. . . ."

And so it goes.

Is He the Best?

On the wall in the room at home where he keeps his trophies, Dawson has a picture given him by an unknown fan this season in New York. The fan just walked up to him and said, "I want you to have this and maybe one day I can take your picture, too." The picture shows Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, Duke Snider and Willie Mays, four centerfielders of note. Each had signed his autograph. "It's amazing," Dawson says, "what some people will do for a ballplayer they don't know."

Well, yes it is. And then again, no it isn't.

CROMARTIE BELIEVES DAWSON can do anything that he sets his mind to: "He won't tell everybody in the dugout, but he's actually predicted to me when he's going to hit a home run. He's that good."

Dawson says he has no abstract goals other than to help his team win the World Series, but White says he wants to hit .300 and 40 home runs, and steal 40 bases in one season. Nobody has ever done that. But you have to like Dawson's chances.

"There are five tangible aspects of the game," future Hall of Fame pitcher Tom Seaver says, "batting average, power, baserunning, good defense and throwing arm. Dawson does all of those things as well as anyone. Then there are the intangibles. Dawson is the kind of player other players respect. He plays equally hard on offense and defense—whether he's hitting well or not. Some guys let up. Every time you see Dawson play, he seems to have the same intensity. When you play at that level, it leads to consistency."

When Seaver was asked, "Who's the best player?" he made it clear that he wasn't crazy about the question. In part, it violates his sense of baseball's complexity.

First, of course, there are pitchers and everybody else. And just limiting oneself to Dawson's own team, how does one choose between Dawson, possibly the premier outfielder in the game, and Carter, arguably the best catcher? Dawson hits for a higher average and steals bases. But could he catch every day? Can a boxer beat a wrestler? Was Einstein smarter than James Joyce? Questions like that have no real answers, but sometimes by asking them we can learn a great deal.

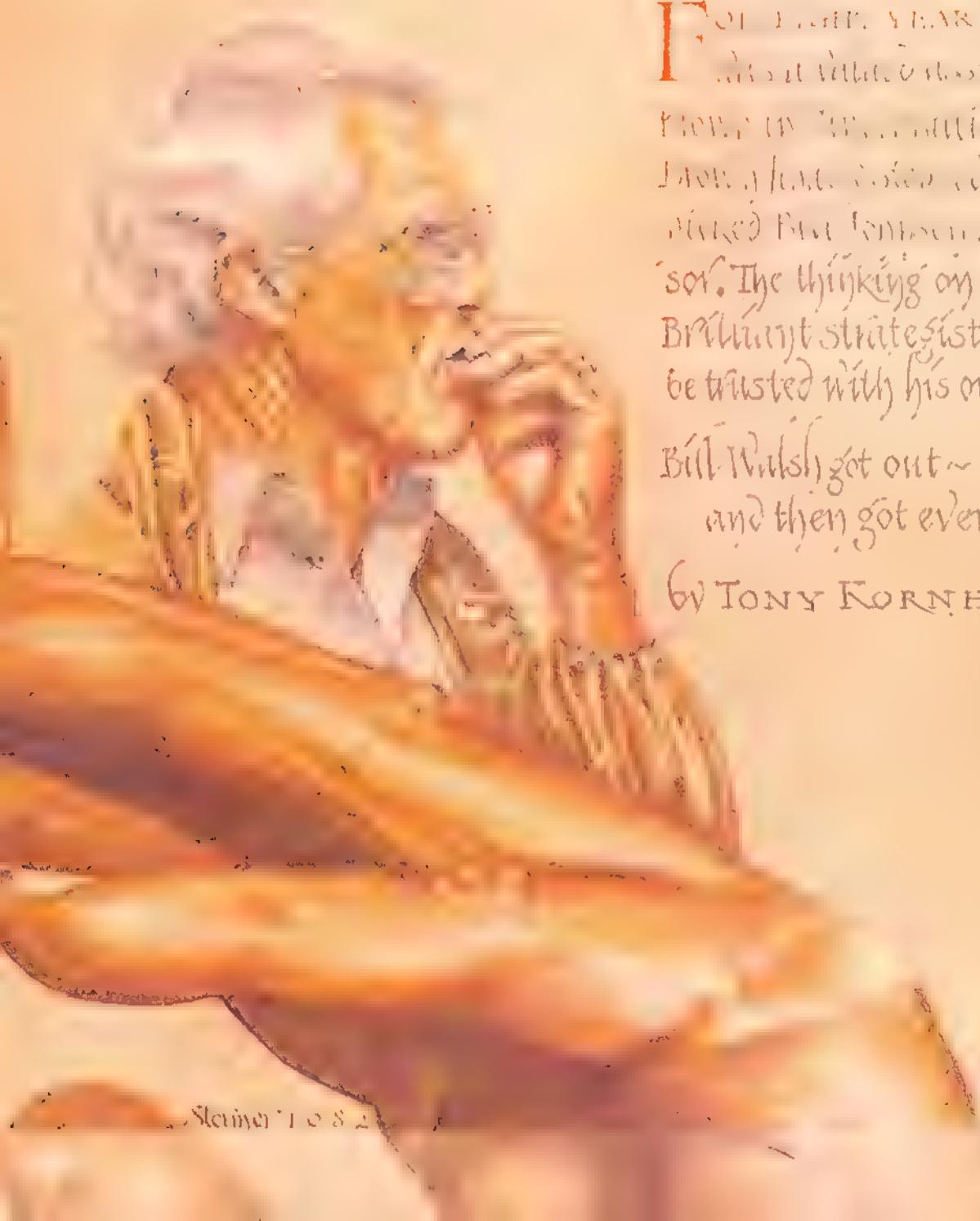
In the answers about Dawson, almost everybody comes back to two basic points, both having to do with what Cromartie calls his "perfect temperament for baseball." One is that baseball is not like other sports we Americans (and Canadians) play, neither tactically nor psychologically.

The other is the one Seaver implied in talking about consistency. Baseball is a distance event. What Seaver meant was: "Yes, Dawson is a mature professional of great gifts. But the best player? Will he ever really belong in that picture as an equal? Let's come back in 10 years and see." ■

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VENTI VIDI VINDICATION



For four years, Bill Walsh
about-faced and fake-panned
every time he wanted, which
brought him, after a decade,
a single Super Bowl victory. No succe-
ssor. The thinking on Walsh was:
Brilliant strategist, but he can't
be trusted with his own team.

Bill Walsh got out~
and then got even.

BY TONY KORNHEISER

BILL WALSH DOES WITH THE PASSING GAME WHAT Vince Lombardi did with the running game. There—in the same breath, in the same sentence, on the same level with St. Vincent. Such a narrow ledge to walk. Such a long drop down.

As odd a coupling as it may appear, it is threaded on the needles of right time, right place, right man. Both men, well into their 40s when they became head coaches, were given wrecks to salvage. The early '60s matched a cold, demanding foreman, Lombardi, with a small, working-class town, Green Bay, and produced the concept of the invincible dog-soldier infantry. The early '80s match the pearl-handled theorist, Walsh, with an androgynous sophisticate, San Francisco, and produce the concept of intelligently negotiated victory.

Walsh, the Lombardi of the '80s.

So what took him so long to become a head coach?

FOR A WEEK IN THE DEAD OF WINTER, IN THE DESPAIR of Detroit, a meticulously seamless package of style and substance was handed an open microphone and a captive audience—an opportunity to cement the first brick in the wall of his legend. Full faith and credit reached out for Bill Walsh at 50 and found him joyful and absolutely in his prime, as if all his life he was only waiting for this moment to arrive.

Walsh popped out of the pack as Most Visible Personality of this Super Bowl in the tradition of Hank Stram (1970) and George Allen (1973). A Super Bowl is an annual Write of Hype, and in this one—where both teams Bob Beaman from 6-10 to Super Sunday—the excessive praise justifiably landed on the coaches. And who would the media rather identify with: Forrest Gregg, the Thunder from the Tundra, or Walsh, the understatedly elegant San Francisco Savant? Walsh was called "urbane," "refined," "sophisticated," "cerebral," "professorial"—not to mention, "a genius." (OUR MAN INTERVIEWS GRIDIRON GENIUS!!! FILM AT 11) He was the Frank Lloyd Wright of quarterbacks. You wondered how anyone completed a pass before Walsh came into the league. (SAMMY BAUGH ON WALSH: "HE COULD'VE HELPED ME." SEE SPORTS) After so many years of watching Landry, Noll, Shula and Grant advertise Facials by Mount Rushmore, Walsh's look was delicate in comparison. And he was so approachable. First of all, he laughed; he has a good, quick, mischievous sense of humor. Who can forget him greeting his team in Detroit disguised as a bellhop? And Walsh's body language—last seen on Jack Benny—gave him an intriguingly feline ambience on the sidelines. A cultured pearl with silver hair and steel rims. Put away that play book—get this man *GQ*. (COMING NEXT MONTH: BILL WALSH'S FASHION SECRETS—A PHOTO ESSAY)

Consider how he started: born in The Great Depression, the only son of a factory worker who, in 1931, was lucky to find work for 35 cents an hour in an automobile plant. Consider how the times shrink the dreams: "There weren't any big plans for me; we weren't from a family that was destined for all that much." Consider how so much of his adult life was spent working for someone else, frustrated by the belief that he'd never get the chance to be a head coach and the lingering doubt that he'd chosen his profession unwisely.

Considering all that, you'd think it couldn't have worked out better for Bill Walsh. Sooner, maybe. But not better.

THE WALSH PROFILE INEVITABLY POSES THE QUESTION: What is he doing here? Football seems far too violent, too base—too plebian—for one as cultured and gentle as Walsh.

Intellectual because he reads about ethology, political science and the philosophy of strategy rather than Jack

Tatum's epic autobiography, *They Call Me Assassin*.

Sophisticated because he is fond of art and classical music—although color blindness severely restricts his appreciation of painting, and he'd rather play guitar behind Willie Nelson than oboe behind Wolfe Mozart.

Refined because his clothes match and they aren't all polyester, his fingernails are clean, his tone is soft and he doesn't chew, dip, spit or have a gun rack in his car.

Without fail, Walsh is presented as classier than his milieu. And let it be said that Walsh does not go out of his way to discourage this perception. Has the media simply skewered him on its double-edge sword, puffing him up now just to make him a bigger target later? Or is Bill Walsh a genius? *Buffalo Evening News* columnist Larry Felser laughs at the notion: "Anyone in the NFL who subscribes to *National Geographic* is considered a genius."

There's a story about this very question. It seems a bunch of so-called coaching geniuses once got together at a convention and found a room with a blackboard. Hour after hour they put those X's and O's up on the board. And every time an offensive genius diagramed something "unstoppable," a defensive genius came back with something "impenetrable." Until finally only one of them was left awake, and it was he who uttered the famous last words on being a coaching genius: "Last guy with the chalk wins."

Even if stretching the most subjective definition of genius—great and original creative ability in some art, science, etc.—opens an umbrella that shades Walsh, it is craft-related, not unilateral. Would you ask Einstein to do body-and-fender work? Dropping "genius" into the same sentence with "football coach" seems to be asking for trouble. Any coach who takes a team from last to first in three years will be called a genius. If Brian Sipe completes that pass two years ago, Sam Rutigliano's a genius.

Certainly the blue smoke of mystique already wafts about Walsh, and he no longer has to fan it, since "it tends to work without my adding fuel to it." Part of the mystique stems from Walsh's image as Leonardo da Vinci in cleats. And part stems from his offense, which is the state of the art in the NFL, and apparently so conceptually advanced that it unnerves opponents. Nolan Cromwell of the Rams told Randy Cross of the 49ers, "It drives me nuts." Dwight Hicks and Willie Harper, 49ers who know how it functions, admit they can't design a defense to stop it.

But could the cosmopolitan aspect of the Walsh mystique be artificially flavored? One of Walsh's former players, Bob Trumy, says that when Walsh became coach and general manager of the 49ers, he decided to do everything he could to deflect attention from how bad the team really was. And so he played what Trumy admiringly calls The Stanford Card: "To buy some time for the team, he painted a picture of himself as a Renaissance Man who was just stopping off for a while on his way to better things. For the rest of his career he'll be known as a quasi sophisticate. In reality, Bill's life is football." Although Walsh dismisses the means of Trumy's theory, as a former quarterback he believes in the ends.

He may look unlike the others. Not that Pete Rozelle, Mr. PR himself, would mind that the winning Super Bowl coach, the symbol of football leadership, has a scholarly, pastoral look. Finally, a coach without Football Forehead—that Cro-Magnon shelf resulting from too many head-ons.

He may think unlike the others. John Madden says of Walsh: "The rest of us react to situation, down and distance. Walsh doesn't. He'll dive on second-and-10. You have no idea what's coming."

He may be ahead of the others. After analyzing the defense of the upcoming opponent, Walsh will decide on his first 20 or 25

plays a few days before the game, explaining he'd "rather make decisions—as the British admirals used to say—in a watertight compartment than on the deck or in the lifeboats." Although this advance scripting seems arrogant and egotistical in that it dismisses the reality of the game and assumes the predictability of the defense, it has impressed many football people. John Brodie, former star quarterback with the 49ers, says of Walsh: "He's at least a step ahead of everyone in the game offensively. There's no downside to calling the plays beforehand. He tells his offensive people what the plays will be, so they can practice them and never make a mistake executing them. And he doesn't just draw up plays and say: 'We'll throw some stuff on the wall and see what sticks.' These first 20 tell Walsh what he needs to know about the defense."

He may even be better than the others.

But he isn't *different* from the others. He's a football coach. The range just isn't that wide.

He's put a lifetime into this. He started coaching in 1955 and spent 18 years as somebody's assistant. During the season, he gets to work by 7:30 in the morning and as often as not stays until 11 at night. He watches a lot of game films alone. His wife, Geri, says, "Sometimes I go in and watch with him, and when I ask a question I get no answer, so I leave." He's physical. To get away from football he plays tennis. He believes in consolidating power and exercising control. Everyone in the organization except the owner was hired by and is responsible to Walsh. "Basically there's only one way of doing things—his way," says Cross. He loves the game, but hates what it does to him: "As soon as I leave my driveway and head to training camp, my whole life changes. I revert to the football part and it consumes me for months—more than it should. more than it should—it consumes me and it takes my life."

Close your eyes and tell me you don't see Tom Landry.

MOST OF WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT BILL Walsh is this: He's a 50-year-old native Californian.

If there is indeed any culture in California, it is physical. While much of the rest of the country has to spend between two and four months every year worrying about staying warm, California's top priority 12 months a year is fun, fun, fun till your daddy takes the T-bird away. Californians advise you to "Go for it," because Californians never have to worry about apportioning their time to take care of anything other than going for it. Geography is destiny. You can't go for it in Cincinnati; you have to shovel out of it first. Being a native Californian means never having to say, "It's snowing."

Being a 50-year-old native Californian also means that as you were growing up, your sport was football. Hockey is meaningless to Californians, basketball was an Eastern and Midwestern game, and until 1958 the only baseball west of Missouri was minor league. Walsh grew up near the Los Angeles Coliseum, and part of his Saturday routine was to work mornings for his father in the body-and-fender shop, then take a streetcar to the USC or UCLA game. On Sunday he would see the Rams. In a state in which football was king, Walsh played the kingly position—quarterback (until his college coach said lefthanders don't play there and moved him to end). And unlike in the Midwest, where quarterbacks hand the ball off to somebody named Bronco, in California the priority of the quarterback is to throw. California has always attracted the coaches with a passing fancy, from the NFL's aerial guru, Sid Gillman, through Al Davis, Don Coryell, Joe Gibbs and Doug Scovil. Looking back on his own high school and college days as a California quarterback, Brodie says, "All I wanted to do was throw the ball. The only time I thought we should run was when

my receivers got tired. Every quarterback in the state felt the same way."

So we have a California kid who likes football. And what he likes most is the passing and catching. Not the protracted trench warfare, but the go-for-it stuff—the stuff that *looks good*. And when he thinks about what he'd really like to be if he had the talent—it's an artist. And although he's a bright kid, he doesn't have the right courses to qualify for Cal. And he doesn't have the money for Stanford, so he goes to San Mateo Junior College and then San Jose State—and not to knock those places, but he knows they're not Cal or Stanford. And because he's ambitious—"I wasn't going to let my life pass in a journeyman's role"—he wants to prove he's as creative and innovative as the Cal and Stanford kids. Now, add eight years in Cincinnati where a California kid learns to respect what real weather can do and why you can build a conceptual attack based on passing anywhere, but if you do it in the Midwest, you're stalled by November.

MID-MORNING IN REDWOOD CITY AND THE clouds are still low over the peninsula, a layer of cotton camouflage on the mountains not unlike the layer of blue smoke between Bill Walsh and his public image. Under his easy manner, his casual attire and his quick wit breathes a formal man. Friendly, but not familiar. Cooperative, but not cloying. Responsive, but not introspective. He is always fastidiously clean, as if he has just scrubbed up. He is so clean, so precise, so strategic. He may long to be an artist, but he was born to be an architect.

In his disarmingly civilized way, Walsh calls any extended chat a "visit," and this is a visit in his office about his theoretical principles of coaching. He slips into the royal "we" so often that it seems more an invasion than an incursion. He is flanked by his books, his stereo speakers and his metal sculptures. The tony photo posters of the San Francisco skyline and a fog-shrouded Golden Gate Bridge were selected by his assistant, Nicole, who also selected the beige-and-brown office furniture not just because she sees Walsh as white-wine-and-earth tones but also because if left to his own color-blind devices he might pick screaming-salmon chairs and an air-raid-red couch.

He is speaking about a violent game and purposefully keeping the volume on soft. The more time you spend with Walsh, the more you become convinced that he loathes violence and the contemporary macho notions of acceptable violence. But here he is working in the combat zone. To watch him trying to keep clean is to hear the sound of whistling in the graveyard.

"A given coach will say, 'We lost because we were out hit.' Or, 'We lost because Jones missed a block.' Or, 'We lost because we weren't tough enough.' That coaching rhetoric explains away defeat and minimizes the coach's role in it. We don't have that luxury to hide behind. We do our research. We do our statistical analyses. We make decisions as to how to defeat our opponent. If we lose, we can hardly say that we lost because of some macho things."

"You have to have a formula for winning an evenly matched game. You prefer the purely physical overpowering of the opponent. It's more consistent, more dependable. You can use it in any weather. But it doesn't happen much anymore. So you look for a sustained drive early, to demonstrate what you're capable of doing—or at least create the image in your opponent's mind. You see some teams in the NFL that throw for tremendous yardage but cannot hold a lead because they've never developed a running game and they're forced to throw for first downs. You have to practice and develop the rigors and disciplines to run the football. We will run the ball. We ran it the last 14 plays in the Super Bowl. But we don't go out to *prove* we



can run the football. We don't go out to *prove* we can dominate the other team physically.

"At some point we expect to, and we hope the other teams come to that conclusion. But we don't go out to see who is the most courageous, toughest team in the league. It's unfortunate language, but we know it's taught that football is a game for men, and that to be a man you must dominate at the line of scrimmage. Well, at some point we will test them at the line of scrimmage. But we're not going out on the field to *prove our masculinity*."

Maybe real men do eat quiche.

IN 1978, RESPONDING TO THE GROWL THAT DEFENSE had become oppressive in its dominance and threatened to numb the public tastebud to the NFL, new rules were written to spice the passing game. One rule guaranteed receivers downfield freedom by restricting a defensive player's contact to within five yards of scrimmage. Another increased the quarterback's time to throw by allowing pass blockers to extend their arms and open their hands.

In 1979, responding to the growl that his team had become oppressive in its foulness and threatened to offend the public nose if not disinfected, Edward DeBartolo Jr., the 32-year-old owner of the recently 2-14 49ers, fired his coaches and general manager and brought in Walsh from Stanford, asking him to reverse the misfortune of the worst team in pro football.

That season the 49ers again finished 2-14, but team offense shot from 27th (of 28 overall) to sixth, and Steve DeBerg, a quarterback of whom little had been heard before—or since—led the NFC in passing yardage. "Walsh should have been

coach of the year," says Jerry Glanville, Atlanta's defensive coordinator. "I started bragging on him then, telling people he had the offense of the '80s. They said I was crazy. But I wasn't, was I?" And Glanville wasn't the only one who felt it. Stram, who tried to hire Walsh as his offensive coordinator in New Orleans, says, "Even when Bill was losing, you could see he was going to win big."

The next season the 49ers improved to 6-10 and again increased their point total even as DeBerg was gradually displaced by Joe Montana. Montana's arm had never been deemed praiseworthy, and his success was as instructive as DeBerg's had been. "I have the impression that Bill Walsh never has his quarterbacks in a bad situation. They always have someone to throw to," says Lynn Dickey, Green Bay's quarterback. "And every place he goes his quarterbacks are 60 per cent passers. Under his system, they blossom. He magnifies them." The mere listing of the quarterbacks who credit Walsh with making them what they are (or were when he had them)—DeBerg, Montana, Greg Cook, Ken Anderson, Dan Fouts and his two NCAA passing leaders in two years at Stanford, Guy Benjamin and Steve Dils—prompts Glanville to claim, "Bill Walsh's system could make me a good quarterback, and I can't throw the ball in the ocean from the beach."

Q: *Joe Montana, how do you feel about Bill Walsh's system?*
A: I fit in and I'm glad I'm here
Q: *How important are you to it?*
A: Well, it's his system, but someone has to run it.
Q: *But do you think that Walsh could do it with any quarterback?*
A: Probably.



In 1975, Bill Walsh's last year in Cincinnati, Ken Anderson (far left) completed 61 per cent of his passes with 21 TDs and only 11 interceptions. The next year he completed only 53 per cent with 19 TDs and 14 interceptions. In 1976, Walsh's only year in San Diego, Dan Fouts (2nd from left) threw 102 more completions for 1,139 more yards and 12 more TDs than the season before. At Stanford in 1977, Guy Benjamin (center) had 208 completions in 330 attempts, 2,521 yards, 19 TDs—then watched unheralded Steve Dils (near left) complete 247 passes for 2,943 yards and 22 TDs in 1978. As Super Bowl MVP Joe Montana (above) puts it, "Someone has to run it, but it's Walsh's system."

1981 was the fourth season for the new rules. Passing yardage was up 115 per game and scoring was up seven points per game.

1981 was the third season for Walsh. The 49ers won the Super Bowl.

Stram says: "Walsh understood the rule changes and how to take advantage of them better than anybody. He did as fine a coaching job as I've ever seen." But, as Gil Brandt, vice-president of personnel for the Cowboys, points out, "Walsh was fortunate there were so many defensive backs in the 1981 draft" and was able to reconstruct a secondary that ranked 27th the year before. "Everyone knew Ronnie Lott would be good but he became dominant as a rookie; Montana and Dwight Clark panned out better than anybody thought; Lenvil Elliott was thought to be washed up; no one even wanted Hicks, but he got nine interceptions. Bill Walsh did an outstanding job; he kept people no one wanted, and they all worked out." (Walsh's reply? Rather testy. "Tony Hill was a third-round pick. No one felt he'd be that good. Dallas was fortunate to get him. There's a certain arrogance about Dallas. You can't say, 'We're brilliant, they're fortunate.'")

"The rest of the NFL ought to be in awe of Bill Walsh, but I really don't think they realize how good he is," Randy Cross says with some amusement. "They would never let him get people like Russ Francis and Renaldo Nehemiah if they understood the extent of what he's doing."

And what he is doing is synthesizing into an offensive system the product of an assiduous Midwestern work ethic and an unfettered California play ethic as they clash along the fault line of his soul.

The trademarks of that system are its complexity and compe-

hensiveness; its continual burden to be innovative, because, says quarterback coach Sam Wyche, "What you did last week can be defensed this week;" its 60 per cent completion rate for the quarterback, whoever he is; its advance scripting and overwhelming number of plays. "Most teams go into a game with about 12 passes and 12 runs," Wyche says. "We went into one last year with 89 passes and 31 runs." Walsh's offense is a movable feast. "Walsh is sort of like a kid at the park; he calls plays with so many options," says Jack Reilly, the coach at El Camino Community College and a devoted student of passing offense. "His ability to consistently get people wide open amazes everyone." (Last guy with the chalk wins.)

But where Walsh has actually advanced the game itself is in the joining of the conservative doctrine of ball control with the radically liberal concept of controlling the ball through passing.

"Walsh has always believed that passing is as safe as running and that no matter what you do on defense, he'll have a receiver open and his quarterback will find him," says Dick Steinberg, director of player development for the Patriots. Trumpy says Walsh tells his quarterback, "Don't throw the pass away. Complete it, even if it's only for six inches. Make the defense make the tackle." Glanville, who prides himself on an obsessive study of Walsh's offense, concludes: "It's like eating an elephant. You can't put it all in your mouth at once. It's nibble, nibble, nibble. We chart Walsh's passing game as long hand-offs. They don't want to score in a hurry. They'd just as soon take eight minutes. Against the 49ers there's a lot of thirds-and-short. Against San Diego and Oakland there's no such thing. And he's a great defensive coach because he keeps his defense off the field. The philosophy is, don't turn it over and eat up the

clock. All of a sudden they're up 14-0 and you discover that there's no time left."

WALSH BEGAN HIS COACHING CAREER AS A graduate assistant at San Jose State and then at Monterey Peninsula College. He got his first head-coaching job in 1957 at Washington Union High School in Fremont. When Walsh arrived, the school had 2,100 students and three years' worth of 1-26 in football. Three years later when he left, the Freeway had been completed, there were 4,000 students and he'd posted a 9-1.

From there he went to Cal, as an assistant coach under Mary Levy, and then to Stanford, to assist John Ralston. Cal and Stanford are the two best academic institutions in the state, and Walsh not only felt proud working there, but he felt a certain vindication—the concept plays a large part in his life—when he found out he "was capable of dealing with that group of people." Walsh used the same recruiting pitch at both schools, emphasizing the academic reputation and telling students that by attending Cal (or Stanford) they could be "better" than they were. On a number of levels, it was a class pitch.

Walsh went to the Oakland Raiders in 1966 as an assistant. He stayed only one year, but says it had the biggest impact on his career because he learned the Raider offense as created in San Diego by Gillman and improved by Davis when he moved on to Oakland. Walsh calls Gillman and Davis "brilliant football minds" and their system "the most complicated offensive system the game has ever known." One year to learn the most complicated offensive system the game has ever known? "To be honest I think I was capable of learning it in a year, where a lot of people would have come out shaking their heads."

The following year Walsh had a midlife crisis of sorts. "I was probably a little overly ambitious about becoming a head coach," he says. "But it didn't seem to be working out. I didn't want to let my life slip by. I wasn't that old, but I felt I could do more with my life."

He decided to go to graduate school at Stanford and study business. But to cushion the culture shock, he would coach the Continental Football League San Jose Apaches, "and then step out of coaching altogether." On the once-a-coach-always-a-coach theory, most people figured Walsh went to San Jose to have his own team. Madden, who was an assistant at Oakland with Walsh, says Walsh "always wanted to be a head coach. But I think he went too far down for it. You don't go to the San Jose Apaches to coach in the AFL or NFL."

After one season Walsh didn't go to the San Jose Apaches at all. There were no San Jose Apaches. The team went belly-up. And so, apparently, did Walsh's career change because the next year he was assisting Paul Brown in the first year of the Cincinnati Bengals. He must have gotten tired of packing and unpacking because he stayed eight years developing and refining one of the best offenses in football. "He built Ken Anderson from the ground up," says Trumy.

As well as the Bengals did, making the playoffs three times, you'd think Walsh would have received some coaching offers. And he might well have received offers to coordinate the offenses of other teams had Brown not denied teams permission to talk to him. Gillman says he tried to hire Walsh at Houston (to spend a year learning the system before becoming head coach) but Brown denied him permission. Trumy says, "Paul denied several teams and never even told Bill." Walsh declines to accuse Brown of that, but says, "I was caught up in a syndrome where you become too valuable to someone and they can't afford to lose you."

Still, nobody but Gillman ever inquired about making Walsh a head coach. "I think I might have scared people off," Walsh

says. "I think my style may have been too penetrating. I wasn't your typical comfort-zone coach. The people who'd recommend me couldn't pat me on the head and feel good privately that I'd fail. And the people who'd hire me couldn't feel comfortable thinking they'd be in full control. The years would pass, and we became more established in Cincinnati. I became less aggressive in pursuit of jobs. And lurking behind the scenes somewhere was the thought: 'What if Paul Brown retired?' You didn't want to damage your relationship with Paul. There was always the good possibility I would become the coach."

Q: *Did Brown ever tell you that you would become the coach?*

A: I wouldn't want to remark on that; it wouldn't be in good taste.

Q: *But you thought you would become the coach?*

A: Oh, sure.

On January 1, 1976, without advance warning, Brown retired and named Bill Johnson, for eight years the Cincinnati offensive line coach, as his successor. Walsh says he was "devastated" by the announcement.

Gil Brandt says, "The question you have to ask is: Why didn't Brown make Walsh the head coach?" Brown's biographer, Jack Clary, maintains that Johnson was always the heir apparent to Brown. Clary is no fan of Walsh; he calls him "a California con man" and "a snake-oil salesman." But Clary and Walsh agree that Brown thought Johnson would be more apt to continue Brown's program in Brown's style than Walsh, who might have tried to make the Bengals his own. Johnson, a gruff, aggressive disciplinarian nicknamed "Tiger," was obviously more in Brown's comfort zone. One man's tinker is another man's damn.

"For years I was up in the booth calling the plays," Walsh says, "and Bill was down on the field, wearing the headset, next to Paul. Paul steps away. Bill stays on the field. I stay in the booth. Paul probably felt it was simple and convenient that way and that I'd remain in Cincinnati. But after the decision I felt I was obligated to leave."

As soon as they heard that Johnson was their new coach, Trumy, Anderson, Chip Myers and Bruce Coslet visited with Walsh. "We went over and said: 'Don't leave,'" Trumy says. "But he said, 'I've got to go where I can get some credit for what I've done.' What really pisses me off is, if Bill Walsh had been given his reign, I'd be wearing a Super Bowl ring."

Q: *Bill, did you feel you weren't given enough credit?*

A: There isn't any question that at that stage of Paul's life the credit was to go to one person.

Q: *John Madden says, "The Cincinnati thing hurt. The way people saw it was—if he didn't get the head job at the place he worked, then why should anybody hire him?" Do you think it hurt your reputation around the league?*

A: No question about it.

The San Diego Chargers were coming off 2-12. Gene Klein, the owner, and Tommy Prothro, the coach, needed a new offense. And Prothro had often talked about retiring. Walsh went to San Diego as offensive coordinator with a clear understanding from Klein and Prothro that he had the opportunity to become the next coach of the Chargers. The Chargers improved their record to 6-8, and Dan Fouts, in his only year with Walsh, threw for 12 more touchdowns and 1,139 more yards than he had the year before.

But the next year, 1977, the Stanford job opened up, and Walsh became a head coach. "I was going home, going to a great school, and getting a chance to have a won-lost record," Walsh says. "It wasn't a difficult decision. As far as I was concerned, Stanford was the ultimate."

Q: *Could the Chargers have kept you by promising you the head job?*

A: It would have had to have been in contractual terms.

Walsh inherited the remains of a 6-5 team, and brought them in at 9-3, including a victory in the Sun Bowl, Stanford's first bowl game in six years. The next year Walsh's team finished 8-4, including a victory in the Bluebonnet Bowl. "Once we'd established a track record at Stanford, I think it became rather clear that I was a very good football coach," Walsh says. "Very few people become head coaches for the first time at 45. Major colleges wonder: Why weren't you a head coach before? Can you do the hard work? Stanford proved my vindication."

Although it is not clear who called whom, it was reported that at least the Giants, Jets, Bears and Rams spoke with Walsh about possible head-coaching jobs while he was at Stanford. But no offers were made. Walsh says the first team actually to offer him an NFL head job was San Francisco. Walsh was disposed to the 49ers because it was pro, it was home and they were lousy. "You couldn't do anything but improve it." Walsh felt he had "good leverage in terms of the contract" because he was a local hero with a good image, "and the owner was a little beside himself as to where to turn." So Walsh began to visit with DeBartolo. "Ed wasn't interested in running the club. He wanted a coach. I was ideally suited for it. And I was a natural to be general manager. I felt, and Ed immediately agreed, that I had to have control over personnel." Al LoCasale, Al Davis' executive assistant, calls it a "perfect" relationship: "The owner is invisible, and Walsh never calls him, 'Hey, kid.'"

So, at 47, Walsh took virtual control of the San Francisco 49ers. And, at 50, won the Super Bowl. And again felt vindicated.

Of all the words you might pick if you won the Super Bowl and someone asked you to describe your feelings, how many would you go through before you got to "vindicated" and "justified"? Bill Walsh carries them around for openers. And then says: "There were some remarks made about me as an assistant coach. The cast was that I was the kind of person you'd put in a think tank and pass the food under the door, and I'd slip out the magic formula. The more acceptance I got as an offensive coach, the more people said: He's a specialist, not a head coach. Is he really tough enough to command people? Or is he more a teacher that you isolate with a player to teach him the Scheherazade? All along I felt I had the talent. I knew I had the training. Once I stepped into it, it felt rather natural. And I think I dealt with it very well."

HE IS PROOF THAT WHAT HE TOLD HIS RECRUITS is possible. He has made himself *better*.

There are no rough edges anymore. He has buffed the outside smooth. In so doing he may have buffed out the passion, but that is a small price to pay for the luster.

He is a rich man now. The house has a pool, and if the Cadillac—the one with so much digital equipment that the guarantee has to be co-signed by GM and Seiko—is in the shop, he can drive the Porsche to work. He is a cultivated man. He has a piano for his wife and daughter, he doesn't play, but he listens. He sketches; his wife paints. He no longer talks about his days as an amateur light-heavyweight boxer. "Boxing is brutal and a dead end," he says. Case closed. He is a successful man. He is at the very top of his profession. He doesn't have to consider leaving football for the corporate world anymore. He doesn't have to worry about being a journeyman, about settling. San Mateo Junior College is just part of the mystique. "At some point we are forced to accept our fate," Walsh says. At this point he doesn't mind being forced.

Part of his fate is to be respected, but not loved. ("You don't want to be too common," Walsh says of his relationship with his players. "It's not like one big Eastern European family.") And

part of the reason may be his attitude toward sharing credit. Walsh says he pays people well and he works hard seeking jobs for them, but is "cautious about continuous accolades to people, about heaping trumped-up remarks on people in the hopes of pacifying them." No wonder his coaches and players do not hold their breath waiting for Walsh to praise them. Dwight Hicks says Walsh "isn't the kind of man who'll come up to you personally and stress his satisfaction." Sam Wyche says compliments from Walsh "come in private, and sometimes they are belated." Go around the league and the knock you'll hear on Walsh is, as one source puts it, "He crowns himself like Napoleon." One of Walsh's players says, "Bill likes the spotlight, enough to where sharing it might not seem important." In Walsh's defense comes Trumpy. "He suffered for years with no credit. I don't blame him for not giving any. He's not up for Humanitarian of the Year. He's a football coach."

Part of his fate (and/or his bargaining strategy) also may be that he's not long for coaching. He has a new four-year contract to coach and general manage the 49ers, but says, "I'm not sure I'll coach out the length of it." It seems incomprehensible after waiting for so many years to get a head job that he would give it up so quickly. Yet Walsh admits he has felt like quitting in the middle of each season he has coached. "I'm not as calloused and toughened to the stress and the time it takes to coach. I put more pressure on myself than I should. I don't explain our losses by saying a guard missed a block or we didn't try hard enough. I personally am a little more vulnerable, a little more precarious all the time. It takes its toll."

Q: *Fear? Are you saying there's fear?*

A: I've never had a strong sense of confidence. I've always had a certain fear, a certain uneasiness. I've always accounted for the worst.

Q: *Did the Super Bowl win come too soon?*

A: When it's there, you'd better take it.

"He's always been nervous, and now he's more frightened than ever," says Greg Cook. "He accomplished the ultimate in football, and he knows it. Fear sets in on your ass. Where you going to go from there?"

One antidote to fear is detail. A person can submerge himself in attention to detail and not have time for fear: Walsh is sensitive to appearance, i.e., stylishness, demeanor, neatness and trimness. "I'm not trying to *prove* I'm a coach by wearing some baggy outfit," he says. That the 49ers are an uncommonly trim and attractive football team may not be coincidental. "We like to be considered a class organization, to have a certain attention to detail. How can you be a detail man with your shirttail hanging out? Your shoes untied? Your socks down around your ankles?" And as he attaches personality traits to dress, he attaches behavioral traits to demeanor. He is careful to separate his practice from his game bearing. "In practice, you're demonstrative because you're orchestrating toward a performance. But in the performance, you don't berate people, you don't run up and down shaking your fist at people. You then are on display yourself. If anyone has command during the game, it's the coach. If he appears disheveled and distraught—emotionally broken—who do the players then look to?"

Who indeed? As he leans back to consider it, Walsh's face tightens in concentration, then gradually relaxes as he comes forward and says, "I came into head coaching too late to ever be The Grand Master. I'll never dominate the game like a Bear Bryant. I'll never own it. But I'd like to have pushed it a little. I'd like to be thought of as creative and having impact on football in an artistic sense. My feeling was always around the artistic part of football."

Last guy with the chalk wins. ■

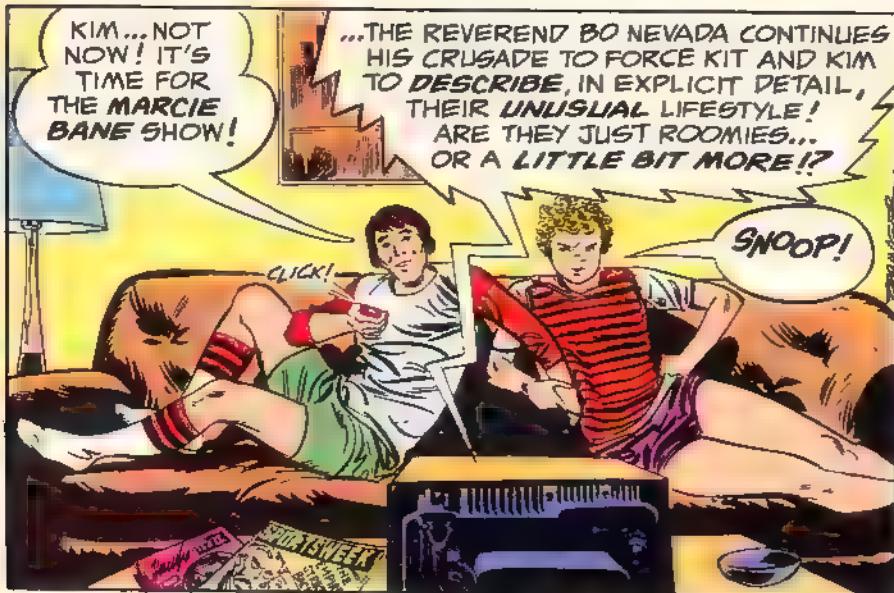
TONY KORNHEISER is writing his first book.

BATT BOUNCES

by ROBERT LIPSYTE
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER

EPISODE IV

"The REVENGE OF SENATOR CAMP"



Last month: With the help of voluptuous Belle Bullinger, the queen of sports agents, and the Rev. Bo Nevada, God's guard, Senator Brad Camp kicked off his scheme to break up Batt and Bee Bullinger's billion-dollar sports Empire. Meanwhile, Batt's ungrateful junkie son, Bubba, hired Crowbar Crane, who once tried to fix the Super Bowl, to assassinate the fierce patriarch of the Empire. Kit Kimberley and Kim Kitteridge, teenage major league battery mates, were agonizing about whether to reveal the nature of their relationship. And basketball superstar Whipsaw Welles was about to breathe his last.

NIIGHT EMBRACES THE Bulldome, home of five major league clubs and three all-pro universities, but the Imperial Skybox is feverish with vengeance and dread. Batt and Bee watch tensely as Senator Brad Camp gazes down at the deserted ballfield and says, "Fifteen years ago I stood on that very pitching mound. I was in love with your daughter and I could throw seeds."

designated the Bullinger Sports Empire essential to national security, he's named me as executor of your divorce settlement."

Batt's powerful, gnarled hands close around his white ash Louisville Slugger cane, no stranger to heated debate. Quickly, Bee clamps her own hands over his.

The Senator's voice is triumphant. "Fifteen years ago you sent me to the minors and Brat to the Olympics to break up our relationship. Now it's my turn." The Senator smiles. "I searched for a settlement that would not only destroy your relationship but eventually bring the Empire under my complete control."

"We'd give it away to the players first," spits Bee.

Senator Camp chortles. "I considered splitting the Empire along racial or ethnic lines, by won-lost records, depreciation schedules...."

"Just call it," orders Batt, impatiently stroking his longhorn mustache.

"And then one night while I was teaching my little twins, Dizzy and Daffy, to go both ways, I suddenly knew how to divide the Empire so that every inning, quarter, round, period, chukker of your lives will be psychic sudden death

"Do you happen to recall, Batt, your pregame speech on Flag Day?"

"I said," recalls Batt, "that Americans are reacting instead of acting, playing not to lose instead of to win. Two little words are destroying our country—dee-fense."

"Bee, do you remember," asks Senator Camp, "your July 4th rebuttal?"

"I said," remembers Bee, "that offensiveness has become the national disease. Garbage goals. Scoring to punish. People would rather win than play well."

"You'll really appreciate this," gloats Senator Camp. "Batt gets custody of the defense, Bee the offense."

"But how?" asks Bee.

"It can't be done," rages Batt.

"If anyone can do it, you two can," says Senator Camp, smirking as he saunters out of the skybox. "And I'm sure you can't either."

MEANWHILE, IN THEIR DUPLEX CONDO, Kit Kimberley and Kim Kitteridge, rookie teenage all-stars, tumble onto their brown velvet couch and cavort like puppies. After awhile, Kit switches on the TV and asks, "Where'sa salt and hot buttered popcorn?"

"You're pitching on national television tomorrow," reminds Kim. "You don't want to be swollen and pimply."

"You're the one's getting pudgy," says Kit

"But you can't see it under the chest protector," Kim stuffs Kit's non-pitching hand under the chest protector.

"Not now, it's time for the *Marcie Bane Show*."

Onscreen, Marcie is saying: "... search continues for the incredible body of Whipsaw Welles, who heard the last buzzer in a sensory-deprivation tank while accompanied by three actresses and a container of unidentified white powder. The basketball star had been celebrating completion of the film version of his tumultuous life oncourt and in court. The Whipper was taken to Bullinger Memorial Hospital where he was pronounced dead. Before his body could be prepared for burial, it was spirited away by a mysterious beauty in a white smock who claimed to be his personal meta-physician."

"Typical fan," snorts Kit.

"Shhh," hushes Kim. "Marcie's talking about us."

"... the Rev. Bo Nevada continues his crusade to force Kit and Kim to describe, in explicit detail if possible, their unusual lifestyle. Are they just roomies? Or a little bit more?"

"Snoop!" shouts Kit.

"Just a typical sports journalist," sniffs Kim.

The bearded face of the Rev. Bo Nevada, the Bees' star who calls himself God's guard, swims into focus. "Maybe this country can survive with sexual confusion among the Joint Chiefs, the university heads, the congressional members, but it needs to know whether its sports heroes are X's or O's. If Batt Bullinger won't force his pet battery to tell us what they do in the privacy of their

home, he doesn't deserve to own them or anyone else."

Kit begins to sob. "We've got to explain about us."

"Mr. Bullinger said to hang tough," snaps Kim. "Now wipe your silly eyes. They'll be all red tomorrow when you pitch on national TV."

A SAVAGE MORNING SUN LICKS THE DOUBLE-BUBBLE Bulldome, but it is antiseptically chill in Dr. Emily Hug's secret athletic research-and-development laboratory deep in the bowels of America's grandest palace of sport.

Her white smock heaving, the lovely biomedical engineer flings open her door to the large, imperial figure of Batt Bullinger, but he only has eyes for the comatose giant on the operating table. Whipsaw Welles, who was once the NBA's premier combat forward, is now a 6-9, 265-pound garden of wires and tubes.

Batt leans over the body. "Hang tough, Whip. You're going to make the comeback of the century." His fierce, dark eyes blaze. "We're going to give you a new identity, and the psychological and physiological implants to play a different sport. But if you even dream of going Hollywood again, or indulging in recreational excess, I'll pull your plugs myself."

Dr. Emily Hug tugs Batt's sleeve, shivering at her boldness, and asks, "Why do these magnificent creatures mistreat their bodies so?"

"They're pushing the limits, Dr. Hug. In and out of the arena, the great ones never stop pushing."

"Like you, Mr. Bullinger." Her hands

tremble with the effort to keep from smoothing his gray, longhorn mustache. "Since the day you drafted me out of MIT, I've been trying to push the limits, too," she says, her smock straining to contain her, "and I won't feel complete until I've bent modern science to the service of your games."

"Then you're ready for your greatest challenge," says Batt. "I want you to fashion for me the ultimate defensive football player, . . ."

"A master of sacks and burries?"

"Yesss!"

"A boomer who knows no fixed role or boundaries," cries Dr. Hug. "A plunger who always moves with the action, who blitzes and breaks and bashes. . . ."

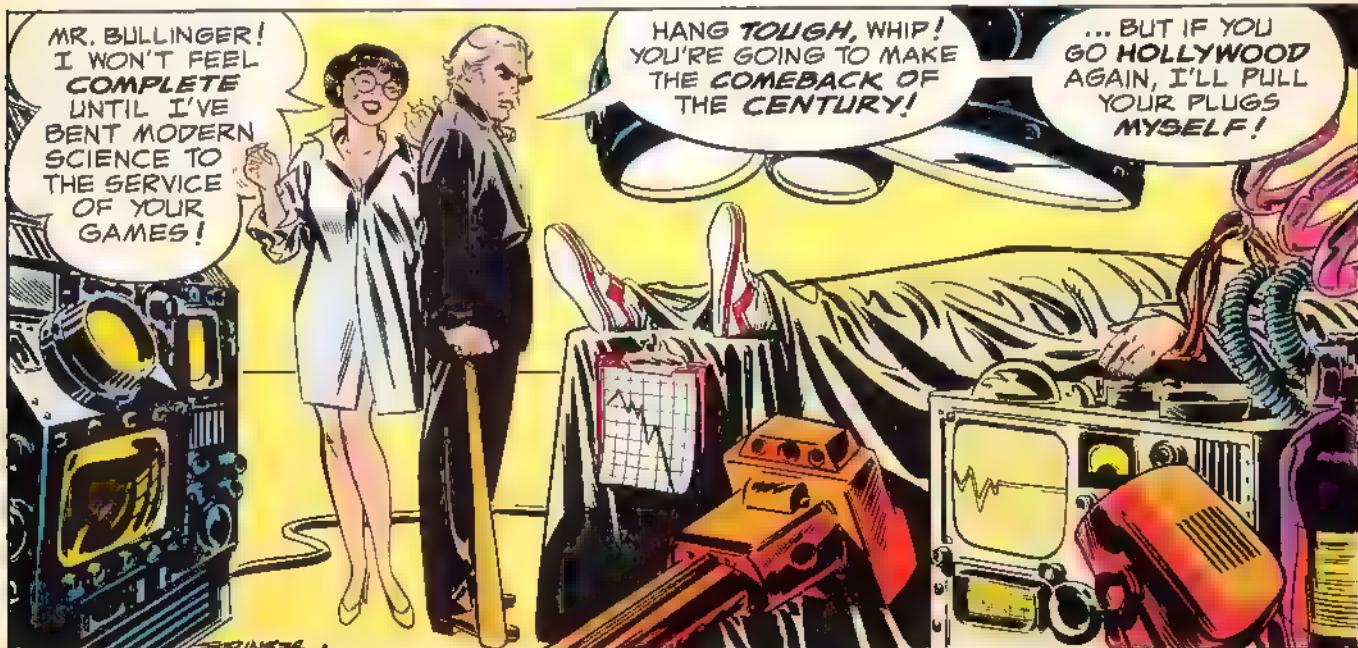
"Dr. Hug, you're on the money," bellows Batt.

"For you, Mr. Bullinger," moans Dr. Hug, "for you I will reach deep into Whipsaw Welles and create a new man for a new position, the likes of which the gridiron has never seen."

"Go for it, Dr. Hug," roars Batt.

"And I shall call him . . . the Bullwhacker!" ■

NEXT MONTH:
The Rev. Bo Nevada blackmails Kit and Kim into dumping the World Series, Crowbar Crane bribes a security guard to let him climb to the top of the Bulldome (the better to train his rifle sights on Batt) and Bubba introduces sister Brat to Broccoli "Brocky" Baloni, the world's first vegetarian heavyweight contender.



Numbers

SEPTEMBER DIVES

The team that is leading its division on September 1 should be the favorite to take the title, right? Not always. While 40 of the 48 divisional winners from 1969-80 led their divisions at the beginning of September, the 1969 Cubs, the 1974 Red Sox and the 1980 Pirates managed to not only lose their leads, but to finish substantially out of it. Last year's results are not included because the strike and subsequent mini-season created an artificial race in September.

	Sept 1 Leader, Margin	Finished, Margin
1969	Balt., 12½ Minn., 4½ Cubs, 4 Cin., .002	1st, 19 1st, 9 2nd, 8 GB behind Mets 3rd, 4 GB behind Atl.
1970	Balt., 12 Minn., 3 Pitt., 1 Cin., 11½	1st, 15 1st, 9 1st, 5 1st, 14½
1971	Balt., 11 Oak., 16 Pitt., 5 SF, 8	1st, 12 1st, 16 1st, 7 1st, 1
1972	Balt., ½ Oak., 1½ Pitt., 11 Cin., 7	3rd, 5 GB behind Det. 1st, 5½ 1st, 11 1st, 10½
1973	Balt., 6 Oak., 5½ St. Louis, 1 LA, 3	1st, 8 1st, 6 2nd, 1½ GB behind Mets 2nd, 3½ GB behind Cin.
1974	Bost., 3 Oak., 6½ Pitt., 2½ LA, 2½	3rd, 7 GB behind Balt. 1st, 5 1st, 1½ 1st, 4
1975	Bost., 6 Oak., 7½ Pitt., 4 Cin., 18½	1st, 4½ 1st, 7 1st, 6½ 1st, 20
1976	Yankees, 11½ KC, 8 Phila., 10½ Cin., 8½	1st, 10½ 1st, 2½ 1st, 9 1st, 10
1977	Yankees, 4 KC, 2½ Phila., 5 LA, 8½	1st, 2½ 1st, 8 1st, 5 1st, 10
1978	Bost., 6½ KC, 2 Phila., 5 LA, 2	*2nd, 1 GB behind Yanks 1st, 5 1st, 1½ 1st, 2½
1979	Balt., 8 Cal., ½ Pitt., 3 Cin., ½	1st, 8 1st, 3 1st, 2 1st, 1½
1980	Yankees, 1½ KC, 20 Pitt., ½ Hou., 1	1st, 3 1st, 14 3rd, 8 GB behind Phila. **1st, 1

*Lost playoff to Yankees

**Defeated Dodgers in playoff

READING THE SCHEDULES

The Colts and Saints coming off a combined 6-26 season could be in for just as rough a time this year as they play among the most difficult schedules in the NFL based on their opponents' 1981 won-loss records.

	W-L-T	Pct.
1. Washington Redskins	141-115	.551
2. New Orleans Saints	137-119	.535
3. Houston Oilers	136-119-1	.533
4. New York Giants	135-121	.527
5. Pittsburgh Steelers	134-121-1	.525
6. Baltimore Colts	132-120-4	.523
7. Dallas Cowboys	133-123	.520
Philadelphia Eagles	133-123	.520
Minnesota Vikings	132-122-2	.520
10. Los Angeles Rams	132-124	.516
11. Cleveland Browns	131-124-1	.514
Kansas City Chiefs	131-124-1	.514
13. Oakland Raiders	130-125-1	.510
14. Atlanta Falcons	130-126	.508
15. Denver Broncos	129-126-1	.506
16. Tampa Bay Buccaneers	128-126-2	.504
17. St. Louis Cardinals	128-128	.500
18. Detroit Lions	125-129-2	.492
Green Bay Packers	125-129-2	.492
20. New England Patriots	123-129-4	.488
21. San Diego Chargers	124-131-1	.486
22. Seattle Seahawks	121-135	.473
23. San Francisco 49ers	119-137	.465
24. Buffalo Bills	116-136-4	.461
25. Cincinnati Bengals	117-138-1	.459
26. New York Jets	116-138-2	.457
27. Chicago Bears	116-140	.453
28. Miami Dolphins	114-140-2	.449

FUMBLING THE FOOTBALL

Last season, John Riggins and Randy McMillan were the running backs to go to when you wanted to hold the ball. Attempts include rushes, passes, receptions and returns (minimum 190 attempts needed to qualify).

	Attempts	Fumbles	Rate
John Riggins, Wash.	201	1	0.50
Randy McMillan, Balt.	199	1	0.50
Ted Brown, Minn.	358	3	0.84
Tony Nathan, Mia.	198	2	1.01
Rob Carpenter, Hou.-Giants	245	3	1.22
Pete Johnson, Cinc.	320	4	1.25
Ron Springs, Dal.	219	3	1.37
Lynn Cain, Atl.	211	3	1.42
Jerry Eckwood, TB	196	3	1.53
Mike Pruitt, Cleve.	310	5	1.61
Dave Preston, Den.	236	4	1.69
Wilbert Montgomery, Phila.	335	6	1.79
Gerry Ellis, GB	263	5	1.90
Franco Harris, Pitt.	279	6	2.15
Walter Payton, Chi	382	9	2.36
Andra Franklin, Mia.	204	5	2.45
Earl Campbell, Hou.	397	10	2.52
Tony Dorsett, Dal.	374	10	2.67
Billy Sims, Det.	324	9	2.78
Joe Washington, Wash.	282	8	2.84
Anthony Collins, NE	273	8	2.93
Rick Parros, Den.	201	6	2.99
Chuck Muncie, SD	295	9	3.05
James Brooks, SD	217	7	3.23
William Andrews, Atl.	370	12	3.24
George Rogers, NO	394	13	3.30
Ottis Anderson, St. L.	379	13	3.43
Joe Delaney, KC	257	9	3.50
Wendell Tyter, LA	305	11	3.61
Bruce Harper, Jets	191	7	3.66
Curtis Dickey, Balt.	201	8	3.98
Joe Cribbs, Buff.	298	12	4.03
Kenny King, Oak.	197	10	5.08

RATING THE POLLS

Among last season's major preseason football polls, *Inside Sports*, *The Sporting News* and AP shared honors, picking 14 teams that finished in the Top 20. Only *The Sporting News* had Clemson in the Top 20. *UPI* and *Sports Illustrated* each had 13, while *Playbox* had an off year, putting only 11. AP's final Top 20 is used as a guide, because *UPI*'s final poll did not include Arizona State, Miami (Florida) and SMU, which were on probation.

1981 PRESEASON POLLS

AP	UPI
1. Michigan	1. Michigan
2. Oklahoma	2. Oklahoma
3. Notre Dame	3. Alabama
4. Alabama	4. Notre Dame
5. USC	5. USC
6. Nebraska	6. Nebraska
7. Penn State	7. Penn State
8. Pittsburgh	8. Georgia
9. Texas	9. Pittsburgh
10. Georgia	10. Texas
11. Ohio State	11. Ohio State
12. North Carolina	12. UCLA
13. UCLA	13. Florida State
14. Mississippi St.	14. North Carolina
15. Washington	15. Mississippi State
16. BYU	16. Florida
17. Florida	17. Washington
18. Stanford	18. Houston
19. Florida State	19. BYU
20. Arizona State	20. Baylor

Inside Sports

1. USC	1. Michigan
2. Notre Dame	2. Texas
3. Oklahoma	3. USC
4. Michigan	4. Oklahoma
5. Penn State	5. Notre Dame
6. Florida	6. Penn State
7. Texas	7. Nebraska
8. North Carolina	8. Alabama
9. Georgia	9. UCLA
10. UCLA	10. North Carolina
11. Alabama	11. Georgia
12. Pittsburgh	12. Pittsburgh
13. Nebraska	13. Florida
14. BYU	14. Ohio State
15. Stanford	15. Washington
16. Ohio State	16. Mississippi St.
17. SMU	17. Stanford
18. Baylor	18. BYU
19. LSU	19. LSU
20. Arizona State	20. Baylor

Playboy

1. Michigan	1. Michigan
2. USC	2. Notre Dame
3. Oklahoma	3. USC
4. Florida	4. Oklahoma
5. Houston	5. Alabama
6. Alabama	6. Nebraska
7. Arizona State	7. Georgia
8. Baylor	8. Texas
9. Nebraska	9. Penn State
10. North Carolina	10. UCLA
11. UCLA	11. Pittsburgh
12. Penn State	12. Florida
13. Texas	13. Ohio State
14. Notre Dame	14. Arizona State
15. Pittsburgh	15. Mississippi St.
16. LSU	16. North Carolina
17. BYU	17. Miami, Fla.
18. Oregon	18. Florida State
19. Iowa State	19. Clemson
20. Michigan St.	20. Baylor

Final AP Plot

1. Clemson (12-0)	11. Nebraska (9-3)
2. Texas (10-1-1)	12. Michigan (9-3)
3. Penn State (10-2)	13. BYU (11-2)
4. Pittsburgh (11-1)	14. USC (9-3)
5. SMU (10-1)	15. Ohio State (9-3)
6. Georgia (10-2)	16. Arizona State (9-2)
7. Alabama (9-2-1)	17. West Virginia (9-3)
8. Miami, Fla. (9-2)	18. Iowa (8-4)
9. North Carolina (10-2)	19. Missouri (8-4)
10. Washington (10-2)	20. Oklahoma (7-4-1)

The Good Doctor

I heard that New Jersey's new hockey team is going to be called the Devils. What other names were under consideration?

F. J., Nutley, New Jersey

Thirteen names were among the finalists, with 26 other nominations being eliminated in the first round of cuts. The losing contenders were: Jersey Cows, Jersey Kosinskis, Jersey Smell, Jersey 70% polyester 30% cotton XL, Jersey Mosquitoes, Jersey Bogs, Jersey Turn-puck, Jersey Jam, Jersey Joewalcotts, Jersey Gerbils, Jersey Quagmires and Jersey Carcinomas.

Is the Good Doctor worried about losing his stuff as he gets older?

D. D. D., Cicero, Illinois

Like any topflight competitor, the Good Doctor must adjust to the aging process. Lately, the Doc has noticed that it takes him longer to get into shape each spring, and if he lays off advising even for a few days, his answers get shortsighted and it becomes harder to pun. Waking up the morning after a tough column, his cerebrum feels stiff and sore and his cerebellum creaks. On the bright side, however, modern sports medicine helps compensate for age. Recently, a computer analysis at the Sports Advice Institute showed that the Doc was failing to follow through on his imagery and his sentence structure was a bit flaccid. After two weeks of working out with a verb coach, Doc was snapping off sentences that were smoother and more accurate than ever. He is now confident of many productive years ahead.

Now that players have their names on their uniforms, why do they need numbers? Isn't it redundant?

W. W., Kalamazoo, Michigan

Absolutely. The Good Doctor recently proposed to Commissioner Bowie Kuhn that if a ballplayer must have a number on his back, it should be his batting average or ERA. The commissioner re-

sponded that this would be impractical since the figure changes frequently. Nonsense, the Good Doctor replied; not if each team had a tailor in the dugout with a sewing machine to keep all the numbers up to date.

Randy Jones of the New York Mets says that his arm needs to be tired for him to pitch effectively. What method is used to tire his arm?

E. W., Kankakee, Illinois

An hour before each start, a team of economists comes into the clubhouse and explains to Jones the relationship between interest rates, monetary policy and inflation. By the time the experts are done, Jones' arm is so exhausted it is ready to pitch at peak efficiency.

What's the best defense against Gerry Cooney?

M. L., Winsted, Connecticut

Iron trunks.

What's all this fuss about football players having a Coke? Sure it's got too much sugar and if you drink it late at night, the caffeine might keep you up, but hey, with all the terrible things going on in the world, why get into a lather over some soda-sipping?

F. L., Nome, Alaska

Nothing to worry about at all. Just the usual alarmists and Negative Nellies trying to stir up trouble.

In a college baseball game, a runner slid into third base and was called out. The player argued with the umpire, who threw him out of the ballgame. But his out had ended the game. Since there was no longer a game being played, how could the player be thrown out of it?

A. D., Syracuse, New York

In a normal ejection, the player must

leave the field. In a postgame ejection, the player must remain on the field. He cannot go to the locker room and change his clothes or enter the team bus until the next game is played. In fact, the player you mentioned is still standing on the field.

Watching the Larry Holmes-Gerry Cooney epic, I was thrilled and uplifted by the creative exhortations with which Cooney's co-manager, Dennis Rappaport, inspired his pugilist. Could you please give me some of Rappaport's favorite cheers so I may knit them into samplers?

T. B., Sonoma, California

Among Rappaport's most effective hortatory efforts were the following: "Win this one for your dead pet schnauzer, Bruno!" "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" "America's war dead are behind you!" "Win this one for all the starving lepers!" And best of all: "The fate of the planet with all its children as yet unborn rests on your left hook!"

There has been some controversy about whether Joe Charboneau's red-dyed hair played any part in his demotion to the minors. But that's not my question. My question is, was he the first punk ballplayer to play in the major leagues?

T. I., Alamogordo, New Mexico

No. Pitcher Alfred "Slimeball" Watson, who spent one day with the Seattle Mariners in 1978, holds that honor. Watson, a sidearm screwballer, was ejected from the game after the ump examined the ball and found a safety pin stuck through it. Watson is now playing first base for a pickup club in Los Angeles. ■

Are you among the sportslorn? Don't be ashamed. Help is now available. The Good Doctor knows all, tells some. Send your problems, questions and gripes to The Good Doctor, Inside Sports, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

The Fan

BY WILLIE NELSON

Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Sedentary

My high school in Abbott, Texas, was so small all you needed to do to make the team was to come out. While I was a little short for basketball, a little small for football, a little slow for track and a little bored for baseball, I lettered in all four sports. I was offered a baseball scholarship to Baylor, but kicked it away with disinterest. As for track, I'd go out at night smoking and drinking and then try to be Mr. Track Star the next day. The only thing I was any good at was pole vaulting, because I only needed to run about 40 yards and I could breathe a big sigh on the way down.

Back then, if you did something wrong during football or basketball practice, running was the punishment. You had to take so many laps around the court or the field or the state. This did not particularly endear me to running, and I'm sure many kids go through the same child-psychology routine today: Better not mess up, because then they're going to make you *runnnnnnnn*.

Then about six, seven years ago, a friend ran a marathon in Las Vegas. Even though I was helplessly out of condition, I figured if he can run, so can I. I was feeling bad, getting fat, and I needed to counteract what I was doing to myself at night. I needed to do something in the daytime so I could make it through the night. I have a reputation, you know.

The first time I ran it was in 100° Vegas heat and I didn't go a quarter of a

mile before I collapsed. But I immediately felt better—mentally. Physically, I was in agony, but mentally I felt as though I'd accomplished something. Since that little jog, I've gone out and run every day. Well, almost every day. Even God rested, what was it, Tuesdays?

By the time I got up to a couple miles a day, I was feeling better physically and

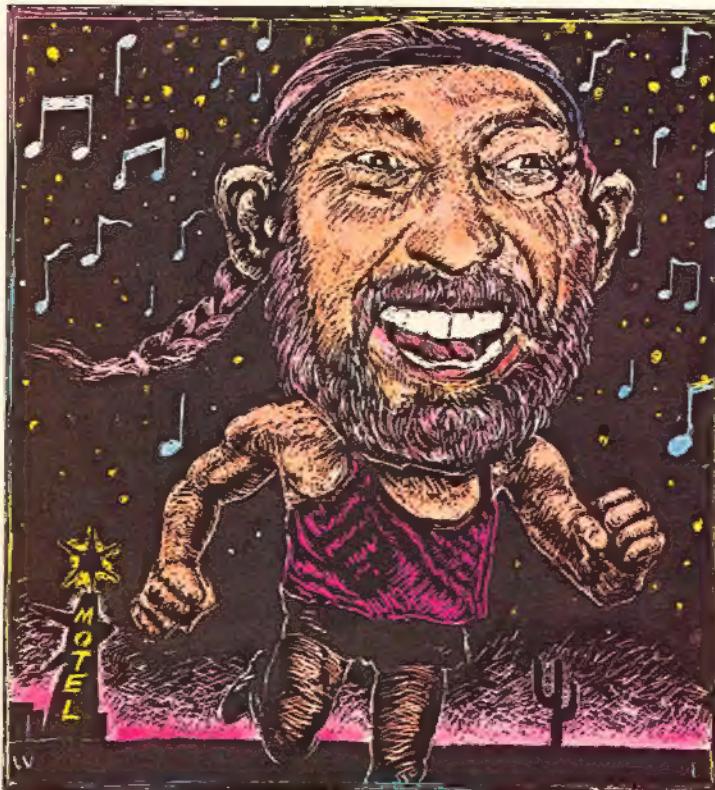
When I'm on the road, which is most of the time, I just take off out the back door of the motel and look for a deserted road. I'll run for 30 minutes and then try to find my way back. If I want to run unbothered, I'll wait till dusk. If I run during the daytime, I've got to be prepared to socialize. Camouflage is out of the question, especially when I had my pigtails down to my waist. Sometimes people join up and run with me. They'll strike up a conversation and if it's interesting I'll run with them for a while, and if it's not, well, I just pick up the tempo and that usually ends the chat.

I've signed autographs on the run, I've had my picture taken, I've been invited in for beers—and gone. I've also been run off the road clear up into some woods by someone who must have had some strong opinions about country music. I've gotten lost running who-knows-where before a gig. Back at the motel, everybody's saying: "Where's Willie? We got to find him, he's out there alone just wandering around." That happens when I fall so into Willie-the-runner I lose track of Willie-the-musician.

When I'm running, I think of just about everything. My mind goes in every direction, including blank. I've had some of my most creative thoughts while running. I've written absolutely fantastic songs in my head on the way out that I never have failed to forget on the way back in, and I've come up with some *heavy* sayings that I'm sure would have changed the world if only I could have gotten back to the motel to write them down. And it's probably a good thing for the world that I didn't. ▀

Willie's on the road again: amazing pace

beginning to reap the benefits. The body enjoys being tried, it knows what it can do more than your mind, which is busy setting limits. There are Indians in Mexico who, by the age of 15, can run 150 miles a day, so there are no limits. Now, there are doctors who will tell you running isn't any good for you—or bad for you—but most of them are fat doctors who despise physical fitness and have never run themselves. If there's one thing I hate, it's fat doctors advising people to take *long* walks.



Although former Raider coach John Madden has been known to join WILLIE NELSON in a few songs onstage, Nelson still roots for the Dallas Cowboys.

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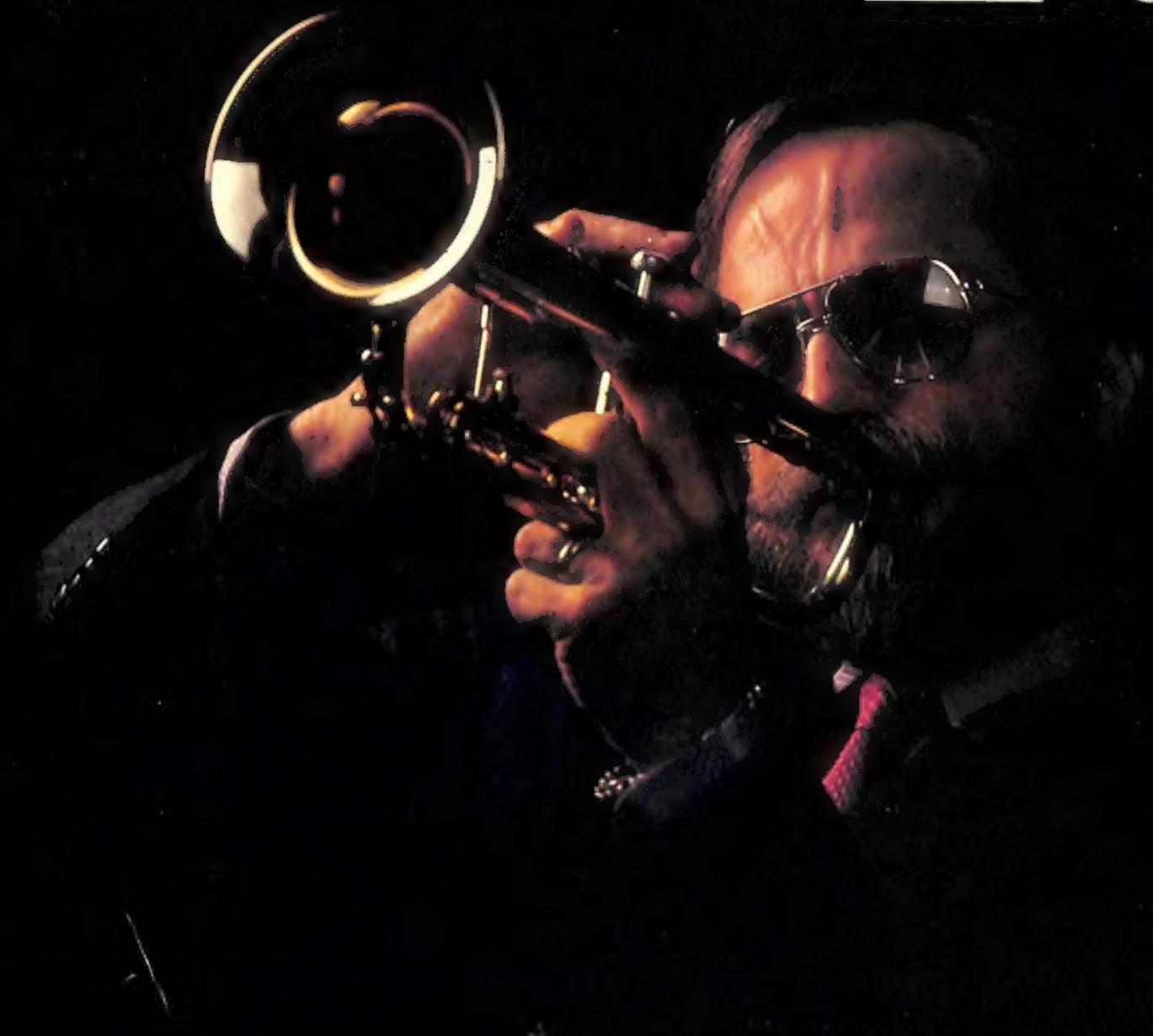


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